THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A.D. 1 enj. Franklin

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More Than a Million and a Half Circulation Weekly

A Cereal SERIAL STORY

Dainty for Breakfast
Delightful for Luncheon
Delicious for Supper-time

Painted by E. B. Bird for Cream of Wheat Company.

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The Combined Multiple Typewriter and Rapid Rotary Printing-Press

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ONE way to increase your profits is to reduce your expense by doing your office, factory and advertising printing with the Multigraph. It can be done in your own office, by your own employees, in no more than the space of an ordinary typewriter desk, and at a saving of 25 to 75 per cent of printers' charges.

The operation is simple and clean; no expert help is needed, and yet the quality of the work is such as any master-printer might be proud of.

Your work is all concentrated in small space, done when you want it, in any quantity you choose, and with absolute privacy.

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You can do this by adding the UNIVERSAL FOLDING MACHINE to your Multigraph equipment. It makes any of the ordinary folds needed in letters, booklets, folders, pamphlets, etc., at a cost of only 2 or 3 cents a thousand as against printers', binders' or hand-folding cost of 10 to 45 cents.

We add one out of many testimonials to its efficiency: The A. F. Pierce Co., of Springfield, Mass., says:

"Before purchasing your machine it was costing us 30 cents per thousand pieces to fold the circulars. The machine is doing the work for 2 cents per thousand pieces, and doing it better; therefore, we consider it the best investment we have ever made."

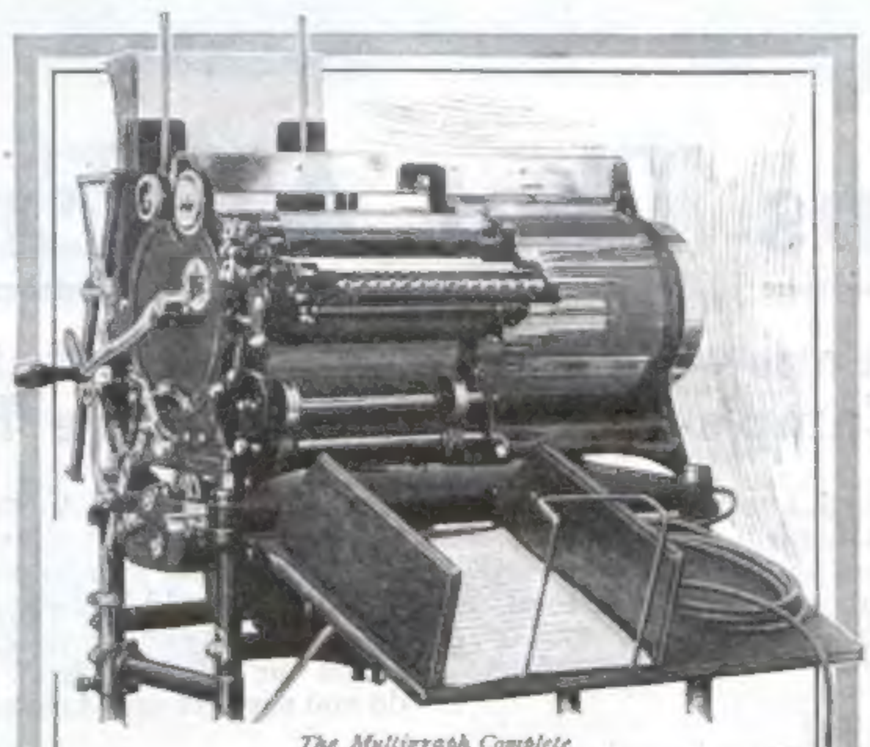
Multigraph Success and Progress

The Multigraph began with the right principle and has been steadily improved. It has always been a source of great profit to the user, but as its users have increased, its money-making and money-saving possibilities have more than doubled.

We give below another list of but a few out of thousands of satisfied users for whom the Multigraph is today an established, practical and permanent business asset:

American Bankers Asso'n
American Bank Note Co.
American Telephone & Telegraph Co.
American Tract Society
Brown & Sharpe Mfg. Co.
Burroughs Adding Machine Co.
The Butterick Pub. Co.
Christian Science Pub. Co.
Colgate & Co.
P. F. Collier & Son
Columbia University
Corliss, Coon & Co.
Cosmopolitan Magazine
Dartmouth College
Dennison Mfg. Co.
Emerson Shoe Co.
Eskay's Food Co.
Everybody's Magazine
Fels-Naptha Soap Co.
Gillette Sales Co., (Gillette Safety Razor)
Gorham Mfg. Co.
Hamburg-American Line
Hamilton, Brown Shoe Co.
Houghton Mifflin Co.
Iver Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works
The Library Bureau
R. H. Macy & Co.
Metropolitan Life Ins. Co.
The Frank A. Munsey Co.
N. Y. Life Ins. Co.
New York World
Oliver Ditson Co.
Ostermoor & Co.
Parke, Davis & Co.
Pinkerton National Detective Agency
The Review of Reviews Co.
Royal Baking Powder Co.
Salvation Army
The Sherwin-Williams Co.
State of Massachusetts
United States Government (All departments)
The Youth's Companion
John Wanamaker

You want to know how the Multigraph may become a permanent asset in *your* business. Write today, *using letterhead of your firm or corporation.* All inquiries from responsible persons, business men and department heads will receive our prompt and careful attention.



The Multigraph Complete

Equipped with Printing-Ink Attachment, Electric Drive and Automatic Paper-feed. Can be used as multiple typewriter or rapid rotary office printing-press.

The Multigraph as a Typewriter

The illustration above shows an operator setting type for multiple type-writing. The operation is semi-automatic and very rapid. Its speed is limited only by the experience of the operator.

Getting New Business with Multigraph Advertising

ANOTHER way to increase your profits is to extend your business by effective direct advertising with the Multigraph. The way to get business is to go after it, and in no way can you do this so forcibly and economically as with Multigraph advertising—either in addition to general publicity, or as your only advertising.

It creates publicity, maintains good will, arouses interest, stimulates desire, leads to sales.

It reaches any class of prospects you choose. It is secret, personal, intimate, complimentary.

It is the most economical of all advertising, because there is no waste circulation, and the results are directly traceable.

It is the quickest and surest way to meet and overcome competition.

The Personal Letter

The Multigraph produces perfect type-written letters at the rate of two to six thousand an hour, with a ribbon matched to your office typewriter. They are so perfect, so sure to be read, so directly personal, that they often produce as high as 75% to 90% replies—from the very persons you most wish to reach.

Other Forms of Direct Advertising

With the Multigraph you are not limited to the form-letters. You can *print—in real printing-ink, not aniline*—and in any face or style of type.

You can produce in your own office your booklets, folders, mailing cards, and other forms of original or follow-up literature that you need in advertising all departments of your business.

The Results in Dollars and Cents

The following are two brief examples out of many showing what Multigraph advertising does for its users:

The Keystone Farm Machine Co., of York, Pa., says:

"We sell from $40,000 to $50,000 worth of goods annually from letters printed on the Multigraph. We are frank to say we could not afford to be without it if it cost us $1,000 a year."

The Iowa Hardware Mutual Insurance Co., says:

"In six months the Multigraph paid for its cost more than ten times, in canvassing a field that could not have been reached without its use."

You Can't Buy a Multigraph Unless You Need It

Every Multigraph sale is based on the direct saving or profit of the user. We first prove to our own satisfaction that there's a real money-making need in your business for the Multigraph before we ask you to buy it.

The following is but a partial list of the vocations in which it has proved a permanent element for reducing expense and increasing profit.

Retail dealers in all lines
Wholesale dealers and jobbers in all lines
Manufacturing establishments in all lines

Abstract Companies
Advertising Agencies
Amusement Companies
Associations of all kinds
Auditing Concerns
Banks
Boards of Trade
Chambers of Commerce
Commission Merchants
Department and General Stores
Detective Agencies
Engravers and Electrotypers
Gas and Electric Companies
Hotels and Restaurants
Insurance Companies and Agents
Laundries
Lumber Dealers
Mail-Order Houses
Manufacturers' and Sales Agents
Mercantile and Credit Agencies
Merchandise Brokers
Municipal and State Departments
Nurserymen, Florists, Seedsmen
Packers, Preservers and Canners
Political Organizations
Printers and Lithographers
Promoters
Publishers
Railroad and Steamship Co's
Railroad Claim Bureaus
Real Estate Agents
Religious Institutions
Stock, Bond, Investment Brokers
Surety and Bonding Companies

Representatives of any of the above lines of business and many others should write for our free book "More Profit with the Multigraph." It tells how the direct application to your business can be worked out. Write today, *using the letterhead of your firm or corporation.*

The American Multigraph Sales Co.

Branches All Over the World

1800 E. 40th Street Cleveland, U. S. A.

Beans That All Enjoy

Any man can enjoy beans—any man can digest them—if he will only see that he gets Van Camp's—the beans that are baked in steam ovens.

It is true that beans, when baked in a dry oven, form a rather heavy food. It is true that on most stomachs they ferment and form gas, because they are hard to digest.

But it is equally true that beans can be made as digestible as toast. It can't be done in your kitchen, because you lack the facilities. But it is done in our kitchens, and this is the way:

Our ovens are held at 245 degrees by the use of super-heated steam. And we bake in small parcels so the full heat goes through.

If that were dry heat, most of the beans would be crisp, like the top beans are at home. The rest would be broken and mushy, like the center beans in the home baking dish.

By using steam ovens we bake the beans until they are mealy—until the particles are separated so that digestion acts instantly. Yet the beans are not crisped, not broken. They remain as you like them—nut-like, mealy and whole.

Here are some other advantages:

We pay for our dry beans just four times what some beans would cost. As a result we get the finest Michigan beans, picked out by hand from the choicest part of the crop.

That is why Van Camp's are so plump and full-grown. They are all of one size, so that all bake alike.

We make our tomato sauce from whole, solid tomatoes, ripened on the vines. We could buy common sauce for just one-fifth what this costs.

Then we bake the pork, the tomato sauce and the beans all together to get our delicious blend. Those are the reasons why in no other way do you ever get such beans as Van Camp's.

The reason why such beans are not universal is the fact that some housewives still cling to home baking.

It requires sixteen hours of soaking, boiling and baking to prepare a dish of beans, and you know what that means in hot weather. Then the top beans are crisped and the middle beans broken, and all are very hard to digest.

With Van Camp's one can have a dozen meals on the shelf ready for instant serving. And the meals are fit for a king—the finest dish of its kind in the world.

They can be served cold in a minute, or hot in ten minutes—as fresh and as savory as though they came direct from the oven.

Don't you want to find out—as millions have done—what such a dish means in summer?

The National Dish **Van Camp's** BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE *The National Dish*

PORK AND BEANS

Beans, when properly baked, form an ideal meal. They have greater food value than eggs or beef. They are 23% nitrogenous—84% nutriment.

But you don't know how good beans can be until you have tried Van Camp's. This dish as we bake it is the final result of 48 years of experience.

Many have claimed to bake beans as good, but no one has ever succeeded. As a result, Van Camp's Pork and Beans outsell all other brands combined.

The way to prove that all our claims are true is to order a sample can.

Three sizes: 10, 15 and 20 cents per can.

(88)

Van Camp Packing Company Established 1861 **Indianapolis, Ind.**

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THE SECRET AGENT

By Arthur Stringer

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

"Oh, I've Been Knocking the Windowpanes Out of the Conservatory, as My Aunt Esther Puts It!"

I

THE instructions to Kestner, the Secret Agent, were as concise as they were unexpected. The telegram, translated from the Revised T D Code, read as follows:

Kenton or Carlton woman arrives Homburg from Cologne tomorrow night. Watch closely and await mail instructions. . . . W. c-s, T. H.

Kestner, who vacillated back and forth about Europe very much like a hummingbird about a flower-bed, was familiar enough with these enigmatic little code messages. To expect the unexpected had become a creed with him. So he quietly perused the telegram for the second time, smoked a cigar, and a very excellent one, over it, and as quietly consulted his thumb-index Code Guide.

He carried no record of any "Kenton or Carlton woman." The words meant nothing to him. So he smoked another cigar and wired back to Paris for particulars.

The reply, duly translated from its T D Code, read:

Carries three trunks, possibly French maid. Twenty-four, five-eight, five-three, lobe six and eleven covers G. A. . . . W. c-s, T. H.

Following the Department's Continental Abridgment, Kestner was able to translate this macaronic enigma into the intelligence that the woman in question was not only traveling with three trunks and, possibly, a French maid, but that she was about twenty-four years of age, that she was five feet and eight inches in height, that she fell under the fifth column in the weight tabulations and, being also in category three, was apparently midway between blonde and brunette.

The penultimate phrase of "Lobe Six" applied to the lady's ear. This was a feature to which the Department's Service always gave minute and scrupulous attention, for both the Secret Agent and the T D itself had long since learned that an ear lobe is a most dependable short cut to identification.

But Kestner had to turn up his Abridgment before being sure of the General Appearance classification which was covered by "Eleven."

His lips were pursed up indifferently as his eye ran down the column and he read the word opposite the figure he sought. It said "Attractive." It was, he noticed, the one exuberant word in the list. It even seemed a little out of place in that grim column, compiled as it was for the rough-and-ready delineation of exiled counterfeiters, *agents provocateurs*, military spies and underworld adventurers in general.

Kestner consulted his watch, lighted another cigar, and strolled over to the *Kurhaus* to listen to the band. His new assignment was not altogether a disappointment to him. It meant, of course, that he would have to drop the Tawney trail, for a time at least. And for this he was both sorry and glad. The one thing he asked of life was the final knowledge that he had pursed up his net of evidence about the agile and alert-eyed Tawney; that for all this mysterious stranger's frisking about five capitals of Europe he could finally land him high and dry.

But in Tawney Kestner had seemed to meet his Waterloo; and it was beginning to worry him. He was not used to defeat. Yet Tawney had clearly outwitted him in the Submarine-Model Theft case. He had also gone scot-free after both the Sandy Hook Armament trouble and the Kiel Fortification scandal. The very name of Tawney had begun to get on Kestner's nerves. He had even fallen into the habit of nagging the man uselessly, as an irritable school-teacher nags a classroom dunce. His repeated frustration brought back to Kestner the old and exasperating Azeff and Ratchkovsky days. For now Kestner's first tendency, whenever his week was an idle one, was to swing back to the old trail after Tawney. He went back to it without thought, as a farm dog goes back to some harried woodchuck hole when nothing better offers.

But he could see how he was making it a personal affair. And a Secret Agent, like a surgeon, should always work impersonally. The thing had become too wearing, too exhausting, too complicated with personal issues. He almost regretted the foolishly solemn compact he had made with his own inner self that some day, some time, before the end, he would "get" Tawney; that he would get him if he had to work ten years for it and trail Europe until Russia was a republic and Vesuvius burned out.

But this new assignment would give him a sea change. He would be a little sorry, perhaps, at the thought of leaving Homburg. Yet it didn't much matter, on the whole. The truth was, nothing much mattered with Kestner. He felt that he had peeled life like an onion, layer by layer, and that in getting at its heart he had lost the onion itself. He had seen too much of things to respond to their surprises. He was tired of it all. He was now only a spectator of the eternal procession. There were times when a heavy sense of homelessness, of lonely aloofness from his kind, crept over him. Fate, it was true, occasionally confronted him with odd and not uninteresting combinations. New and mildly amusing hands were dealt out, but it was always from the same soiled old pack.

For, outside of the Tawney surveillance, he had been doing little more than mark time for a month there at Homburg, except to keep an eye on the Tokio Agency case and send in his bi-weekly code report to Wilenach at Paris. He abominated idleness, and yet he had grown to enjoy his morning draught at the *Elisabethbrunnen;* he enjoyed the subdued and orderly atmosphere of that little garden of pleasure; he liked the parterres of flowers, and the orange trees, and the exotic and accidental white of the foliage-screened statuary. Yes, he enjoyed it all, in his way, from the goat-milk whey to the girl dancers in the Rose Garden. He had come to take a quiet delight in his solitary dinners on the *Kurhaus* terrace, with its festoons of light and its colored flower-beds and its ever-shifting scene. It was, after a fashion, as good as a playhouse. He was not averse to sitting back and watching the painted Russian princesses with their up-to-date coiffures of Tuscan red and their out-of-date gowns of over-noble voluminousness. It was no hardship to view, through drifting cigar-smoke, the chattering Parisian beauties, the alarmingly décolleté English duchesses, the pompous German barons whose manners did not make for humility, the light on the gold-sheathed officers' swords, the ever-shifting and strangely perfumed stream of promenaders, the ever-mingling colors and ever-changing groups, but, above all, the ever-passing faces.

For faces were Kestner's *penchant*. He had what has been called "a camera eye" for such things. He could have turned to the swarthy face not ten steps away from him and mildly asked its owner just what effect his recent gun-running *coup* on the Mekran Coast was to have on the Balanur Canal settlements. He could have walked out into the heart of that light-spirited crowd, pacing so slowly round and round to the pulse of music, and, touching a blond-haired cigarette smoker on his drooping shoulder, mentioned a street and number in Warsaw and ventured an inquiry about a bomb-factory that would have driven the smile from that blond-haired idler's lips. To the imperious-faced Parisienne with the three cavaliers at her heels he could have whispered of a jewel robbery from a Brazilian coffee merchant that would have

caused her well-lacquered cheek to blanch a little. From the heavy-eyed and aimlessly moving Dutchman with the pendulous turkey-gobbler throat he might have purchased blueprints of the fortifications at Inverness, or quite authentic specifications of the "mines" in Yokohama Harbor. Or he might have stepped up to the yellow-faced and lonely-eyed American who stood wagging his head in time to the sonorous harmonies of Wagner and sympathetically have inquired if the activities of a "check-raiser" could ever compensate for seven years of Continental exile. And he knew the same youth could have explained that a "coin-sweater" was an adept at the art of dipping currency in electrified acid baths, and stealing a ponderable amount of gold from a coin without in any way altering its appearance.

Kestner knew all these faces and the histories behind them. Yet there was nothing miraculous about it. In it, indeed, there was nothing even exceptional. It was merely a branch of his business, a part of the day's work. Nor were his powers in any way imperial. He had no actual jurisdiction over the territory he patrolled. He acted only under a tenuous extension of his own National Government's prerogatives. Beyond this, again, he was never permitted to act openly. He could never officially disclose himself, never personally purchase data or lay a charge or order an arrest. He saw more inconvenience than romance in this system of preserving the full circle of anonymity. He was always face to face with his own limitations. He had always to await his chance, to receive his impulse from the different consulate ganglia to which he was merely a hidden and connecting nerve. He never so much as openly bought a war map. All he could do was to wander up and down on the lookout, like a camp guard whose sentry boxes happened to be the cities of a continent. He often thought of himself as a gardener set to watch a vegetable patch, warding off the hungry pullets without the power to wring their necks.

Even his territory had its limitations. Beyond Poland he was almost a stranger, and in most instances he was glad enough to pass the Russian cases over to the corpulent and sloe-eyed Henley. But western Europe and the Mediterranean countries he knew like a book, and a sadly soiled and dog-eared book—every town and port and capital, every off-color café and Nihilist cellar and out-of-the-way corner. From Memel to Caen, from Messina to St. Vincent, he knew it like a map. But east of Malta and the Adriatic he never felt quite at home. There was even a necessary coffee-house or two in Budapest which he could not always remember. In Vienna there was a consulate clerk or two he was still suspicious of. Lemberg harbored a counterfeiting gang whose movements were still beyond his comprehension. And that hornet's nest of tumultuous uncertainty so vaguely denominated as the Balkans had always been beyond his understanding.

But his own territory he knew as well as a shopowner knows his own bewilderingly crowded shelves. As with the shopowner, it was all a matter of system and growth and the slow accretion of fact. It was amazing in its intricacy, just as the anatomist's minute knowledge of the human body is amazing to the outsider.

Yet it was something more than the mere retention of detail, something more than cumulative absorption. It was a patiently achieved technic which at times permitted its owner the true artist's play of spirit. He was, at times, like the piano virtuoso who has long since mastered his instrument. But the keyboard, in Kestner's case, was western Europe, and the keys on which he played were the black names of modern history. From Taormina to Wiesbaden, from Ragusa to Liverpool, he phrased with Destiny on these dark figures of the underworld. This was done so quietly that half the hotel *portiers* on the Continent thought him either a nephritic whose only aim was to visit from *Spa* to *Bad*, or a lonely, unobtrusive and self-effacing tourist who tipped with princely liberality and smoked more cigars than were good for him. For Kestner had the animal-like faculty of always blending with his background. His one distinctive feature seemed his *ennui*, his detachment from everything about him. He seemed so sedately preoccupied that few travelers gave him a second glance. He was merely a well-groomed, melancholy-eyed and pensive-looking stranger who could prove so self-obliterating in attitude and so inconspicuous in movement that even his confederates were startled by his unheralded arrivals and his equally wayward departures.

Yet Kestner, when the case called for it, was interesting, ingratiatingly interesting. That was part of his power.

There Was No Mistaking the Figure. It Was Tawney Himself

If he nursed an artist's hidden relish for the play of this power he entertained, on the other hand, an abhorrence for all theatricalities. He would have laughed openly at the suggestion of a disguise. His limit in such mere physical accessories was a *toupet*, although there were occasions when he had been known to walk with a limp. But what he most relied on, beyond his knowledge of seven languages and his adroitness at accent, was something mental, something imponderable, an instinctive appreciation of the part that was expected of him. Coupled with this was an indeterminate intellectual agility which enabled him to drop into the character he sought to be as readily as a protean actor drops into a new rôle. In this, Kestner was an unquestioned artist.

II

KESTNER was on hand when the train from Frankfort-on-the-Main, twining and squealing through the black-wooded Taunus hills, drew into the crowded little station at Homburg.

He was also discreetly at hand when a slender young woman, about five feet and eight inches in height, alighted somewhat timorously from her compartment.

The Secret Agent had ample time, as this young lady gave her hurried attention to her handbags and three trunks marked with the initials A. C., to make sure that she was midway between blonde and brunette, and to decide that she could not be more than twenty-four years of age. It was not, however, until he had caught sight of the small, oval ear with the detached lobe, when a veil was thrust nervously up about a hat-brim—the ear lobe which showed itself so plainly just under the back-drawn waves of chestnut hair—that Kestner was positive of his identification. Then he knew beyond all doubt that it was the Kenton or Carlton woman. But, oddly enough, she was without a maid.

Kestner's first definite thought, once he was sure of his quarry, was a professional one. She would never be hard to follow. His second conviction, as he heard her crisp orders in German to the hotel porters, was that, for all her youth, she knew how to travel. His next mental impression was not a clearly defined one, but it was to the general effect that her voice was an exceptionally low and musical one and that its owner was a disconcertingly beautiful young woman.

Of that there could be no doubt, just as there could be no doubt as to her youth. It was not the kind that comes out of a rouge-box, the kind with which his particular profession had been most intimately associated. For before him Kestner saw a woman, not a timorous woman, and yet one not openly touched with audacity. She had passed beyond mere girlhood, but the sustaining illusions of life still seemed to float cloudlike about her. She still carried the signs of some buoyant and secret exultation in existence, not because its dangers were unrealized, but more because its capabilities had been weighed and accepted as greater than its perils. She appeared too potentially alive to let fear shadow for long her volatile and restless spirit. Yet somewhere about her lay the telltale touch, the stigma of unrest, the aura of nervous indecision, the imprint of the soul not altogether at peace with itself.

It was twenty minutes after the Carlton woman was installed in her hotel room that she made any move of significance. This was the dispatch of a telegram to Mrs. Henry Vanderlind, care of the Hotel Ritz, Paris. Another hour had passed before Kestner could secure an authoritative copy of this telegram. But the result was most satisfactory, for the message read:

> Am sailing on the Flavonia from Fiume on the seventeenth, as already announced, and can quite look after myself. - - - ALICIA CARLTON.

It was rather an important message, Kestner told himself. But he was still very much in doubt as to whether or not it was a blind. So he was most careful in his espionage of the young lady with the three trunks and the chestnut hair. He was watching her, indeed, as she emerged early the next morning, while the birds were still trilling from the park trees and the *Kurhaus* band awakened the drowsy hotels and villas and drew the careless crowds out to the springs.

He was still watching her when she went out to visit the fortress-like old Kaiser's Schloss. He did not actually follow her through the red stone *porte-cochère* into the courtyard or dog her through the castle itself. For Kestner made it a point never to shadow people. He was neither a red Indian nor a precinct policeman. He knew that a face seen even casually a few times a day and for a very limited number of days soon impressed itself on a fugitive's memory. He seldom skulked after his quarry. He much preferred to disarm suspicion by the openness of his movements. He made it a point to meet and know his suspect whenever possible, and then to forestall him in his next migration or entrain with him as a casual traveling companion, allowing no breach to show itself in the wall of his apparent disinterestedness. Such methods naturally had their dangers, but they also had their advantages.

Kestner could see that he would have to be cautious, extremely cautious, in his approach of Alicia Carlton. She was not openly frightened or furtive. But there was the ever significant nervous care and circumspection in even her more trivial movements. Her unconcern had all the familiar earmarks of a carefully enacted pose.

His interpretation of the case was verified that night when the cipher mail instructions reached him from the Paris office. These instructions brought with them the information that thirteen cut Van Dam white diamonds, aggregating in assessable value one hundred and fifteen thousand dollars, had been purchased from the shops of Bernioff & Geissenhainer, the Amsterdam stone merchants. Five smaller matched stones had been purchased a week before from the shops of Bertillon Frères, in Paris. As one employee in every important Continental jewel factory or store happened to be a secret agent of the Treasury Department, it had been easy to ascertain that the assessable value of these latter stones amounted to exactly thirty-five thousand dollars. And the weight, record, description and date of import and cutting for each stone were appended.

These stones, it was further reported, were now in the possession of the Carlton or Kenton woman. This woman was to be followed and duly apprehended in her effort to smuggle the stones into the port of New York, and Kestner was to use his best judgment and discretion and communicate with the Department at Washington and with Horton, of the Maiden Lane Association, in case further help or information were required. The case was clear. The arrest would be an important one. As both the Federal authorities and the Diamond Manufacturers' Association had drawn attention to the increase in such smuggling movements in precious stones, and at least one-half of the diamonds brought into America evaded the duties duly imposed by the established tariff, it was essential that the case be carried through and the system broken up.

III

SO KESTNER, during the next few days, was superlatively cautious. So guarded were his activities and so circuitous his movements that when Alicia Carlton on the third day hurried on to Munich, the Secret Agent alighted from the same train before that unsuspecting young woman had so much as gathered together her handbags. Above all things he made it a point to keep well out of sight. His one dread now was the thought that some

blundering customs official might forestall him in the discovery of the hidden stones. But the more he pondered over this and came to a realization of both her natural cunning and the ease with which such tiny valuables could be packed away the less he let it disturb him.

From Munich to Milan Kestner rode two coaches behind her, buried in his compartment corner with a yellow-backed Tauchnitz. He was equally guarded during the trip from Milan to Venice on the following day, feeling safe enough in his crowded and odoriferous third-class coach.

But at Venice he began to be troubled over the meaning of these erratic movements from city to city. The fact that they brought her into touch with no pretended friends and no offhand confederates only added to the puzzle. And the mystery was increased when Kestner received a reply to his Fiume cipher dispatch confirming the fact that an Alicia Carlton had openly engaged a main-deck suite on the Flavonia for New York. When, a few hours later, he discovered that she was taking train to Trieste he was equally puzzled. It was, he knew, six full days before the Flavonia sailed. What might happen in those six days was a source of anxiety to him. He was still sure of nothing. But during the afternoon a second code dispatch brought the information that the Carlton woman had engaged rooms in Abbazia, at the Hotel Stephanie. And at the Stephanie he was on familiar ground.

Kestner promptly took the through train for Fiume, caught the boat for Abbazia and was installed in the palatial and tourist-crowded hostelry a full half day ahead of his quarry.

There he stood face to face with the most important and at the same time the most difficult movement of his campaign. He knew that in this movement there must be no hitch, no untoward act to awaken suspicion and discount the entire future. What he had to do was to pass unchallenged within the fortifications of the enemy. For the first time since leaving Homburg he began to regret that this enemy was a woman, an alert-minded, clear-eyed young woman who did not fall under any of the classifications with which he was so casually familiar. He was now compelled to meet and know her, not merely as her undisputed social equal, but as a companionable and approachable man of the world.

Under ordinary circumstances he would have had ample enough faith in his power to sustain the rôle. But his predicament in this instance seemed that of an elephant-hunter on the unexpected trail of a fleeing and ghostlike doe. He felt that his equipment was too heavy for any such game. He knew, from what he had already seen of this calm-browed and high-spirited young woman whom he was to enmesh, that his approach would have to be most circumspect and that his initial meeting with her would have to approximate very closely to the authentic. So he dismissed his first impulse to have Wilsnach forge a telegram of introduction from Paris. That forgery would be open to eventual discovery, and discovery would end everything. He began to see reasons, and reasons beyond and above those of his profession, why any such end to everything would be far from desirable.

He surveyed his field, consulted his Pocket Index, and smoked three cigars over it. Then for half an hour the wires to Paris were kept busy with a series of cipher code dispatches, a series which resulted in an attack of nervous insomnia for the bewildered Abbazia operator and a mere list of seven names for Kestner.

The Secret Agent ran his eye thoughtfully down this list and decided on young Beresford, of the British Foreign Office. This monocled and pink-cheeked young emissary was indebted to Kestner both in the matter of the New Austrian Army Rifle and the more recent Emden Embarkation specifications. Beresford was in Venice, idling about on the Laurium Lead Mine row with Moreni, the same row that three weeks before had brought an Austrian ironclad dangerously close to two Italian gunboats in the Piræus. And Beresford, whom Wilsnach's office kept under its eye, had two months before crossed the Channel with the Carlton woman, accompanied by a Lord Urland. So Beresford, who was himself the nephew of a duke and an ornament to any drawing-room, was indubitably the man.

There was, also, Kestner decided, Norris, of the American Consulate at Fiume—Norris, the scrupulous-mannered Harvard man, who could join Beresford when he ran over from Venice and meet the train with Miss Alicia Carlton's mail, discreetly procured beforehand from the Cunard offices.

"But I say, she's not that sort of woman, you know!" protested the incredulous young Beresford when the meaning of the movement began to dawn on him.

"I'm afraid they're all that sort of women when it comes down to a matter of pretty jewelry," was the worldly-wise Kestner's melancholy answer. He had seen too much of life, of raw and naked life, to be intimidated by a pair of sea-gray eyes that could stare out at the world with such wounded-gazel sadness. He had outlived those illusions. He had rubbed all the mica off the once too glittering Christmas card. And business was business.

"They're all that sort of women!" he pensively and listlessly repeated.

IV

IT SO fell out that as a lonely and anxious and somewhat depressed young lady, having safely crossed the Hungarian frontier, stepped down out of her first-class carriage she came face to face with two young men who were not altogether strangers to her. Since they, too, were bound on a hurried trip across the bay to Abbazia, they both courteously offered to look after the solitary traveler's luggage and also managed to impart to her the incidental information that an American of a very decent sort, by the name of Kestner, was knocking about somewhere along the Hungarian Riviera.

And at the very threshold of the Hotel Stephanie, oddly enough, the three new arrivals chanced to encounter Kestner himself, Kestner arrayed in his immaculate evening dress and his Legion of Honor insignia and his most pensively ingratiating smile. His gentle yet strangely appealing melancholy, as the two younger men shook hands with him, was costing him more of an effort than an outsider would ever have dreamed. His achieved and apparently imperturbable calm, carrying with it as it did both a sense of distinction and a hint of having lived in the deeper movements of life, was the topmost flower of his many sedulous years of study. Yet Kestner's gaze, all the while, was fixed on the veiled and unparticipating face of the young woman at Beresford's side. He failed to detect in that face any open flash of recognition. Whether she suspected him or not, he could find in her bearing no fleeting sign of mental discomfort.

"So you're going back to New York?" asked Norris with the unction of an actor not quite certain of his cue.

"On the Flavonia," was Kestner's fortifyingly quiet response.

This time the Secret Agent could see the young woman's movement quite clearly. He knew, without looking directly at her, that her eyes were suddenly turned on him, that she was studying his face with a newer and keener interest. He waited anxiously for some one to speak.

"I say, that's odd," cried Beresford. "Miss Carlton's on the same boat with you. Oh, I beg pardon! Miss Carlton, this is a travel-worn compatriot of yours, I believe—Mr. Kestner!"

Kestner knew that she was smiling and holding out her hand to him. He was wondering, at the time, why she had made no effort to conceal her actual name. He was also wondering why some sense of warmth in her greeting should disconcert him. He took her fingers neither ardently nor indifferently, and did not, for a moment or two, venture to look up at her. He saw, as he did so, why both young Beresford and Norris had been so ready to coöperate with him in this movement. He could not deny, as he met the full gaze of the deep gray-blue eyes, that there was something appealingly and disarmingly beautiful about her. He was no longer wondering just how much she suspected or knew. He was asking himself if she was not beating him at his own game—if, after all, she was not using a concealed artillery more effective than his own. And the irony of the double imposture made him outwardly doubly pensive and inwardly doubly circumspect.

"Are you going to New York?" was his smoothly impassive inquiry.

She nodded her head girlishly as she replied with a half-laughing "Yes." There had been something momentarily furtive in her eyes as she stared after Norris as he took over the care of her trunks and handbags. There was something constrained in her attitude as she peered about the rotunda of the huge and crowded hotel. What it was, Kestner could not quite fathom. But by this time they were moving through the corridor in a body, and a moment or two later Beresford and Norris were taking themselves discreetly off. There was a murmur of good-by, another moment or two of handshaking, and Kestner and his quarry were alone. Whatever its worth, the tie had at last been established.

"That's the Man Who's Following Me!"

She was once more looking at him out of her wide-set, gray-blue eyes—he was always vividly conscious of their color. For the first time a new and unlooked-for phase of her character came home to him. He could only sum it up as her girlishness, as something apparently ardent and unsophisticated. This, too, had its appeal. But he did not for a moment intend that it should disarm him.

"I'm glad," she said at last, with a note of intimacy that startled him.

"For what?" he asked, letting his eyes dwell on her face. Yet he remained vigilantly on his guard. He was still pondering what her game could be. A murmur of talk buzzed and hummed about them, talk in every tongue but their own. The girl looked from face to face, then she turned to Kestner.

"That you're coming on the Flavonia!" she answered, with a little hand movement that might have signified either gratitude or relief.

"Why?" asked Kestner.

"Because I know I'll be safe with you!" she had the supreme effrontery to tell him. He had already felt, under her eyes, as though he were being weighed in a balance, as though the finalities of character were being submitted to some acid test. This

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TOWNS BUILT TO ORDER

The Town Had Not Yet Stopped Growing

By CARL CROW

ILLUSTRATED BY GAYLE P. HOSKINS

A NEW railway was being built through the West, locating town sites at appropriate intervals. As it approached the neighboring ranches of Jenkins and Reynolds, each of these large landholders was interviewed as to the establishment of a town site. The two, having shared many neighborly problems, talked the matter over privately and decided to join interests, locating the town site on the exact spot at which the railway would cross the boundary line of their ranches. In order that neither should have any advantage over the other it was agreed that the boundary line should mark the location of the city hall or public square, around which the new town would group itself. These arrangements being completed, and as the previous season had been a prosperous one, Jenkins went away to spend a year in Europe, intrusting the building of the town to Reynolds. He said he wanted a good rest and insisted that he was not to be bothered during his absence with reports about the town. He was quite content to let it grow and wait to count the money on his return.

His instructions were carefully observed, and when he returned he got off the train at a busy little town, where he knew only a prairie had existed a year before. He didn't need an adding machine to see that he must have a lot of money on deposit from the sale of lots, and the busy rapping of hammers told him that the town had not yet stopped growing. Delighted with these pleasant reflections, he hailed an old friend who was evidently a citizen of the new town.

"I'm glad to see you living in my town," he cried delightedly. "I have been away a year and this is the first time I have seen it. If I had known it was going to grow so fast I should have come back sooner to watch it."

"Your town?" replied his friend wonderingly. "You must mean Reynolds' town."

"We're in partnership," explained Jenkins. "While I have been away Reynolds has handled the proposition, but the town is built half on my land and half on his."

"If that is so," said his friend, "then your land must have been slipping around considerably since the last time I knew anything about it. It used to be about a half a mile over to the west."

How Jenkins Turned the Tide

JENKINS investigated and found that the suspicions his friend had raised were well founded. His trusted friend and neighbor had taken advantage of his absence to change the location of the town site. Naturally he was angry. Not only did it anger him to think of the treachery of his friend, but he was disappointed at the loss of the money that the sale of the lots would have brought to him. Town lots at even a few dollars a front foot amount to a good deal of money per acre. Of course the nearness of the town and the construction of the railroad had caused his land to advance in value and he might put on a suburban addition, but then additions pay uncertain dividends, not to be compared with the solid profits that can be derived from the ownership of a good town site property, with the value of lots going up every year.

The cheated ranchman thought over the matter for a few days and then wrote a great many letters and sent a number of telegrams. Soon carloads of lumber and hardware began to arrive and were hauled out to a spot on the prairie about a mile west of the new town. With them came a surveying crew.

"What are you going to do with all that stuff?" asked one of the townsmen of Jenkins as the latter was superintending the unloading of a car at the station.

"Build a town," replied Jenkins briefly.

"But you can't build one out there on the prairie. It's too close to this one."

"I don't see that this town is nailed down very fast, and there's lots of room anyway," replied Jenkins. Then he drove away to watch the surveyors lay out streets.

The grand opening of his town-building program was the construction of a seventy-five-thousand-dollar hotel, which rose in lonely grandeur, far surpassing anything in the rival municipality. Soon it was joined by a bank, a real-estate office, a newspaper and a general store. The town was now complete except for the population, and Jenkins went after this in a direct and methodical fashion. Going over to the Reynolds town, he made the citizens, individually and collectively, the following proposition: "I want you to come over and live in my town, and if you will do it I will give you a lot equal in size to the one you have here and will move your house free of cost." He added, less publicly, that Reynolds' town was an accident, and that he would soon turn it into a joke.

No one seemed in a hurry to move, but in a few days a couple of families decided they might have better neighbors in the new town, and their houses were loaded on rollers and hauled across the prairie. Every week after that one or two deserted Reynolds. Jenkins made a house-to-house canvass, offering special inducements to any who would move, and his stout set of house-rollers was kept rather busy.

For a year the fight went on, with Jenkins gaining ground every day. Finally his town could boast a larger population than the other and then the stampede began, ending only when the old town was deserted except for the courthouse and the railway station. The railroad objected to this reckless way of moving towns about, and besides it was interested in the old town site. It refused to establish a station at the new town, and passengers were compelled to get off at the old station and finish the journey in Jenkins' free omnibus line.

The courthouse was moved as soon as a special election could be held, and the railroad company moved the station six months later, when it became convinced that the town was now permanently settled and Jenkins had agreed to adopt the old name. Now, a brick plowed up occasionally in a wheatfield is all that marks the site of the once promising town.

Probably there is no business so profitable as the building of towns when the town turns out right. Jenkins spent all of his own and most of his relatives' money before he got his business thoroughly established, but when he quit buying a town and started to selling he soon had his bank balance on the right side of the ledger. A few more railroads came and his town is still growing. He owns most of the land around it and every year or so he puts a new addition on the market.

A section of land is all that you need on which to build a town. Let us suppose that you buy it for fifty dollars an acre, or thirty-two thousand dollars. You can easily divide this area into four thousand city lots, leaving plenty of space for streets and a bit of ground for the city hall. Sell all of these lots at the bargain price of one hundred dollars each and you have four hundred thousand dollars—more than ten times the amount of your original investment. Suppose the town grows to a population of ten thousand and you take care of the overflow with suburban additions, you will then be a millionaire several times over.

As a railroad brings the new town into existence, the railroad company is usually a silent partner in the enterprise, profiting not only by the sale of lots but also by the increased traffic the growth of the town brings. Often the town site promoter handles the enterprise alone, giving the railroad right-of-way and trackage facilities in exchange for an agreement to maintain a station and stop trains at a point he selects for the town site. If the town grows the promoter usually becomes a permanent resident, drifting into the banking business. If not he sells out his holdings to more hopeful promoters and moves on to a new spot where a town may thrive.

No matter where the town site may be located there is always some one who will come to open a general store and usually a printer will launch a paper. Starting with these, the town's future growth will depend largely upon the ability of the town site promoter to market his goods. In this, as in many another business, it is the man with the good selling plan who succeeds. The trusting promoter who sits in his office waiting for customers to come in and look at his blueprints soon finds his town outstripped by the one up the road with fewer natural advantages, but with a hustling organization behind it.

One of the most successful of new towns was recently promoted for a New York banker who had inherited a large Texas ranch. When a railroad was projected to run through the ranch the banker was quick to accept the opportunity to build a town. In the center of the ranch he set aside a section for a town site and then he employed the best town builder he could find, giving him all the money he needed and a free hand. The promoter was an Irishman who had proved his ability to sell typewriters, steam plows and carload lots of dressed meats before he went into the business of selling towns. The banker was not anxious to make a quick turn on his money. He did not want a boom town that would bring in large returns for the first year and then collapse and leave unsold property to be eaten up with taxes.

The Success of a Ready-Made Town

THE Irishman got on the job at once, and long before the tracklayers reached the location for the new town site it had been carefully surveyed and the entire selling plan had been determined on. The town site section was divided into residence and business lots and the usual spaces set aside for public buildings. Outside of this section was a strip half a mile wide which was not to be sold, but was to be held until the time the future growth of the town demanded additions. Beyond the reserve strip were forty-acre farms, then a tier or two of eighty-acre farms, and the remainder of the ranch was divided into farms of one hundred and sixty acres each.

A town site office, a newspaper office, a lumber yard and a bank were built before the arrival of the first train. Plans were also completed for a sewer system, a big hotel, a waterworks, and all the other conveniences of small town life, but work was not to start on these until the day of the first lot sale.

The usual preparations for the lot sale were made, its features being a railroad excursion, a free barbecue and a few orators. There is enthusiasm in a crowd even if half of it may be present only because of the free barbecue. Before the excursion many carloads of lumber had been hauled to the new town and when the excursionists arrived workmen were busy building a temporary hotel and laying sidewalks. The visitors were shown over the site, ate the barbecue, listened to the enthusiastic speeches and then began to form in line in front of the town site office for the purchase of lots. The advertising campaign had been thorough, a big crowd was present, and it was late at night before the end of the line disappeared in the town site office.

The sale was a success and the new town started with a population of several hundred. Work was now begun in earnest on the hotel, in which the promoter planned to invest a great deal of money. As soon as it was completed, work on the water system was started, then the electric-light plant was begun, so that during the first year some improvement was constantly nearing completion. To one who watched the growth of the town carefully it seemed that these improvements were completed according to some prearranged program.

Any experienced real-estate man can explain the reason. People buy real estate on expectations. Announce that a town is going to secure a big factory, and immediately every one goes to buying real estate. By the time the

factory is completed and begins really to benefit the town, the market has quieted down again. The Irishman built on this principle and kept the town growing during the first year, without forcing it to the boom stage.

Meanwhile he was using most of his publicity campaign to attract farmers. He knew that a farm town will not prosper unless the crops raised in its vicinity support it, this obvious fact being one that many town promoters overlook. The town population, being unhampered by growing crops, can be easily moved. Farmers can move only between seasons and then do so reluctantly. The result is that the town often grows faster than the country and then collapses. The Irishman took steps to prevent this. When the sale of farm lands halted he stopped pushing town lots, and thereby artificially kept up the proportion of farmers and townsmen that naturally adjusts itself in older communities. The booming method of building a town throws this ratio out of proportion. Some day the town dwellers discover that not enough food has been produced by the farmers of their territory to feed them, and then the boom collapses, while those who can, hurry away to better-provisioned towns. The Irishman made himself secure in this policy by reserving the strip around his town, thereby making mushroom additions impossible. His methods kept the town growing for the first year, and after that, with plenty of farmers, town pride could be counted on to keep things moving.

An amusement-park man who had grown wealthy through the nickels and dimes of the park patrons, decided to go into the town-building business and bought a well-located town site. He thought he saw in it a great similarity to the park business and believed that methods that had succeeded in one would succeed in the other. He set out to make all other town sites look like cluttered-up back yards, just as other parks had looked in comparison with his own ornate attractions. Long before the new railroad began to run passenger trains he built his town. He graded the streets, built sidewalks, a hotel, a few residences and store buildings—provided everything that could be needed in the infant days of the place.

Then he advertised his lot sale, and when the day arrived the excursion train came in loaded down with prospective purchasers. The promoter welcomed them on the depot platform and beamed with pride. The crowd looked at the glistening hotel, the graded streets, the long lines of sidewalks. They were astonished, and if some one had suggested it all would have joined in three cheers for the thoughtful promoter. From the newspaper office an extra edition was issued announcing the arrival of the first train and offered to the visitors before all of them had filed out of the coaches. It had been printed in advance. In the hotel a course dinner was served in excellent style to all who desired it, while on the broad veranda a brass band entertained the crowd. There was oratory, too, and when the proper time came, every one was given an opportunity to purchase one or more of the lots. The first lot sale was large. This was the bally-hoo system of town building, and business was brisk.

A few of the purchasers moved in and took possession. For a while they were well pleased with the place, which was undoubtedly superior to any other new town of the neighborhood. Then discontentment came. Everything had been done. There was nothing to look forward to. The lot sales dropped off because the salesmen could promise nothing for the future. The town was like a novel with all of the climaxes in the first chapter. Lot sales finally ceased entirely and the town ceased growing. A few moved away and the amusement man went back to his old business in disappointment.

In the modern system of town building the newspaper plays an important part, and it is an inexperienced promoter who does not provide one. Its first issue tells of the lot sale and every week thereafter it bears to the outside world the story of the greatness of its point of issue. It bubbles over with editorial optimism for its own future and that of its town. It taunts rival towns with population figures and crop reports. All this is very necessary. There is no satisfaction in knowing that one's town is superior unless the fact can be made known to the inferior town. Civic pride, after all, is largely a matter of comparison with rival towns, as is amply proved by statistics of attendance at baseball games. The new town would not care particularly whether it had one thousand or two thousand population were it not for the fact that the rival town down the line was making an absurd claim of fifteen hundred. The newspaper sets all this right in most vigorous English and keeps the city enthusiasm at a comfortable degree of heat during the trying and hazardous first days.

A town which we will call Darietta was spasmodically approaching a population of two thousand when a new railroad was built, establishing a rival town ten miles to the north. At the time the railroad was built wells were being drilled near the site of the new town in the hope of finding oil or gas, and the promoter, anticipating the

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THE STAR IN MUFTI

By H. H. BASHFORD

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

I

MRS. CRANMER-WYCLIFFE brought a firm hand down upon the plush tablecloth. "In the interests, not only of our parish," she said, "but of the church at large, Mr. Bradshaw, this matter must be sifted—and sifted to the uttermost."

The Reverend Thomas Bradshaw laid his hand upon hers very gently.

"I quite agree with you, dear Mrs. Cranmer-Wycliffe," he replied. "I quite agree with you."

"And you also, I trust, Mr. Roseleaf?" pursued Mrs. Cranmer-Wycliffe, turning a severe, if florid, countenance toward the senior curate—or assistant priest, as he preferred to be called. Mr. Roseleaf bowed, but without speaking. It was one of the most beautiful features of Mr. Roseleaf's character, this very great power of conveying sympathy without speech.

As Mrs. Harrington-Cohen had well said, there were indeed few whose words were as comforting as Mr. Roseleaf's silence.

And now in this slight, ever so slight, bow there was conveyed at once his agreement with the lady's verdict, an ecclesiastical deprecation of its necessity, and a very considerable human sorrow for an erring brother in orders. What a curate he was! Dear Mr. Bradshaw had surely shown even more than his usual tact and discrimination in obtaining so great a treasure for the parishioners of St. Sepulcher. If only the same could be said of Mr. Downing! And then there would have been none of this deplorable scandal. For, as Mrs. Cranmer-Wycliffe had remarked from the very first, nobody in Highbury—nobody who really mattered—had ever really taken to Mr. Downing. For besides being somewhat middle-aged he was somewhat—well, not quite, don't you know? There had always been something rather *outré*, a little *gauche*, about him, if nothing worse. And though these things mightn't matter so much in the poorer parts of the parish, toward Finsbury Park—and it was a) wise of Mr. Bradshaw to have handed over the mission-hall to Mr. Downing—they were none the less regrettable.

Mrs. Cranmer-Wycliffe had even found it a little difficult to acquit Mr. Bradshaw of some overhastiness in his selection of an additional helper. Mr. Bradshaw's well-kept, high-colored cheeks flushed a little.

"If you only knew, my dear lady," he reminded her, "the extreme difficulty of obtaining any sort of curate nowadays. And, as you must admit, his manner is both meek and—er—plausible."

She waved her hand.

"I Have Sometimes Thought That the Bearing of Pain is the Clergyman's Prerogative"

"Dear Mr. Bradshaw," she said, "I admit everything. But our good fortune in respect of our assistant clergy has hitherto"—Mr. Roseleaf bowed again—"has hitherto been so exceptional that I fancy our standard at St. Sepulcher's has become a peculiarly high one."

The three of them were sitting in Mrs. Cranmer-Wycliffe's morning room, a well-upholstered apartment facing south upon a neat lawn. Across the road, walled off from them by bricks and broken glass, rose the red and yellow spire of St. Sepulcher's—a gift from the late Mr. Cranmer-Wycliffe, whose portrait, in a frame that fitly memorized his character, hung just above Mr. Roseleaf's chestnut curls. Mr. Cranmer-Wycliffe had been rather militantly protestant. His widow, no less protestant, but, as she put it, perhaps more definitely Anglican, believed in a somewhat elaborated type of clerical ministration. Thus, on Mr. Cranmer-Wycliffe's death, a suitable interval having elapsed, Mr. Bradshaw, yielding not unwillingly, had adopted vestments, while Mr. Roseleaf, on sundry other points, had become even a little more ornamental than his vicar. "Dignity and Grace," Mrs. Harrington-Cohen had sometimes described them as embodying. "Both admirable—seldom, indeed, so fortunately united."

"And you, too, I believe," said Mrs. Cranmer-Wycliffe, "have had some difficulties with Mr. Downing?"

Mr. Bradshaw nodded.

"Persistently," he admitted, and touched his senior assistant's coat-sleeve. "Poor Roseleaf has invariably had to conduct all the Wednesday afternoon services unaided."

"And, as you know," said Mrs. Cranmer-Wycliffe, "Mr. Downing has consistently refused to remain after ten o'clock at my servants' working-party in order to pronounce the benediction."

"If that were all!" said Mr. Bradshaw.

"And if only," sighed Mrs. Cranmer-Wycliffe, "our worthy bishop were a leetle more——"

"Yet I certainly cannot act without him," said Mr. Bradshaw, exhibiting just that flash of firmness that, as Mrs. Harrington-Cohen often said, showed you the real man beneath the trained vicar. And Mrs. Cranmer-Wycliffe, a strong woman herself, seemed not displeased at the reminder.

"I think you are right," she replied, as Martha brought in some port and Genoa cake. "And we must be absolutely fair and quite regular. But at the same time we must be prompt, and, above all things, radical. I do not speak, of course, in a political sense."

"God forbid!" murmured Mr. Roseleaf.

The vicar pulled out his notebook and pencil.

"To recapitulate the facts," he said, "it was on the thirteenth that he again refused to stay later than ten o'clock at your evening working-party."

Mrs. Cranmer-Wycliffe made a motion of assent.

"And, your suspicions having been long aroused, you had him followed when he left your house."

Mrs. Cranmer-Wycliffe nodded.

"Ten o'Clock Already. I Must Get a Hustle On"

"He was traced," pursued the vicar, "from your servant-girls' working-party to—er ——"

"To the Melody Music Hall," said Mrs. Cranmer-Wycliffe with a very notable courage.

"At half past ten," proceeded the vicar, "he came out, and was thence followed to the—er ——"

"To the Carnation Empire," she prompted.

"He left there at eleven-thirty, not—er—not, I understand, alone."

"With a young woman," said Mrs. Cranmer-Wycliffe.

"Who accompanied him to his rooms in ——"

"I must refuse," said Mrs. Cranmer-Wycliffe, "to particularize her costume."

The vicar colored.

"You misunderstand me," he said—"his rooms in Clover Street."

There was a moment's pause. Mr. Roseleaf's hand slipped down a little over his eyes.

"At half past two," went on the vicar, "they appeared again, and he then escorted her to an address in Camden Town, where he left at the front door."

Mr. Roseleaf looked up suddenly at the words "front door," and one could see a swift flicker of relief shoot momentarily across the despair in his fine eyes.

"At the front door," repeated the vicar, "where they shook hands, while this—er—this ——"

"Person," said Mrs. Cranmer-Wycliffe. "I refuse for the moment to be her judge."

"This person kissed him."

The vicar replaced his notebook in his bosom.

"And when you sent for him, as a woman, as a friend, as an adviser ——"

"He declined," said Mrs. Cranmer-Wycliffe, "to give me any explanation."

They rose to their feet, and Mrs. Cranmer-Wycliffe held out her hand to the vicar.

"I have done my duty," she said simply.

"And I—we are grateful," he replied.

She glanced at Mr. Roseleaf.

"To you," she said, "as a fellow-curate, this must be peculiarly painful."

"I have sometimes thought, dear Mrs. Cranmer-Wycliffe," said Mr. Roseleaf, "that the bearing of pain is the clergyman's prerogative."

There was a moment's pause.

"I too," added Mr. Bradshaw. But they all felt that it was Mr. Roseleaf who had said it first.

II

CLOVER STREET belies its name in almost every particular. Its complexion is bilious, with gray scars here and there where the stucco has come off. Its scent is, if anything, marine rather than rustic. And there are no fields anywhere near it. Perhaps the most cheerful of its apartments, superficially speaking, was the second-floor front of No. 118, usually occupied by the Reverend Alexander Downing, a piano, a bagatelle board, a gramophone, a dilapidated sofa, four tired chairs, and numerous specimens of urban manhood at varying stages of evolution. Most of these had already gone away for a final loaf in the streets preparatory to going to bed. Two remained and wrangled over the bagatelle board.

"Clear board," said 'Enry. "That's four an' five nine, an' height seventeen, an' six twenty-three. That's 'ome." He grounded a triumphant cue.

"Garn," said Harthur; "yer shoved it."

"I never," expostulated 'Enry.

"Garn," responded Harthur.

"Liar," replied 'Enry.

"Liar yourself," said Harthur; "an' cheat!"

The bedroom door swung open, and the Reverend Alexander emerged in his shirt-sleeves, flourishing a razor and presenting a lathered chin.

"Dear me!" he said; "what's all this about?"

He was a humble little man, with a freckled face, shock hair, and movable eyebrows. At the moment they conveyed an expression of almost Napoleonic sternness.

"'E shoved it," explained Harthur.

"I never," said 'Enry.

"Yes, yes. I heard all that. Now, show me how the balls were placed before the last stroke."

With a little discussion they were arranged for his inspection. The eyebrows became judicial. The opposing counsel put forward their respective cases.

"I see," said Downing. "He cannoned off this ball into the hole, the ball he cannoned off, hit the cushion and went into the other hole, and black, which had been on the edge of that hole, rolled in."

"'E shoved it," said Harthur.

"I didn't," repeated Enry; "Bible oath, an' I said my prayers this morning."

"I'm glad to hear it, 'Enry," said Downing; "but you shouldn't brag about it, you know. Now, Harthur, if you look close you'll see that owing to great age there is a depression near the center hole. Once the ball gets into it, it is usually only a question of time for it to trickle down into the hole. Do you see?"

Harthur grunted.

"Very well. Now, can you swear by all your gods that you saw 'Enry shove it?"

"I never said I seed 'im," said Harthur.

"Then I'm afraid the case breaks down, 'Enry. You'll have to come and take it out of him another evening."

"Tomorrer?"

Mr. Downing shook his head.

"No, that's the West Street boys' night. You might come on Friday. Now you must cut home to bed."

They made for the door, and 'Enry, not altogether unconscious of a surreptitious jerk imparted to a somewhat tottery bagatelle table, clattered down the stairs. Upon Harthur's shoulder Downing laid a sudden hand.

"Did you say your prayers this morning?" he asked.

There was a moment's silence. Then they shook hands.

"Good-night, Harthur."

"Good-night, Mr. Downing." And Harthur closed the door behind him.

"Little knaves," murmured Downing, gazing meditatively at the table, and then a sudden sound upon the mantelpiece made him jerk his head up with a quick movement.

"By George," he said; "ten o'clock already. I must get a hustle on. Heigh-ho—hullo, what's that?" For to his ears there now came an imperious knocking at the front door. Projecting a cautious head from the window, he drew it back again with an expression of dismay.

"Great Scott!" he said, "it's the vicar and another fellow—and at this time of night! Well, it's quite impossible." He went to the sitting-room door, and opening it bawled into space: "Liza—Liza!"

But the depths remained echoless.

"Shoppin'," said Downing; "that's what's the matter with her." Again the knocking thundered up the stairs, and then a sudden rattling below pronounced the spontaneous swinging open of the door. A sonorous accent became clearer, and two pairs of feet began to make the staircase tremble at their approach. With a rapid movement Downing retreated silently into his bedroom, shutting and locking the door. And it was into a room still as the grave that the vicar of St. Sepulcher's escorted the lean-limbed figure of the Bishop of Finsbury.

"This is very strange," said the vicar. "Those boys said that they had just left him." He moved across to the bedroom door and knocked upon it sharply.

"Downing," he called; "Downing, are you there?"

But there was no reply. And he turned to the bishop.

"Believe me, my lord, I am very much surprised and annoyed," he said, "very much annoyed."

The bishop was squinting down a cue.

"Oh, don't worry about that, Bradshaw," he said; "he didn't know we were coming, you see, did he?"

He laid down the cue and went over to the window.

"So this is the room to which Mr. Downing brought home the young lady in tights?"

The vicar gasped a little, and the bishop turned back.

"You did say tights, didn't you?"

The vicar spread out his hands.

"I believe," he said, "that is the technical term."

"Oh, it is," said the bishop, glancing at his own legs, "and I ought to know something about it, oughtn't I?"

The vicar coughed.

"Now, tell me," went on the bishop. "How long have you known Downing?"

"A year."

"Do you know anything of his antecedents?"

"His father, I believe, was a poor North-Country rector with a large family. Downing himself was educated at a provincial university, and ordained eighteen months ago."

"Is he a good churchman?"

"He does everything we suggest to him in the way of ceremonial. But we saw at once, of course—Roseleaf and I—that he was only fitted for the work down here in the mission-hall."

"And has he done it well?"

"As regards mere numbers he appears to have been successful. His services are very well attended. As regards doctrine ——"

"What a jolly gramophone!" said the bishop, "and—hullo—by Jove, he's got some excellent records too—excellent. Do you know this one?"

The vicar stared a little.

"I beg your pardon," he said.

"This song—one of Tom Poppington's: When Uncle Caught the Stilton on the Hop."

"The—er—Stilton?" queried the vicar rather breathlessly. "Do you refer to the—er—cheese of that name?"

The bishop nodded.

"On the hop," he said. "Of course it's rather an old style of jest."

"I have never heard it," said the vicar.

"But the tune is particularly haunting, I always think—te-tum te-tum te-tum te-tum te-top—when uncle caught the Stilton on the hop. I've been meaning to go and hear him sing it for a long time."

The vicar clutched a little uncertainly at the back of one of the chairs.

"To hear—er ——"

"Poppington—Tom Poppington."

There was a moment's silence until, as Mr. Bradshaw afterward said, the bishop appeared to remember himself and the solemnity of the task in hand. They sat down in front of the fire, and the bishop, his lean, keen face lit up by the dancing flames, bent forward toward the vicar.

"And your own difficulties with him?" he asked.

"Have been considerable," replied the vicar, "from the very beginning. In the first place he has always refused to conduct Wednesday afternoon services—first on one plea, then on another—now a visit to sick people, now an elocution practice."

The bishop was leaning back now with half-closed eyes.

"The church needs a bit of elocution," he said.

"But surely not on Wednesdays?" said the vicar.

"Well, perhaps," agreed the bishop, "he might have arranged matters a little differently."

"Perhaps It Would," She Said, "but I Guess I Won't"

"Then, again, Mrs. Cranmer-Wycliffe ——"

"Eh?"

"The lady I told you about."

"Who never liked him from the beginning?"

"Yes. She has an evening working-party for servants, and it has been customary for the clergy to begin and end it with prayer. Now, while Downing has opened it sometimes, he has invariably refused to close it—again on various pretexts."

For a minute or two the bishop sat in silence. Then he glanced toward the gramophone and bagatelle table.

"Who come and play with those?" he asked.

The vicar half turned in his chair

"Oh, various youths," he said. "At least, I believe so."

Again the bishop was silent.

"And you say he is disliked by your parishioners?" he said presently.

"By all the—the substantial ones," replied the vicar.

The lines in the bishop's face, drawn there by long pondering over many such problems as the present, deepened a little. "Tell me," he said at last, "how came you to select Mr. Downing, a man near middle life, not as I understand quite a gentleman, provincially educated, and so apparently unsuited to the majority of your parochial requirements?"

The vicar coughed.

"It was a mistake, I admit, my lord," he said; "but he was so very anxious to take up the work. He imagines himself to be somehow especially qualified to deal with the particular kind of person that resides in the poorer portion of my parish. Curates were scarce. And he—er—offered his services gratis."

The Bishop looked a little surprised.

"He has private means, then?"

The vicar shrugged his shoulders.

"I suppose he must have"

"And in respect of his influence?" asked the bishop. "Have his hopes been realized at all?"

"As I told you," said the vicar, "he has been numerically successful. Indeed, he seems to possess a rather more than ordinary attraction for that peculiar stratum of—er—society that lies immediately above the mere artisan—an honest fellow—and below that of the more substantial tradesman."

The bishop nodded.

"An extensive stratum," he said, "and a peculiarly difficult one."

"We have both found it so," observed the vicar.

"Both?"

"Roseleaf and myself."

"Ah!" The bishop fell into meditation. "But the episode of the girl," he murmured, "and the curious refusal of certain obligations."

"Precisely," said the vicar. "Precisely."

And it was then that two odd things happened simultaneously. For at the same moment that the incandescent gaslight, doled out to Clover Street in automatic pennyworths, went suddenly out, the sitting-room door opened gently from the landing. There was a quick flutter of drapery across the firelit chamber, and an amazed bishop, himself in darkness, beheld two feminine hands laid softly upon the vicar's eyes. Beneath a long and open cloak the dancing flames disclosed a billowy vision of gauze and sequins, and at the same moment a somewhat cockney if good-natured voice broke up the silence.

"Hullo, Tommy dear!" it said. "How are you, old buck?" and two cherry-red lips imprinted an affectionate kiss upon the vicar's ecclesiastical skull-top. Even in the small, uncertain light, the bishop could see the vicar's face swell visibly to a fiery purple, could see his plump hands raised up in that holy indignation that is the most terrible of any. But since in the greater crises of life an adequate language deserts us all, the only words that accompanied them were:

"Gas! Turn up the gas"

"All right, dear old cocky," said the lady, "I put a copper in just now. It'll be here in a minute.'

At this juncture the bishop revealed himself

"I hope," he suggested mildly, "that I am not *de trop*"

"Hullo!" said the newcomer. "There are two of you, are there?"

The vicar rose suddenly to his feet.

"How dare you?" he asked. "How——"

And then the gas went up, exposing in pitiless detail a young woman, a fur cloak, and—instinctively the vicar forgot to close his eyes—the pink tights upon a very shapely pair of legs. Next moment their owner collapsed weakly into the chair vacated by the vicar.

"O lor'!" she screamed. "Lor' luv a duck, what do you call yerselves—comics or 'eavy sentimentals?"

They regarded her in silence, and if their ears and eyes had been alert to anything else might have heard the softly-turning handle of Downing's bedroom door, might have beheld an appalled countenance thrust forward to be speedily withdrawn, as the young lady scrambled suddenly to her feet. She looked hard at the bishop.

"Yer not—not real clergymen, are yer?" she stammered.

"I wonder," said the bishop.

Then she sprang forward, catching up his hands.

The Vicar Stood Upright Like a Man of Stone

"He's not ill?" she cried. "Tommy's not ill, is he?"

"I hope not," said the bishop.

"I think," put in the vicar, "that you have made some mistake."

She looked round at him again with her mouth open, and then, broadening to a smile once more, she tiptoed toward the bedroom.

"Tommy," she said, "are you there, old cully?"

The vicar winced

"Tell me," he interrupted heavily, "are you referring to my curate?"

The girl chuckled.

"O lor'!" she said. "He's not your curate, is he?"

The vicar's quivering forefinger indicated the bedroom door.

"I was under the impression," he said, "that my curate slept in that room."

And now the girl looked frankly bewildered.

"Your curate?" she asked slowly. "But these are Tom Poppington's rooms."

The vicar's jaw dropped.

"Tom Pop ——" he began, and the bishop, half rising from his chair, finished the question, with a brightening eye. "Tom Poppington?" the bishop inquired. "The comedian?"

. . . . . .

And it was then, as the clock on the mantelpiece struck half past ten, that the bedroom door opened, and before their astonished eyes the figure of a man began slowly to emerge. He was clad from head to foot in a long dust-colored ulster, and in his right hand he held a hat of the flexible, caved-in species associated with most branches of fine art. But it was his face that transfixed them, his wobegone, despairing countenance, adorned as to each cheek with bright splashes of crimson, blossoming at its nosetip into a fiery scarlet, and with a large question mark in indigo imprinted upon its forehead. There was a moment of chaotic silence. The bishop rose to his feet The vicar stood upright like a man of stone

"Good God!" he exclaimed softly. "Good—God!"

III

SO, FOR almost a minute, they stood there—the three of them—facing one another in silence, the vicar with bulging eyes and hardening lines about his mouth, the bishop sorrowfully meditative, Downing himself abashed and silent beneath the grotesque impertinence of his makeup

Looking with quick eyes round the little triangle of faces, it was the girl, divining tragedy in the air, who was the first to speak.

"What is it?" she asked quickly, and then, turning to the vicar. "What's he done?" she added.

The vicar moved toward the sitting-room door.

"Perhaps," he said distinctly, "it would be as well if you left us."

But, sticking her chin in the air, she sat down upon the table, swinging a pink leg a trifle obtrusively. "Perhaps it would," she said, "but I guess I won't."

Downing turned to her slowly

"I think it would be better if you did, Polly," he said.

"But not," interrupted the bishop, "before we have all been introduced."

The young lady extended a dainty forefinger toward the curate.

"I," she said, "am Polly Pinhole, mime and danseuse, four pounds a week - and that, that's Tom Poppington—*the* Tom Poppington—ten thousand pounds a year—and the best and straightest man in England."

She tossed her head, and, slipping off the table, took the center of the group with arms akimbo.

"So, now you know."

The bishop held out his hand.

"Thank you," he replied. "And this is the Vicar of St. Sepulcher's, and I am the Bishop of Finsbury. So, if you will shake hands with me—thank you—and you, too, Mr. Poppington—we all can say at any rate that we have begun to know one another."

The vicar coughed.

"I think," he said, "it would surely be well to ascertain if this was the—the young person who spent a considerable portion of last Wednesday night in these apartments."

Polly opened her eyes very wide.

"Are you a detective too?" she inquired.

"In a spiritual sense," said the vicar, "I am sometimes forced to be."

She turned to Downing.

"Tommy dear," she said, "what is this all about? You aren't really his curate, are you?"

Downing bowed his head and Polly started forward.

"You're not," she cried again. "You're not really a clergyman?"

He raised it again, putting his hand toward his throat.

"I—I must explain," he said huskily.

"If you please," said the vicar. But Polly turned upon him with a swift movement of anger.

"If you talk like that," she said, "I shall hate you. I don't understand all this, and why you're here. But I'll tell you this much. It was me that was here on Wednesday night. And I was here because Tom Poppington saved me. And I'm not the only girl he's saved. It was touch and go with me last Wednesday. My agent had—I suppose you don't understand what some agents can do when they're—and I suppose you'd blush if I told you. Anyway Tom saved me. He was the only one as could without ruining my career. He's Tom Poppington, you see. He's too strong to be touched. They've got to kowtow to Tom Poppington. And he ——"

She stooped suddenly, and snatching the curate's hand covered it with kisses.

"And I'd do it again," she flushed, "before all the Church of England—and the Baptists too."

The bishop, who had dropped back again into his chair, leaned forward, clasping his knee.

"Is this true?" he asked

(Continued on Page 28

THE GREEN EMERALD

By Charles Battell Loomis

ILLUSTRATED BY ROLLIN KIRBY

"He Makes der Horse Kneel Like He Was a Hippodrome Horse"

IT WAS a "Jimmy night," and that amiable lad was to give himself and me pleasure by telling me one of the fairy tales that his imaginative but hardworking mother had told the boy after her work was done, or perhaps while doing her work; for when a scrubwoman has finished plying her moistened brush there remains many a stint like sock-darning, clothes-patching and the like before she can rest from lingering toil.

We were going to see a play called Midsummer Night's Dream, where fairies play a part, after we had made an end of eating dinner; but before it was served Jimmy, with little urging on my part, plunged into his recital of the tale of The Green Emerald. I refrained from asking Jimmy if there were any emeralds that were not green, because a green emerald sounded so delightfully Irish.

"Me mudder used to be tellin' me about a beautiful princess dat was de bes' looker of any one in Irelan'. She said she would dazzle der sun so he'd dodge behind a cloud w'en she looked up in der sky, an' dat would make der princess feel sad, because she liked sunshine an' boids singin' an' ban's playin' an' fountains jugglin' little balls like dey does sometimes in Madison Square, an' flowers growin' in beds an' smellin' sweet. Oh, she was a lovely princess an' would make a man mad wit' joy to see her.

"But w'en she was about sixteen she had strayed too far away from her fader's pallus an' gipsies had caught her an' carried her to an enchanter—one er dose sleighter-han' men dat makes coins come out of yer hair.

"Well, me mudder says he was der limit an' didn't treat der goil der way a princess should be treated, because he had a grudge agin her fader der king. Once he had been der king's clown an' toined summersets for him an' made jokes an' laughed to split w'en he was feelin' anyt'ing but laughy, an' der king made him do a toin w'en he had lost his mudder, an' dat made him so ang-ry wit' der king dat he t'rew up his job an' went an loined how to do dis magic business an' swore he'd get even if it took him all his life. Der princess was on'y a baby den, but he waited till she was de idol of der whole kingdom an' den he sent der gipsies to lay aroun' dere an' steal her.

"Gee! but her fader was near crazy wit' grief, me mudder said. He was a widower an' he hadn' no one to love, on'y Eileen, an' w'en she was los' he went off his feed, an' stopped makin' laws, an' electrocutin' murderers, an' was no good. But der people was happier, me mudder said, because laws never made anybody happy, an' wot's der use of a law if yer can't break it? she said.

"Well, der magician had put der princess away in a castle dat stood on top of a big rock about a mile out to sea wit' ang-ry waves lashin' der rocks all der w'ile, so no boat could come near it wit'out it was a lifesaver's boat, an' dere was none in Irelan'.

"He didn't treat her cruel, youse understan'. She had four meals a day an' honey between meals if she wanted it, an' she had her private garden an' a maid to dress her, but she never saw any one else but der magician an' der maid an' der rest of der servants, an' it made her lonely.

"Finally der king he sent barkers to tell all der people dat he would give all Ulster to any one who would get der princess an' bring her home safe, an' if der princess was willin' der feller dat brought her home could marry her.

"Well, of course, Ulster hadn' much but Prodes'ans in it, so it wasn't wort' much, me mudder said, but der country was beautiful an' room to swing a million cats.

"Lots of fellers came to ask for der job, an' lots of dem set sail for Amurrica, t'inkin' to fin' der princess dere, for de ol' magician never let on w'ere she was. Well, so many young men sailed for Amurrica dat der king forbid any more goin', but me mudder said not even a king could stop an Irishman from sailin' for Amurrica if he wanted to, an' so few was lef' dat der women had to plow in der fiel's, an' it was a bad t'ing for Irelan'. But no one could fin' der princess.

"At las', one of dose fine days, me mudder said, dere come a han'some young feller who had der fear of God in his heart an' divil a fear else. He'd pull der teeth out of a tiger barehanded, an' whin der Eng-lish soldiers kem marchin' out from der Castle at Dublin he'd chase dem all back wit' der t'reats of w'at he'd do if dey stayed out. W'en he was in liquor, me mudder said, he was as strong as ten men, an' full of th' ould Nick.

"Well, he mounts a w'ite horse dat belonged to his fader an' rides up to der castle an' rings der front-door bell, an' w'en der goil came to der door he says, 'Tell der king I'm here.'

"'An' who are you?' says der goil, saucylike.

"Wid dat he kisses her on each cheek an' den on der lips, an' says, 'Tell der king I'm Cormac an' me time is valuable.'

"Der goil boxes each ear an' den slaps his mout', but she liked it all right. Of course, if he'd been a prince she wouldn' have dared be so free, but his horse was der riches' t'ing about him, as him an' his fader was poor but descended from kings. Gee! to hear me mudder talk near every Irishman is descended from kings, an' yet dey hate kings."

"A little human inconsistency, Jimmy; that's all," said I.

"I guess you're right, boss. Well, der goil goes up der hun'red an' forty-nine steps dat led to der king's t'rone an' foun' der king tryin' on some noo crowns dat a feller had brought.

"'It's Cormac waits below,' says der goil, bowin' to der king; 'an' he says his time is valuable an' he wants to see you. He has the most beautiful horse I ever saw; but he's too fresh,' says she.

"Me mudder said der king hadn't no use for starch, so he bawls down, 'Come up, Cormac, me bye, an' bring yoor horse.'

"Wid dat Cormac blows a blast on his golden horn dat had been left him by one of der kings in his family in far times, an' he slaps der horse on der flank an' up he gallops, up der hun'red an' forty-nine steps, like an auto doin' a stunt for advertisin'; an' w'en he reaches der top he makes der horse kneel like he was a Hippodrome horse, an' he kneels himself an' takes off his velvet cap dat had belonged to his gran'fader, an' waits for der king to speak.

"An' der king says, 'W'at is it?'

"'It's me to fin' der princess,' says Cormac.

"'With all me heart!' says der king. 'I like der face on yer,' he says, 'an' you'll stop at nuttin'. On'y don't go to Amurrica, for I t'ink me poor daughter is in Irelan'.'

"'An' I know w'ere,' says Cormac wit' a wink. 'I use ter play wit' der gipsies w'en I was young-er an' I haven't tol' all I know because I haven't time.'

"'Ye've not too much modesty,' says der king, laughin', an' tryin' on a noo crown.

"'Modesty doesn't go far if it's out for a walk,' says Cormac, 'an' I want to go as long as there's anny go at all,' says he. 'That's a nice crown you have, Your Majesty,' says Cormac. 'It's the merry monarch you look in it.'

"'Well, that's all you know about it, Cormac,' says the king, 'for I'm a sad one till I get me little gerrul back agin.'

"Funny t'ing, boss. We say goil, but de Irish say gerrul. Me mudder always said gerrul, but I tol' her I was an Amurrican an' goil was good enough for me.

"Well, de end of it was dat der king gave Cormac a license to hunt any way he wished, an' der boy blew another blast on his golden horn an' gallops down der steps twenty steps at a time an' der king's heart in his mout' for fear he'd stumble. But divil a stumble, me mudder said, in any horse raised on der shores of Lough Erne. Out of der door he flew an' t'rough der streets, blowin' on his horn till you'd sure t'ink it was der Irishman.

"Well, der foist t'ing he did was to ride over Bundoran way on a clue dat a gipsy give him. He'd as many clues as a murder case, but he had a level head an' der foist clue was der real clue. Beefcre der sun began cloud-colorin', me mudder said, he was on der west shore of Irelan', an' dere lay der sea in front of him an' a rock risin' out of der sea an' clouds hidin' der top of it an' waves lashin' der foundations like a fierce storm was ragin'—but der sea all aroun' as smooth as der lake in Central Park.

"Aroun' his neck besides der horn was a velvet bag an' in it was t'ree precious stones. Me mudder said dat any jeweler in Maiden Lane—she used to scrub offices 'n Maiden Lane, dat's how she knoo—any jeweler in Maiden Lane

"Cormac Felt Himself Gettin' Weak Agin, but it Was Not for Love Dis Time"

would have give der price of a house on Fift' Avenyer for each stone.

"Now, der gipsies had given him dese stones because dey liked him an' dey knoo w'ere to get more, an' dey tol' him whenever he came to trouble dat was beyon' him to chuck a precious stone in de air an' say, 'Hilligo, milligo, matherin' dash!' or somethin' dat sounded like dat. Me mudder always said it fas' an' I never caught it so I could spell it. I never was a good speller anyhow.

"Cormac had his noive wid him an' foist he tries to swim over to der rock, but he was near drownded. T'ree times der current pull'd him an' his horse aroun' der rock as if he was bein' hauled be a windlass, an' den Cormac blows a blast an' digs der horse wit' his pointed shoe an' he swims back to der shore jus' in time.

"'That was a short lesson, but I think I learned it,' says Cormac.

"Den he opens der bag an takes out der foist stone, w'ich was a opal. He put a twist on it an' hurls it in der water, cryin', 'Hilligo, milligo, matherin' dash!' an', believe it or not, but der waves fell to sobbin' an' crep' up to der shores like dey wanted Cormac to forgive dem.

"'That's more like,' says he, an' der horse swims right out to der rock.

"'Softlike,' says he to the horse; 'perhaps I'll get a glimpse of the princess before the wizard weaves a spell.'

"Sure enough, in a hole in the hedge, he sees the princess sittin' on a gold footstool an' playin' a harp.

"'Oh, dear! oh, dear!' me mudder always said; but w'en he saw der princess he was near dyin' for love! Oh, she was too beautiful for one to have all der beauty. Cormac's wrists grew weak an' his ankles felt like rubber an' his heart went tearin' aroun' inside his body till he wondered would he have any vitals left. Oh, it was turrible! An' all for love of a woman he had never seen till that minute.

"An' as luck would have it she caught sight of him.

"Well, it was all up wit' her dat minute. Down tumbled her harp on der green grass an' a sigh come out of her dat made der boids stop singin' out of sympathy, me mudder said.

"Der nex' minute der wizard pressed a button or done somethin' quick, for instead of der princess Cormac saw nothin' but a lot of crazy-lookin' witches, some wit' long teeth an' some wit' no teeth at all, an' all wit' tails, an' red, bleary-lookin' eyes, an' twitchin' ears. An' fire comin' out of der groun' an' dismal noises everyw'ere. An' black clouds was beefore der sun an' a sad wind sprang up. Oh, it was awful! Der witches danced aroun' and aroun' on der grass, tramplin' der harp an', for all Cormac knoo, tramplin' der beautiful goil he had just fell in love wit'. Oh, it was horrible!

"Den one of der witches wid soft fur like a cat an' a long red tongue dat hung out of der side of her mout' like der way a tired truckhorse does, an' pop eyes wit' a wicked look in dem, come an' jumped up on der horse beehin' Cormac an' begun purrin' at him in a way dat made him feel sick to his stummick. She put her clammy, furry han' on his cheek, an' he was near faintin' wit' disgust. An' der horse stood on his hin'legs an' trembled an' whinnied.

"Cormac felt himself gettin' weak agin, but it was not for love dis time. Der witch put her furry arm aroun' his neck an' de udders begun to close in on him. Dere was a clap of t'under, not in der sky but on der groun' at his feet, an' de earth opened an' snakes kem out. In Irelan' at dat! Oh, it showed der power of der magician all right.

"Cormac was jus' slidin' off his horse, an' dat would have been de end of him, w'en he t'ought of der precious stones in der wallet, an' he pulled out a di'mon' an' t'rew it at de witches, cryin' faintly, 'Hilligo, milligo, matherin' dash!' In an instant der witches vanished an der sun kem out an' half a dozen shamrocks grew in der san' aroun' him and he picked dem for luck.

"Now he had but one precious stone left, an' der princess no nearer dan before. But he went boldly on, an' him an' der horse vaulted der hedge an' foun' der princess unharmed an' her harp all right, an' she was sittin' under a tree embroiderin' de mos' beautiful roses.

"'Is it Eileen?' says he.

"'It is. An' who are you that's clever enough to get as far as this unharmed?'

"'I'm Cormac. I have come to save you.'

"'An' what?' said she, blushin' rosy red.

"'An' to love you,' says he. 'On'y for me bein' on a horse I couldn't stan' ——'"

"That's a good Irish bull, Jimmy," said I.

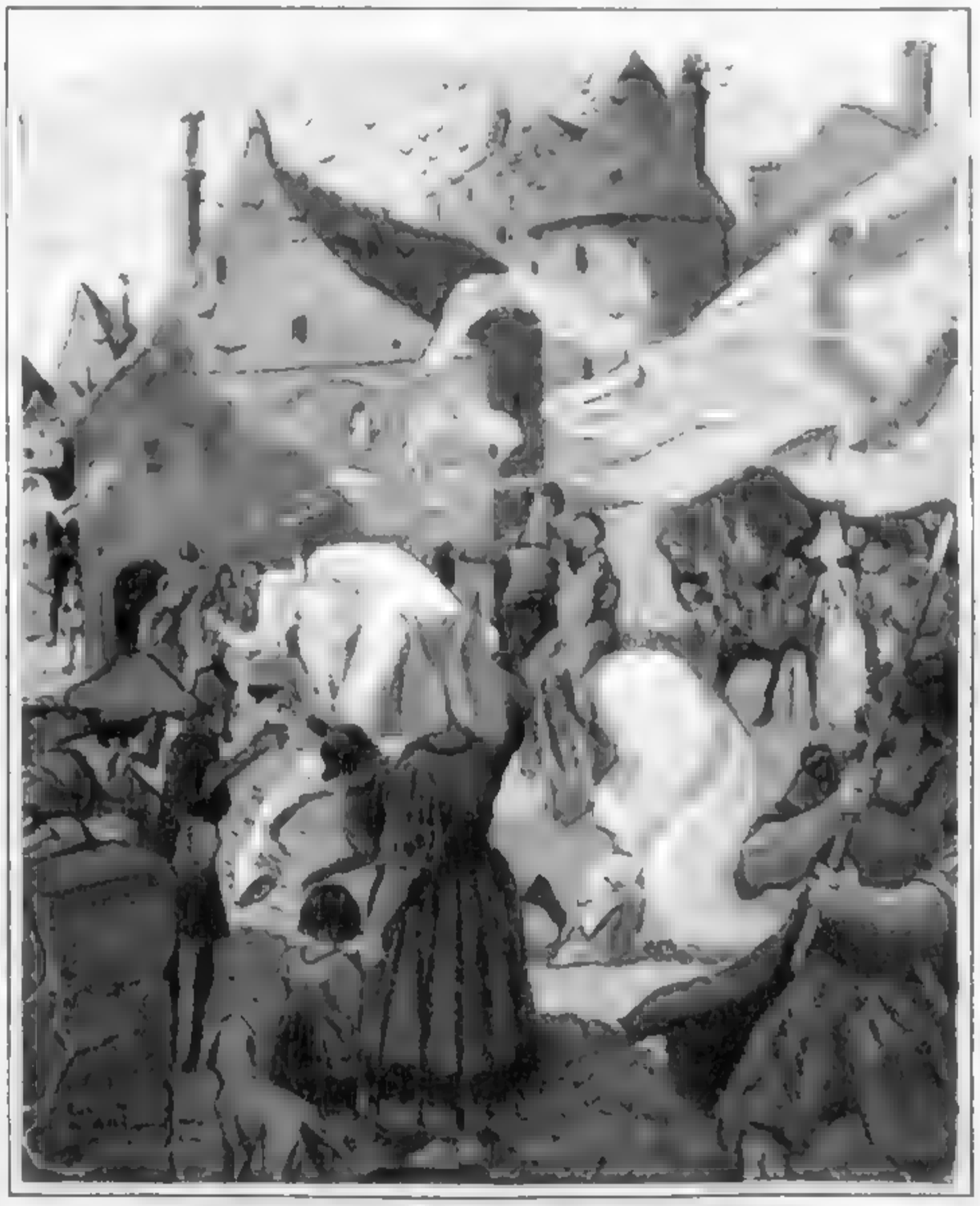
Jimmy laughed. "'Twas a horse on him all right, but I say w'at me mudder said.

"Well, she gives him a look out of her eyes dat makes him feel he has lived happy for a t'ousan' years since he saw her, an' he give her a look dat made her feel dat she didn't care w'at der magician did—he couldn' take away der fine time she had had so far wit' Cormac.

"Oh, dey was silly, I say; but me mudder always liked der love part an' said me fader was jus' like dat w'en he came a-courtin' an' she a young slip of a t'ing in th' ould country. 'Mush!' says I. 'Holiness!' says me mudder. So we'll let it go at dat.

"Well, der two went on spoonin' an' der horse croppin' der green grass as juicy as boiled spinach, until der princess notices a cloud in der sky, an' she looks up an' dere is der magician, ten times his usual size, holdin' a big kettle of boilin' copper w'ich he was go'n' to upset on dem.

"In a secon' Cormac grabs der princess an' sets her beehin' him an' is off so quick dat w'en der boilin' copper



"W'en der Two Rode Into der City W'ere der King Hung Out Everybody Reckernized Eileen"

fell on der groun', all it did was to kill der grass an' der trees for twenty feet aroun' an' to boin der magician's foot, but never a harm did it harm Cormac an' der princess.

"'That settles it,' said she. 'Now he'll kill us for sure!' For der magician was roarin' wit' pain an' hoppin' aroun' on one foot, shakin' der rock wit' his leppin'.

"Der pain of der boin hurted him so dat he gev up chasin' dem.

"Boss, I use' to ask me mudder w'y he couldn't charm away der pain wit' magic, but she said she could on'y tell der tale as her gran'mudder tol' it to her. Gee! I guess I tell it different meself, because w'en I'm tellin' a fairy tale I get all hot inside of me head an' if somethin' comes to me I chuck it in to help out der story. Of course, w'en me mudder heard der tales in Irelan' dere was nuttin' about Fift' Avenyer or der Hippodrome in dem.

"But aldo der magician give up chasin' dem he didn't give up his magic. Cormac was hurryin' to der shore, makin' his way on der rock wit' his surefooted horse, w'en all of a sudden a fog come down all aroun' dem an' lifted der same minute, an' w'en it was gone dere was a field an' five or six husky Irishmen, fighters every one of dem, an' all wid dese Irish clubs—I never can call der name of dem."

"Shillalahs?" I suggested.

"Dat's it. Shillalahs. Clubs dat would make a cop t'row away his nightstick an' beat it.

"'Come on, if you're spoilin' for a fight,' says der biggest of dem. 'I'm spoilin' for a fight, all right,' says Cormac; 'but it would have been fairer if you had put me wise to der kin' of weepins you was go'n' to use.'

"'Here, Brian, give him yoors. Sure, be the time he gets to you he'll have been dead half an hour.'

"'Good for you,' says Cormac, smilin' to Brian. Den he slips off his horse an' Brian passes him his shillalah.

"'Will it be bloody?' asks Eileen.

"'Like enough,' says Cormac. 'Hide your face in the horse's mane an' root for me.'

"Well, boss, root ain't der woid me mudder used, but dat's w'at she meant. She wasn't no fan.

"'Come on, now, annywan of yez or the whole of yez,' said Cormac, scornin' to use der las' precious stone aldo it would have sent der gang away der way der witches had went. Ye see Cormac had plenty of pride an' he didn't want to owe everyt'ing to a lot of jewelry.

"Well, up comes der biggest one an' he grabs der club in his two han's an' raises it over his head an' smashes it down, meanin' to crush der skull of Cormac an' spill his brains on der groun'. An' den it would have been back to der wizard for Eileen.

"But Cormac waited until der club was about four inches from his head an' den he ducks an' sidesteps an' gives a wicked swish wid his shillalah, horizontal-like; an' blame me if he didn' cut off der big fellow's two legs wid der force of der sweep he made. Gee, t'ink of him at der Polo Groun's!

"Der big feller fell groanin', an' der nex' two steps up an' w'ile one of dem tries to give him a t'ree-bagger in der lef' ribs de udder tries for his right ribs; but Cormac lepped in de air an' wid an' up an' down he knocks bot' clubs spinnin' an' den pokes in der faces of der two men—an' dey quit.

"But dere was two more, an' w'ile one of dem come runnin' up, swingin' his club aroun' an' aroun' his head, meanin' to let fly, de udder one steals aroun' beehin' Cormac an' lan's him an ugly one on der calf so he falls to his knees just in time to save him from der flyin' club. Beefore der feller could get it again Cormac gave a side-swipe wit' his own club an' put him out of business. Dat lef' der one dat had hit him in der calf, an' der one dat had let him have his club.

"Well, Cormac could stan' on one foot, but de udder was useless.

"Eileen takes her face out of der horse's mane an' cries, 'If yer love me, don't give up,' an' dat made Cormac feel twict as strong as w'en he had begun.

"Der feller widout a club helped himself to der one dat had been chucked at Cormac an' der two came on him from two sides, holdin' dere clubs like bats an' ready to call two strikes on him—from dem.

"Jus' as dey was go'n' to finish der game, an' der sun high in der sky, Cormac pulls up his horn an' blows till you could see your face in his cheeks. Well, der sudden noise rattled der men at der bats an' dey stopped playin' for a moment. An' dat was der very moment dat Cormac went right an' lef' wit' his club, like it was a sword, an' stove in der chest of der one an' der head of de udder.

"In a minute der fog came down agin, an' w'en it lifted dere was de gray rocks an' der sea beyon', but nuttin' else."

I interrupted Jimmy. "Was Eileen gone?"

"Oh, no," said he with a pleased expression, his face full of what he saw with his alert mind's eye. "Eileen was sittin' up proud on der horse, an' w'en Cormac hops to her wid de aid of der club as a crutch she leans over an' kisses him on his forehead, an' he felt as proud as a prince, an' him as poor almos' as a man in der bread line. Den he says suddenly, 'Oh, ho! I still have me udder precious stone,' says he.

"'An' w'at is that?' said Eileen.

"'A green emerald,' says he.

"Yer see, boss, dat stren'th an' quickness is w'at saved him an' no precious stone at all.

"W'en he reached der water, der horse quivered on der shore lookin' at der leppin' waves, but Cormac leaned over an' w'ispered in one ear, an' Eileen quick as a wink w'ispered in de udder ear—an' w'at horse could help himself after dat? Into der water he went an' into der current

(Concluded on Page 36)

Dethroning King Cotton

How a New Republic of Agriculture is Being Established Down South

Like Children Out of School, These Trees Delight to Wade in the Bayou—Jenesa Parish, Louisiana

By HARRIS DICKSON

THERE was once an aged farmer this begins like a fairy story, but it isn't—named Josh Wiggins, who had never seen a railroad except the F. B. & W.: Four Bulls and a Wagon. One of these newfangled corporations built a line through Turkeytrot neighborhood some forty miles away, but your Uncle Joshua was set in his ideas and this didn't disturb him—none whatever.

Mrs. Wiggins kept hearin' tell o' the steam cars, and nagged Uncle Josh to know what they were like. Finally he gave in. "I tell ye, Mandy, I'm agin 'em, but I ain't prejudiced an' narrer-minded. I'm willin' to go look at the blamed contraptions an' give 'em a fair chance."

So he hitched up the mules while Mandy cooked some provisions, and piled ten children into the wagon. It was the journey of their lives until they fetched up against a deep cut that had a curious sort of public road running through it.

"Whoa, Beck! Reckon this must be the place. Git out, chillun."

They climbed out, built a fire, put on the skillet and went into camp. Just about dark there came a far-off scream and a shaft of light shot through the forest. The children ducked like rabbits into the canebrake; Josh and Mandy stood by their guns. It was a freight train, two hundred yards long. Husband and wife clasped their hands as they watched the one-eyed monster go rushing and writhing and screaming through their quiet woods.

Long after it passed they stood, holding their breath. Mandy broke the terror-stricken silence. "Josh, oh Josh! what do you think of it?"

Josh considered and considered. "Well, I ain't quite made up no 'pinion, but wouldn't it be hell on the craps ef it went through sideways?"

Mr. Alarm Clock That Woke the Southern Planter

FOR years the southern farmer has been realizing that something longer and more destructive than a freight train has been side-swiping his fields, sapping their fertility and diminishing their products

The first murmurings of distress went up from many worn-out acres along the Atlantic seaboard. Now they can hear an answering cry from southwestern Texas—a cry that comes ringing across the prairie fields, through the rich black lands of Louisiana, even unto the fabled delta of the Yazoo-Mississippi. What is the matter with them? Are their fields wearing out? No; the trouble is different, but the cries sound pretty much alike. East of the Alleghanies the youthful vigor of their fields had been recklessly spent, and barren age had come to sterilize their prime. Western lands and river lands waved the luxuriant banners of a virgin soil; but the boll-weevil ate their cotton, or they were afraid he was going to eat it, which made little difference in the strength of their yells.

East and West alike bowed before King Cotton, who was also ace, queen and the remainder of the pack. No other crop could be deuce-high in his dominions. East and West alike had the common handicap of a single crop and a credit system. But they had another thing in common—the farmers were beginning to think. For generations they had followed the noble profession of supporting humankind, guided only by the almanac and the moon. Farming had been largely a matter of superstition, smiling at the hedgehog's shadow and shivering at the rain on St. Swithin's Day.

The farmer is not merely tossing in his sleep but is rousing himself.

He puts on his spectacles and turns back a page in the big book. How did he get into this fix, and how is he going to get out? He knows how he got here: it is the logical result of primitive plantation methods. Many farmers can remember all about it.

In the early colonial days land was the most plentiful of conceivable commodities and human labor was the scarcest

Crops grew like Jack's beanstalk—wealth overnight for everybody. But how were these lands to be cultivated? Such was the economic situation that created slavery—that drew practically every negro from the North, where they were unprofitable, and fastened the institution upon the South.

During thousands of years frugal Nature had been busy storing up her treasures. The heir came and spent lavishly of his inheritance. He cut down his forests, opened his new grounds, planted his cotton, and for generations drew unstinted drafts upon the richness of his soil. But it is a mathematical certainty that you cannot constantly take from a given quantity and have something left at the end. Although the fertility of these lands was considered inexhaustible, the time came when the planter found that he was producing less and less every year. His negroes understood how to clear up new ground and raise cotton. But they understood nothing else. As they were raising cotton at a profit the planter was afraid to stop and try to teach them a new trick. So he abandoned the old field, cut down more woods and planted more cotton. Why not? The orange was going dry; why should he continue to suck at it when there were plenty of fresh ones lying at his feet? Perhaps it was tobacco that his negroes could raise; but it made no difference, for it was just one thing

The Same Old Methods on New Soil

MEANWHILE his negroes were increasing every year. There were no more new lands in his immediate neighborhood. Labor was so valuable that he had no time to be experimenting in agricultural theories or swapping horses in the middle of the stream. He must take them where he knew cotton would grow. Perhaps the pioneer spirit took hold of him. That was how Alabama, Mississippi and North Louisiana were settled.

But those who emigrated and those who remained pursued the same general methods—new ground, crop after crop, and new ground again. Where the soil was exhaustible they exhausted it, then moved on to win new plantations from the wilderness.

When the country got pretty well settled everybody sat down for a breathing-spell. The restless pioneer evolved into a steady planter with leisure to meditate,

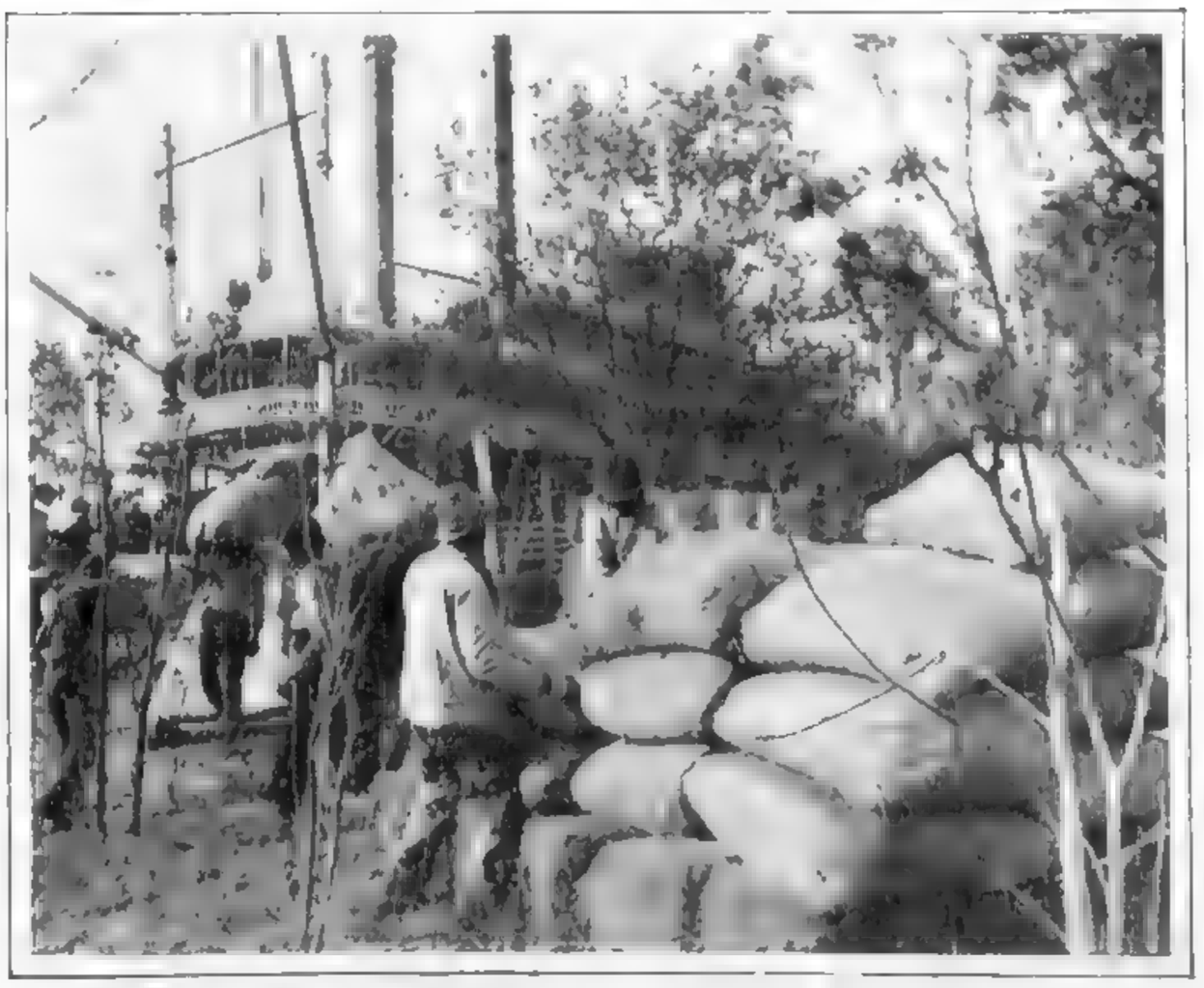
Hoe-Hands Systematically Directed. Teaching Horticulture—Public School, Georgia

Pupils Inspecting Plants. Teaching Horticulture—Public School, Georgia

and requiring various comforts of home. During that period he was compelled to produce most of his luxuries, because transportation facilities were so meager that he could not buy them in the markets of the world. Pianos were not sold at the crossroads store; he couldn't step to the telephone and order an automobile. If he could not wait until the ship went to England and back he must supply his wants at home. Every well-managed plantation became a little principality, producing practically everything that its people ate, drank, wore or used. Shoes and hats were made at home. If a planter wanted to build a mansion or a gin he burned his own bricks and lime, sawed his own lumber, forged his own nails, and put up his building without asking leave of any man. His old brick gins still stand, in sharp contrast with the flimsy shacks of today. This planter was the original diversifier, and as independent as a pig on ice.

Then came the war, and chaos.

After the war people had to have money. Cotton being abnormally high, and the easiest crop to raise, offered the one sure way of getting cash at once. So everybody raised cotton. In 1863–64 it was worth more than a dollar a pound; eighty-three cents in 1864–65; forty-three cents in 1865–66; thirty-one cents in 1866–67. Until 1870 the average price never fell below twenty cents. Transportation facilities had increased to such an extent that everybody's kitchen opened into the shops of creation. It was so easy to buy what was needed—with cotton ranging around thirty-five cents—the people had no time to be fooling with garden truck.



Unloading Foodstuffs From a Mississippi River Boat. All of This Should be Raised at Home

The End of Haphazard Farming

THE King had come into his own again with far more absolute power. Now he took unto himself a Secretary of the Treasury—Credit—who built breastworks around the financial tyranny.

At that time not one man out of a thousand had enough to eat for himself and his hands while he was making a crop of cotton. He pledged his plantation and his growing crops as security to obtain money with which to make a crop. For forty years the farmer has staggered along about thirty seconds ahead of a foreclosure. The merchant held a mortgage on his crop and plantation, which had been assigned to a bank, and perhaps rediscounted in New York. Cotton, the money crop, was the only thing that could pay off the debt. So he planted cotton himself and forced his tenants to plant cotton. Rents were payable in cotton—not potatoes, peanuts or popcorn.

The inevitable result of this has been briefly stated by a Georgia planter: "Georgia farmers, instead of being producers who could supply and do supply the people of the cities, have actually gone to those people in the cities to beg for their bread.

"They buy corn at one dollar and twenty-five cents a bushel on credit that they can produce at thirty cents; they buy flour at six dollars a barrel that they can raise for two dollars; they buy meat at ten cents a pound that they can raise at three cents; they buy mules for two hundred dollars that they can raise for seventy-five; they buy hay at twenty dollars a ton that they can raise for five dollars; and then the town man buys his chickens in the West, his butter, beef, mutton, foodstuffs, corn and everything like that, because he cannot get them in Georgia."

From the Atlantic seaboard to the Mexican line this is a pretty fair statement of the case. Cotton is not the farmer's staff; it is the farmer's crutch, and he leans his whole weight upon it.

Conditions got no better fast—a little at a time. And no organized effort was made to change them. Oliver Cromwell once sized up a similar situation: "Things will have to get much worse before they get any better."

They did get much worse—they went to the limit, and then the farmer waked up.

Blackstone, in spite of videlicets and provisos, has enjoyed right smart reputation for horse-sense. He spoke a parable: "Indeed, it is perfectly amazing that there should be no other state of life, no other occupation, art or science in which some method of instruction is not looked upon as requisite. Every man thinks himself a born farmer."

From time immemorial the average farmer has never concealed his profound contempt for the so-called scientific agriculture. He considers it a piddling business to be keeping books with a hen, figuring debits and credits on a pig, or puzzling over the balance sheet of a cow. But in spite of this he has been dragged nearer and nearer to a dread that perhaps there might be something in the darned thing after all. An overgrown boy doesn't believe in ghosts, but hurries past the graveyard for fear he might be mistaken.

The farmer admits that fertilizer makes things grow; grass is thicker near the dungheap. But just let one of those spectacled professors tell him that a scientist can reach out from a laboratory into the four winds of Heaven and bring down nitrogen for the crops; suppose the professor tells the farmer that every leguminous plant can do the same thing well, that would not be so bad. "Leguminous" sounds mighty big but if he said "peanuts," common, every-day peanuts, just watch that old man.

"Hot-air artists" was a phrase uncoined; the farmer called them "jawsmiths," those fellows who went gallivanting to picnics, speaking pieces about "diversification," "phosphoric acid" and "potash." But out of it all, in one way or another, has come a persistent, ever-growing demand for practical education in the least known of human occupations—that of turning the chemicals of the earth into food for man

He who plants a seed in hope, who watches in faith for it to germinate and bear fruit, makes of himself - I speak reverently—a partner of Almighty God. But he must not sit down and depend entirely upon his partner. Nature may be the best farmhand, but brains make the most profitable fertilizer. And a little elbow-grease helps like fun.

There are riches in the soil. There was water in the rock, but Moses had to smite intelligently before it would come out. Every day men are smiting the barren plains—yea, even the Spindletops of the world—drawing streams of water and oil. The miracle of yesterday may be the applied science of today. "Applied science": that is the garment which the awakened farmer is fitting to his farm.

Horace Greeley's Little Joke

THE first attempt to give scientific training to farmers was in Cleveland, Ohio, in 1836, by Dr. Norton S. Townsend. He failed for lack of support. In 1842 the first endowment for agricultural education was provided in Harvard University by the will of Benjamin Bussey. Michigan led off, as a state, by the constitution of 1850, which required the establishment of a college for instruction in agriculture and the natural sciences connected therewith. Under the Morrill Act, in 1862, the United States Government gave to each state and territory liberal grants of land to encourage colleges for higher education in agriculture and the mechanical arts. Most, if not all, of the states took advantage of this fund and established pioneer institutions. But there were no teachers or professors in agriculture who had more than the vaguest sort of book-learning. They took charge of these colleges and practical farmers laughed at their pipe-dreams. Perhaps it was one of these that Horace Greeley had in mind when he printed his "Advice to Farmers" column. "In broom corn be sure to plant the striped-handle variety. It commands a higher price." The system had to make a start and it had to grow. It has grown.

Research and information in agriculture ran 'way ahead of the people. But the people kept hustling.

One by one the professors came down out of the clouds; farmers climbed to the hilltops and met them halfway. Then they began to set their feet solidly on common ground—just the common plain old cotton dirt and corn dirt. They began to understand each other and pull together. This happened all over the country. But we are speaking particularly of the South. Take Georgia for example, a typical southern state, and well to the front of

Rents Were Payable in Cotton—Not Potatoes, Peanuts or Popcorn

this procession. The increased cost of living, scarcity of labor, and the millions of money spent annually for commercial fertilizer made the farmers of Georgia see that they had to do something and had to do it quick. The founding of an agricultural college was taken up, and its friends made a determined fight in the legislature against the persistent disbelief in peanut pedagogues and barnyard colleges.

They converted some of the doubters, ran over some others, and established the college of agriculture in connection with the State University at Athens. Lots of people snickered at the humor of mixing taproots and Greek roots, muledrivers and metaphysics; but most of those who came to scoff have remained to pray.

The college has its pro rata of the Congressional fund—a considerable portion of which goes to the support of a negro college at Savannah—together with a direct appropriation by the state of about fifty thousand dollars for the work in agriculture and about ten thousand dollars for what is called "extension work." Having done this much, the state began at the very bottom of its educational system and worked up to the college, just as is done in the literary and classical courses.

View of a Levee, Showing Comparative Heights of River and Land

First. The law of Georgia requires certain elementary principles of agriculture to be taught in the public schools.

Second. The college sends out educational trains and professors to hold meetings in rural communities, seeking to interest the adult farmer and help him in his daily life. When the adult farmer begins to find out that there is a practical value to these teachings he wants his son and daughter to have the full benefit. For this purpose there is:

Third. The "district school"—eleven of them, one in each Congressional district—which serves the purpose of a high school preparatory to the college. These schools stand as monuments to the awakening of the people. Local communities donated property worth more than three-quarters of a million dollars in order to get them established—and nothing ever touches a people's pocketbook unless it has first touched the heart.

Fourth. The agricultural college at Athens.

Here was a comprehensive and practical scheme of education.

But it was more than a scheme; it was a religion with the men that undertook it. They built their college upon a noble eminence overlooking the city of Athens, and with scanty equipment began adding good work to the faith that was in them. These men had grit, they had ideals, and they did not mind teaching from twenty-six to thirty hours a week. There is not today a professor in the institution who has not been offered a better salary somewhere else; but they stay. Why? Because of the ideal. Students came, equipment came, the confidence of the people came and abided.

Kiddy Jones and His New Ideas

THEIR motto is "Something for Everybody"—something fitted to his peculiar needs. They do not run all their students through the same chute and tie diploma-tags on them as they come out. When a student arrives at the institution they ask him, "What do you want?" and try to give it to him.

First, they put him in the classroom, just as would be done in any classical institution.

Second, they lead him to investigate essential principles in the laboratory.

Third, the student puts on his brogans, grabs the soft end of a hoehandle and demonstrates the new idea on a twenty-acre field.

Of course, this student labor is not supposed to make money for the college. But it did not tend to discourage Kiddy Jones when he found that one hundred and seventy-five acres in diversified cultivation produced a profit of more than five thousand dollars. That was accomplished right before Kiddy's eyes. And it was just the same kind of land that Kiddy's pa had at home. Naturally, there was a trick in it. One time Kiddy went up on the stage to help a sleight-of-hand man, and caught on to the trick. Now he was anxious to go home with his new trick and try it on daddy's 'tater patch.

Kiddy Jones was a fair specimen—sandy-haired, freckle-faced and runty. As he warn't no use on the farm his pa sent him to town to study to be a lawyer. The very first night at supper he was back again, playing havoc with the biscuit.

"Well, Kiddy," inquired the old man, "how do you like the law?"

Kiddy choked down a big mouthful. "I tell you what, dad, the law ain't what it's cracked up to be. I'm sorry I larnt it."

That is how Kiddy's pa happened to take him away from the lawyer and send him up to them spectacled professors at the agricultural college. "Reckon they can't do him no harm."

There was a contagious spirit in that college that appealed to Kiddy—kinder tuned him up like a fiddle-string. He stuck to his work like a sick kitten to a hot brick, and began to see how profits were made on a farm.

He raises two bales of cotton to the acre on ordinary land—does it himself, and believes he could do it at home by a careful selection of seed, study of the plant, and by putting a little brain as well as brawn into the soil.

Kiddy had been used to skimpy little cows that could jump fences like deer, and scuffled for whatever feed they got.

"'Tain't no money in cows," Kiddy's pa had always declared; but at the dairy farm Kiddy helped tend a herd of thirty cattle, which cleared, on an average, ten dollars a month a head. He kept pouring feed and attention into those cows as he would shovel coal into an engine—just to see how much better they could do. He could judge a cow as well as anybody, and tell whether she was worth her board and keep.

Nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash ceased to be mere jingles. Kiddy knew that these were the meat and bread of plant life, and he learned how to feed the plant better than he fed himself.

Naturally, Kiddy went home during the holidays and sprung a brand-new bunch of knowledge on the old man. He had plenty of enthusiasm, but no tact. Instead of taking his father out behind the barn and beginning gently, he chose a time when the neighbors had gathered at the gin to complain about the boll-rot. Up spoke Kiddy: "Boll-rot is a fungus disease caused by spores in the boll, and ——" Everybody gave Kiddy the merry ha-ha!

Kiddy got red in the face, but did not back down. He climbed into Jerry Mann's wagon and picked out a handful of seed cotton. "You see this cotton? It's chock-full of those things they call spores. Never mind what it is—it makes boll-rot. Here you are putting diseased cotton with your good cotton and sending it through the gin, where it gets mixed up with your neighbors' cotton and spreads the disease all over the country. Jes' like sending smallpox children to the public school. There goes one wagon, there goes one, and yonder goes another wagon—each of 'em is carrying boll-rot."

They all leaned up against the fence to laugh. Next year, when all those fields had the boll-rot, they sent for Kiddy to come home and show 'em how to get rid of it. Then, when the educational train came by, they all turned out to hear what President Soule had to say.

Kiddy's Pa Follows Suit

KIDDY'S pa got interested. He joined a party of five hundred farmers and went up to look at that college. He would not have believed it of himself, but he sneaked back and entered for a ten days' course, sitting right beside his son in the classroom.

"Something for Everybody" was the college motto, and Kiddy's pa got what he went after—a smattering of new ideas for the farm and home, fertilizer-mixing, diseases of animals, how to get rid of plant diseases by rotating crops and selecting immune seed, how to plow his land so that it would not wash. The old man went home and toted the news to Mary, as well as to everybody else in the country.

But the great mass of farmers remained inert, like the mountain that would not go to Mohammed. So these prophets of the new idea had to go to the farmer. Demands poured in from the rural districts for lectures to be delivered at various gatherings of farmers. The professors could not go because they had no money. So they went before the legislature and said, "The farmers of Georgia are clamoring for information and we cannot give it to them." The legislature appropriated ten thousand dollars a year for extension work. Here is the way it is done: An ever-increasing stream of letters to the college authorities shows the interest of the people. When a request comes for a farmers' institute, or a course of lectures, some representative of the college goes to that little town and arranges with the local authorities for a room in which to hold the meetings, free light and heat. The state will do the rest.

The farmers get together and suggest what they need in the way of agricultural information, and the state attempts to supply it. Three or four men from the college go to that little town with regularly printed programs consisting of eighteen lectures—the same as are delivered at the college, but intensely practical. If there are any diseased cattle in that community the livestock expert goes out and explains the symptoms, shows how to detect disease and apply the remedies. If a man has a piece of land and does not know how to rotate the crops the professors will go out between lectures and show him what to do. They reach into every public school in the state and point out to the teachers what can be done toward primary agricultural education. They encourage teachers to lay off garden spots around the schoolhouse and let the children cultivate them. This arouses a rivalry, and no

(Continued on Page 46)

They Built Their College Upon a Noble Eminence Overlooking the City of Athens

The Democratic Situation

II—Ohio and Indiana

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

THE advance agents of Presidential politics are always several years ahead of the show—that is, when the election of a President is accomplished and the defeat of a Presidential candidate thereby brought about, the men who have to do with the selection of standard bearers do not sit down to exult or mourn. Instead, they begin looking ahead to the next election and getting ready for it.

It does not follow that their advance work is always successful. Often candidates groomed for two or three years are defeated by combinations of circumstances or sudden exigencies, but that is part of the game. What the advance agents strive to do is to have a plan and a man, and to go through with both if possible. If it isn't possible they make the best terms they can, usually advantageous; for they always have a good quantity of trading-stock on hand, accumulated during the preparatory period.

After the election returns were in, in the fall of 1908, the advance agents took a preliminary survey of the field It seemed then that, if Taft were the kind of President he promised to be, the Republican agents had little to do, for Taft would be entitled to, and would probably get, a renomination. The Democrats had a bigger problem. They had been defeated for the third time with Bryan, and they figured, either rightly or wrongly, that Bryan would not be a candidate again—at least, not in 1912. So they began casting up and scanning election returns, and most of them, or many of them, rather, lighted on Judson Harmon, who had been elected Governor of Ohio, on the Democratic ticket, by some nineteen thousand, when Taft, the Republican candidate for President, had carried the state by a little less than seventy thousand.

The proposition seemed reasonably simple. It shaped up about like this: Here is Judson Harmon, a big man, known nationally, who has turned a hefty political trick. If he makes a good Governor and can carry Ohio again, in 1910, he will be a most likely candidate for the Democratic nomination, inasmuch as Ohio is normally a Republican state. Therefore, let us watch Harmon, with full knowledge that there may be other deserving Democrats to be considered later, but with the view that, at this time, he is the most available material for our purposes.

They have been watching Harmon. Indeed, many others, with either direct or remote interest in the Democratic nomination in 1912, have been watching Harmon; and the result is that he is, today, still the most available material, for he has made a good Governor, will be renominated without opposition by his party in Ohio, and is likely to be elected. There are very few politicians in Ohio, either Republican or Democratic, who do not think Harmon will be reelected by a large majority. As a Republican politician of note in Cincinnati expressed it, "It is a hundred to one that Harmon will win"; and as an ardent Harmon man in Toledo said, "Harmon will win by a hundred thousand."

If Harmon does win he will be head and shoulders above any other candidate for the Democratic nomination mentioned up to this time. Moreover, he will have the advantage of being regular. He was not for Bryan in 1896, but he was for Bryan in 1900 and 1908, and openly so. His record for regularity, demanded by Bryan men, is pretty fair. He presided at Bryan meetings in Ohio in 1900 and in 1908, and voted for Bryan both times.

Harmon was a sort of candidate for President in 1904. His friends held him in reserve in case of a deadlock between Hearst and Parker in the St. Louis convention. As the politics broke he did not have the remotest chance for nomination, but the fact that he was ready shows what was in his mind, which is exactly the same thing that is in his mind now. He wants the Democratic nomination for President in 1912, and his whole political career has been shaped with that end in view. It is, perhaps, too much to say he is an active candidate in the sense of conducting, as yet, a campaign for delegates, but his friends are shaping up things for him. He has been pronounced acceptable by many of the men who have the say in such things, and in due course of time, after he is reelected, the real work will begin. Meanwhile, neither Harmon nor his friends are overlooking anything that may be of value in bringing about the desired result.

Governor Harmon

Mrs. Harmon

Ohio Republicans in a Leaky Boat

THE very complicated liquor question had much to do with Harmon's election in 1908 and that question will be most prominent in the election next fall. All phases of the situation will be gone under and over and through. It is not necessary, at this time, to go into the ramifications of this question further than to say that it will be a most powerful factor in determining the outcome, for as much depends on future politics, in that regard, as on past politics.

Aside from this question, which may or may not help Harmon, Harmon's two greatest sources of strength are his record as Governor and the demoralized condition of the Ohio Republican party. As in New York, the Ohio Republicans are at sea in a leaky boat, with a storm bearing down on them. They are split sideways, crossways and up and down. As this article is written they are as far from having a suitable candidate for Governor in sight as they were a year ago. The injection of Wade Ellis into the situation as general manager, with the assent if not by the direction of President Taft, has not helped any, and the tactics of those in control, those who think they are in control and those who hope to be in control—three varying elements—seem to be to name a man, let him stand up and be beaten to a pulp for a week, and then name another and see how he comes out. One or two men are avowed candidates, and have gathered some delegates, or some pledges, rather.

Boss Cox, of Cincinnati, who, by the way, never has looked and never will look with favor on the advent of Wade Ellis as field captain in Ohio, is said to have a candidate. Others, in various parts of the state, have been trotted out and yanked back. Judge Kinkead, who put some ice magnates and coal magnates in jail; Langdon, who fathered a tax-commission bill; Harding, and half a dozen others have been named and have aroused no enthusiasm. James Rudolph Garfield, former Secretary of the Interior, has been held up as the proper man two or three times, but has not received much kindly mention.

Then, too, there is a bitter war on for the United States senatorship. Senator Dick's term expires next March and the legislature to be elected this fall will elect his successor. Under a direct primary system, a sort of trial proposition, primaries were recently held and Dick was the only Republican who got out his petitions and put up his name for the senatorship. Dick received somewhere in the neighborhood of one hundred and fifty thousand votes in the primary and holds that this constitutes an indorsement and that the legislature, if Republican, will be morally bound to reelect him. Myron T. Herrick, the Cleveland banker and former Governor, who is a candidate also, paid no attention to the primary, and holds that, no matter how many votes Dick got, no indorsement that will have any effect on the legislature has been made. The Republicans in Cuyahoga County, in which Cleveland is and where Herrick lives, held the same view and expressed it in a convention a short time after the primary.

Besides these local conditions there prevails in Ohio just as much insurgency as there is in any other of the normally Republican states in the Middle West, and that means the Republican party is permeated with it. There is just as much protest against Aldrichism and Cannonism and against the tariff they did not revise downward, in Ohio as elsewhere. The primaries showed this, although it is reported there was much rejoicing in Washington because all but one of the present Republican members from that state were renominated. Thus, from the Washington view, was taken to be an indorsement of the regularity of the Ohio men, of their fealty to Cannon and of their standing by the Payne-Aldrich tariff.

Still, viewing the results after the first news and, perhaps, more calmly than they were viewed by the Washington contingent, it seems that the regulars from Ohio and elsewhere in Congress are easily pleased if they think the results of those primaries show there is no insurgent sentiment in the state.

Take the case of Representative Ralph D. Cole, of the Eighth District, who was one of the leaders, when the tariff bill was making, in the fight to retain the wool schedules in all their complicated beauty. Cole defended the schedules when they were attacked by the National Association of Clothing Manufacturers, and had the support of the woolen and textile interests of the state and country. It was a tariff fight in his district, and he was defeated for the nomination by Frank Willis, a professor at Ada College, who assailed him on his wool record.

In the Seventh District the venerable J. Warren Keifer, once Speaker, high protectionist, just barely managed to win, although backed by the entire machine of his district, and it wasn't his home county that saved him either. His opponent was R. M. Hughey, a country doctor, who had never made a campaign for Congress before. Representative E. L. Taylor, Jr., of Columbus, a member of the great Appropriations Committee of the House, one of Speaker Cannon's most ardent supporters, won by about a

thousand against Karl Webber, who was busy most of the time in the graft cases as district attorney. Here the fight was made specifically on Taylor's record as a friend and supporter of Cannon.

One or two other instances will be enough to show that the Republicans of Ohio are protesting. In the Eighteenth District, represented by James Kennedy, there were four candidates, including Kennedy, who did not carry his home county, but got about six thousand out of eighteen thousand votes cast and won by a small plurality. Kennedy is a high-tariff man and a Cannon man. In the Nineteenth District there was a majority over the present incumbent and candidate for reëlection, W. Aubrey Thomas, but it was divided between two candidates and Thomas squeezed in, but he did not carry his own county.

This sort of indorsement from the Republicans of Ohio may be satisfactory to the regulars and stand-patters in Congress, but to an unbiased observer it seems to indicate that the Republicans of Ohio are about as vigorous and virile in their protest against existing conditions as the Republicans elsewhere. Moreover, it seems, also, to indicate that the chances of Harmon this fall are better than the chances of any Republican who may be named, and, as I have said, this makes Harmon a most vital and interesting figure in our national politics.

There is a disposition among some people to think Harmon is not a politician, but a plain, blunt citizen, unaccustomed to the wiles and strategy of the great game, who shoulders ahead without regard to policy or effect on his own fortunes. Well, we will forget that. Uncle Jud Harmon is as good a politician as there is in the state of Ohio, where there are several good politicians, but he is not averse to having people think he isn't a politician, because that makes it easier to be one and, at the same time, get away with it under the guise of the plain-outspoken-blunt manner of procedure. At the same time, Harmon is a man of strong convictions, of high principles and of a steady determination to do what to him seems right. However, as politics is necessary in his business, and as he has a certain definite political end in view, he plays a few politics now and then of a superior variety.

It wouldn't be a bad plan to call him Harmon the Harmonizer, for he has composed the differences in the Democratic party until that organization, which cast a few more than five hundred thousand votes for Bryan in 1908, is almost solidly behind him. To be sure, there is an occasional insurgent and here and there a man who does not like Harmon, but about ninety-nine per cent of the party is with him and against all others. It may be that Tom Johnson will cut some monkeyshine when the convention meets to renominate Harmon, for Harmon licked Johnson to a standstill when he got his nomination for Governor in 1908. The Harmon folks rather look to have Tom come to bat with some sort of a perplexing resolution, such as an indorsement of somebody for United States Senator or some other little knickknack like that, but they think they can beat him. Likely as not, Johnson may try to make trouble, for he hates peace. He is about the only cloud on the Harmon sky, and he may conclude to be good.

Then there is Harvey Garber, Democratic National Committeeman for Ohio, who is no friend of Harmon, to be mild about it. Still, Harmon rather put it over Harvey after he was made Governor by reaching out and capturing some of Harvey's most valued and efficient aides. He picked off three or four prominent Garber folks and gave them good things in the state administration, and they seemed willing enough to take the actualities in place of the sentiment that was about the only recompense for serving with their former chief. Harvey is of much importance in the telephone business in Ohio, and has been the Democratic leader in the state for some time. Just at present, it appears that he is somewhat obscured by Harmon.

Uncle Jud is a plain man with no frills on him. He is a big, upstanding, broad-shouldered, thick-chested, round-headed citizen, with hands that are as big as muskmelons when they are doubled into fists. In the face, he has somewhat of the expression of Nelson W. Aldrich, although the face is bigger and broader, but his eyes twinkle oftener than the Aldrich eyes. He rides horseback, plays golf, goes swimming, walks a lot, is filled with the joy of living, and is as clean and wholesome a person as you can find in the country. One day in late May I went to a circus with him in Columbus, and there was no ten-year-old kid among the thousands there that had a better time than he did. He went, too, as Uncle Judson Harmon, with no advance couriers or special distinction, got a common, ordinary reserved seat, and sat in it and had a heap of fun over the clowns and the performance.

Being a plain, common-sense citizen is a profession with Uncle Jud. He works at it all the time. His law practice has made him a comfortable fortune. He has had all of that he wants, and now, aged sixty-four, with the record of a successful attorney-generalship behind him—he was in Cleveland's second Cabinet—and a great reputation as a lawyer, he is playing politics with all the zest with which a healthy boy of fifteen plays baseball. He likes being Governor and would enjoy being President. He is rational, sane, given to no isms or fads, and he knows exactly what the people want.

He is the most painstaking man I ever saw. When the legislature adjourned it left him with one hundred and fifty-six bills to consider. There were all kinds of bills, ranging from one compelling the street-car companies to keep the vestibules of their cars at a certain temperature, to little local measures. He sat up nights with those bills, wrestled with them, had hearings on them, and, once, after he had vetoed a bill, heard a delegation in favor of that bill, not because he could withdraw his veto, but because he was courteous and didn't know whether perhaps he hadn't made a mistake and might use the information next time.

He has had the great tactical advantage of a legislature opposed to him politically. He could recommend reforms to that legislature, and then, when the legislature refused to reform, for partisan reasons, could say to the people, "Now, you see, don't you? These Republicans will not make this project operative. I can do no more than recommend to them, unfortunately. It is their fault, not mine."

There was a very good instance of his method of work. A bill had passed—I have forgotten what about—but it

(Continued on Page 42)

AILSA PAIGE

By Robert W. Chambers

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANCIS VAUX WILSON

V

"BURGESS!"

"Sir?"

Berkley sat up in bed and viewed his environment with disgust.

"These lodgings would make a fair kennel, wouldn't they, Burgess?—if a man isn't too particular about his dog."

The servant entered with a nasty smirk. "Yes, sir; I seen a rat last night."

"He's not the only one, is he, Burgess?" yawned Berkley. "Did you paint that bathtub? I guess you did; the place reeks like a paint shop. Anyway, it kills less desirable aromas. Where's the water?"

He swung his symmetrical body to the bed's edge, dropped lightly to the carpet, unloosed his nightrobe, and stretched his beautifully-made limbs.

"What the devil was all that row this morning, Burgess?"

"War, sir. The President has called for seventy-five thousand men. Here it is, sir." And he laid a morning paper on the table.

"Heavens, Burgess! Why, we're a race of patriots! Now, who on earth could have suspected that! . . . Why, we seem to be heroes, too! What do you think of that, Burgess? You're a hero; I'm a hero; everybody north of Charleston is an embattled citizen or a hero! Isn't it funny that nobody has happened to realize all this until now?"

"Yes, sir," said Burgess.

"You merit well of the republic! The country needs you. Here's half a dollar. Do your duty unflinchingly—at the nearest bar!"

Burgess took the coin with a smirk.

"Mr. Berkley, the landlady sent word that times is hard"

"Bless her soul! They are hard, Burgess. Inform her of my sentiments," said Berkley cordially. "Now my hat and cane, if you please. We're a wonderful people, Burgess; we'll beat our walking-sticks into bayonets if Mr. Beauregard insists on saying boo to us too many times in succession. . . . And—Burgess!"

"Sir?"

"Now that you have waked up this morning to find yourself a hero, I think you'd better find yourself another and more spectacular master. My heroism, for the future, is to be more or less inconspicuous; in fact, I begin the campaign by inserting my own studs and cleaning my own clothes and keeping out of jail; and the sooner I go where that kind of glory calls me the sooner my name will be emblazoned in the bright lexicon of youth where there's no such word as 'jail.'"

"Sir?"

"In simpler and more archaic phrase, I can't afford you, Burgess, unless I pilfer for a living."

"I don't eat much, sir."

"No, you don't eat much."

"She said I could stay, sir."

"Which she?"

"The landlady. I'm to fetch coal and run errants and wait on table. But you'll get the best cuts, sir. And after hours I can see to your clothes and linen and boots and hats, and do your errants same like the usual."

"Now, this is nearly as pathetic as our best fiction," said Berkley; "ruined master, faithful man—won't leave—starves slowly at his master's feet—tootle music very sneaky—transformation! Burgess in Heaven, blinking, puzzled, stretching one wing, reflectively scratching his halo with right hindfoot. Angel chorus. Burgess appears to enjoy it and lights one of my best cigars ——"

"Sir?" said Burgess, very red.

Berkley swung around, leveled his walking-stick and indicated the pit of his servant's stomach:

"Your face is talking now; wait till that begins to yell. It will take more than I'm earning to fill it."

He stood a moment, smiling, curious. Then:

"You've been as faithless a valet as any servant who ever watered wine, lost a gimcrack or hooked a weed. Studs, neckcloths, bootjacks, silk socks, pins, underwear—all magically and eventually faded from my wardrobe, wafted to those silent bournes of swag that valets wot of. What do you want to stay here for now, you amusing wastrel?"

"Yes, sir. I'd prefer to stay with you."

"But there'll be no more pleasant pickings, my poor and faithless steward! If you should convert anything more to your own bank account I'll be obliged to stroll about naked."

"Yes, sir," muttered Burgess; "I brought back some of the things last night—them socks, shirtpins and studs, and the fob. . . . Yes, sir; I fetched 'em back, I did ——" A sudden and curious gleam of pride crossed the smirk for an instant. "I guess my gentleman ain't agoing to look no worse than the next Fifth Avenue swell he meets—even if he ain't et no deviled kidneys for breakfast and he don't dine on no canvasback at Delmonico's. No, sir."

Berkley sat down on the bed's edge and laughed until he could scarcely see the man, who observed him askance in patient annoyance. And every time Berkley looked at him he went into another fit of uncontrollable laughter as he realized the one delightful weakness in this thoroughpaced rogue—pride in the luster cast upon himself by the immaculate appearance of a fashionable master. But after reflection it did not astonish him too much; the besetting weakness of rogues is vanity in one form or another. This happened to be an unusual form.

"Burgess," he said, "I don't care how you go to the dogs. Go with me if you like or go it alone."

"Thank you, sir."

"You're welcome," replied Berkley gravely, and, tucking his cane up under one arm, he went out to business, drawing on a pair of lemon-colored kid gloves.

Later he searched his pockets for the cigar he had denied himself the evening before. It was not there; in fact, at that moment Burgess, in the boarding-house back yard, was promenading up and down, leering at the Swedish scullion and enjoying the last expensive cigar that his master was likely to purchase in many a day.

The street and avenue were seething with people; people stood at their windows looking out at the newsboys who swarmed everywhere, shouting endless extras; people were gathering on corners, in squares, along park railings, under porticoes of hotels, and every one of them had a newspaper and was reading.

In front of the St. Nicholas Hotel a lank and shabby man had mounted a cracker-box and was evidently making a speech, but Berkley could distinguish nothing he said because of the wild cheering.

Everywhere, threading the throng, hurried boys and men selling miniature flags, red-white-and-blue rosettes and tricolored cockades; and everybody was purchasing the national colors—the passing crowd had already become bright with badges; the Union colors floated in streamers from the throats or sleeves of pretty girls, glinted in the lapels of dignified old gentlemen, decorated the hats of stage-drivers and the blinders of their horses.

"Certainly," said Berkley, buying a badge and pinning it in his buttonhole; "being a hero, I require the trademark. Kindly permit that I offer a suggestion"—a number of people waiting to buy badges were now listening to him: "Those gentlemen gathered there in front of the New York Hotel seem to be without these marks which distinguish heroes from citizens. No doubt they'll be delighted to avail themselves of your cockades."

A quick laugh broke out from those around, but there was an undertone of menace in it, because the undecorated gentlemen in front of the New York Hotel were probably Southerners and secessionists in principles; that hostelry being the rendezvous in New York of everything southern.

So, having bestowed his mischievous advice, Berkley strolled on down Broadway, his destination being the offices of Craig & Son, City and Country Real Estate, where he had a desk to himself, a client or two in prospect, and considerable leisure to study the street, gas and sewer maps of New York City.

Tiring of this distraction, he was always at liberty to twiddle his thumbs, twirl his pencil, yawn, blink and look out of the window at the City Park across the way, where excited citizens maintained a steady yelling monotone before the neighboring newspaper offices all day long.

He was also free to reflect upon his own personal shortcomings—a speculation, perhaps, less damaging than the recent one he had indulged in; and he thought about it sometimes, and sometimes about Ailsa Paige, whom he had not again seen since the unaccountable madness had driven him to trample and destroy the first real inclination he had ever had for a woman.

This inclination he occasionally found leisure to analyze, but, not understanding it, never got very far, except that superficially it had been more or less physical. From the moment he saw her he was conscious that she was different; insensibly the exquisitely volatile charm of her enveloped him, and he betrayed it, awaking her, first, to uneasy self-consciousness; then uneasy consciousness of him; then, imperceptibly, through distrust, alarm and a thousand inexplicable psychological emotions, to a wistful interest that faintly responded to his. Ah, that response!—strange, childish, ignorant, restless—but still a response; and from obscure shallows unsuspected, uncomprehended—shallows that had never before warned her with the echo of an evanescent ripple.

For him to have reflected, reasoned, halted himself, had been useless from the beginning. The sister-in-law of this girl knew who and what he was and had been. There was no hope for him. To let himself drift; to evoke in her, sometimes by hazard, at times with intent, the delicate response, faint echo, pale shadow of the virile emotions she evoked in him—that, too, was useless. He knew it, yet was curious to try, intent on developing communication through those exquisite and impalpable lines that threaded the mystery from him to her, from her to him. And then, when the mystery all about them was aquiver and her vague eyes met his through the magic, acquiescent under a sorcery for which she had no name—then, when all things occult breathed silence—then he had said too much!

It was, perhaps, as well that he had said it then as later; as well, perhaps, that, losing self-control, defeat had moved his tongue to boast, had fixed the empty eye and stamped the smile he wore with a confidence dead in him forever. He had said that he would come back. He knew that he would not.

It was the pitiful defiance of a boaster hopelessly hurt.

. . . . . .

On his way back from the office that evening he met Camilla Lent and her uncle, the Captain, and would have passed with an amiable salute, but the girl evinced a decided desire to speak. So he turned and joined them.

"How do you do, Camilla? How are you, Captain Lent? This reconversion of the nation's plowshares and pruning-hooks is a noisy affair, isn't it?"

"April 18, 1861!" replied the Captain quickly. "What you hear, sir, is the attrition consequent upon the grinding together of certain millstones belonging to the gods."

"I have no doubt of it, Captain Lent; they'll probably make meal of us all. Are you offering your services to the Government, sir?"

Camilla said quickly and with gayest confidence: "Uncle has been looking about casually. There are so many regiments forming, so many recruiting stations, that we—we haven't decided, have we, Uncle?" And she gave Berkley a wistful, harrowing glance that enlightened him.

He said gravely: "I suppose the average age of these volunteers will be about eighteen. And if the militia go, too, it will be comforting for a defenseless city to know she has men of your experience to count on, Captain Lent."

"I am going to the front," observed the Captain.

"There may be much to be done in New York, sir."

"Then let the police do it," said Captain Lent calmly. "The Union must and shall be preserved. If any man attempts to haul down the American flag shoot him on the spot. Et cetera, sir, et cetera."

"Certainly. But it's a question of niggers, too, I believe."

"No, sir; it is not a question of niggers. It is a question of who's at the wheel, Union or state. I myself never had any doubts any more than I ever doubted the Unitarian faith! So it is no question for me, sir. What bothers me is to pick out the regiment most likely to be sent first to the seat of war."

"We've walked our legs off," said Camilla aside, "and we've been in all kinds of frightful places where men are drilling and smoking and swearing and yelling; and I was dreadfully afraid a gun would go off or somebody

Here He Joined Her

would be impudent to Uncle. The dear old thing," she whispered; "he is perfectly sure they want him and that he has only to choose a regiment and offer his sword. Oh, dear! I'm beginning to be terribly unhappy—I'm afraid they won't let him go and I'm deadly afraid they might! And I'm sure that Jim means to go. Oh, dear! Have you seen Ailsa Paige lately?"

"No. . . . I hope she is quite well."

"You are not very enthusiastic."

"I have every reason to be. She is a very winsome girl."

"She's a dear. . . . She has spoken of you several times."

"That is most amiable of her, and of you to say so."

"Oh, very," laughed Camilla, tossing her pretty head; "but it evidently does not interest you very much. In fact"—she glanced sidewise—"it is understood that no woman ever interests you for more than forty-eight consecutive hours."

"Pure slander, Camilla. You do."

"Oh—not in the way I mean."

"Well, but you don't expect me to be interested in Mrs. Paige—in the way you mean, do you?"

"Why not?" she asked mischievously.

"Because, to begin properly, Mrs. Paige is not likely ever to become interested in me."

"I am heartily glad of it," retorted Camilla. "You'd forget her in a week."

"That's more than forty-eight hours," he said, laughing. "You're flattering me now."

"Anyway," said Camilla, "I don't see why everybody who knows her isn't mad about Ailsa Paige. She has such high principles, such ideals, such wonderful aspirations!" She clasped her hands sentimentally. "At times, Phil, she seems too ethereal, scarcely of earth—and yet I breakfasted with her and she ate twice as much as I did. How does she keep that glorious figure?"

Plumpness was the bane and terror of Camilla's life. Her smooth, suave white skin was glossy and tight; distracting curves, entrancing contours characterized her now; but her full red lips fairly trembled as she gazed at her parents' portraits in her bedroom, for they had both been of a florid texture and full habit; and she had now long refused sugar and the comforts of sweetmeats dear to the palate of her age and sex. And mostly was this self-denial practiced for the sake of a young and unobservant friend, one Stephen Craig, who had so far evinced no unusual inclination for her, or for anything except cigars and masculine society of his own age and condition.

She managed to get Philip Berkley to talk about Stephen, which ingenuity soothed her. But Philip was becoming bored, and he presently escaped to retrace his steps up Broadway, up Fifth Avenue, and then west to the exceedingly modest lodgings whither Fate and misfortune had wafted him.

On the way he passed Colonel Arran's big double house with a sullen and sidelong scowl, and continued onward with a shrug. But he smiled no more to himself.

Burgess was in the room, cross-legged on the floor, ironing out his master's best coat.

"What the devil are you about?" said Philip ungraciously. "Get up. I need what floor I've got to stand on."

Burgess obediently laid the board and the coat on a trunk and continued ironing, and Philip scowled at him askance.

"Why don't you enlist?" he said. "Every car-driver, stage-driver, hackman and racing-tout can become major-generals if they yell loud enough."

Burgess continued ironing, then stole a glance at his master.

"Are you thinking of enlisting, sir?"

"No; I can't pass the examination for lung power. By-the-way," he added, laughing, "I overlooked the impudence of your question, too. But now is your time, Burgess. If I wanted you I'd have to put up with your insolence, I suppose."

"But you don't want me, sir."

"Which restrains you," said Philip, laughing. "Oh, go on, my friend. Don't say 'sir' to me; it's a badge of servitude pasted on to the vernacular. Say 'Hi!' if you like."

"Sir?"

"I say, don't behave like a servant."

"I am a servant, sir."

"You're not mine."

"Yes, sir, I am. Will you wear this coat this evening, sir? Your clothes are fashionable. So is your figger, sir."

"That settles it!" protested the young fellow. "Burgess, don't go! Don't ever go! I do need you. Oh, I do want you, Burgess. Because there never will be anybody exactly like you, and I've only one life in which to study you and mentally digest you. You won't go, will you?"

"No, sir," said Burgess with dignity.

VI

THERE was incipient demoralization already in the offices of Craig & Son. Young gentleman perched on high benches still searched city maps and explored highway and byway with compass and pencil-point, but their ears were alert to every shout from the streets, and their interest remained centered in the newspaper bulletins across the way, where excited crowds clamored for details not forthcoming.

All day, just outside the glass doors of the office, Broadway streamed with people; and here, where the

human counter-currents running north and south encountered, amid the racket of omnibuses, carts, carriages and drays, a vast overflow spread turbulently, eddying out around the recruiting stations and newspaper offices which faced the City Park.

Sidewalks swarmed, the park was packed solid. Overhead, flags flew from every flag-pole, over every portal, across every alley and street and square—big flags, little flags, flags of silk, of cotton, of linen, of bunting, all waving wide in the spring sunshine or hanging like great drenched flowers in the winnowing April rain.

And it was very hard for the young gentlemen in the offices of Craig & Son to keep their minds on their business.

Berkley had a small room to himself, a chair, a desk, a city map suspended against the wall, and no clients. Such occasional commissions as Craig & Son were able to give him constituted his sole source of income.

He also had every variety of time on his hands—leisure to walk to the window and walk back again, and then walk all around the room; leisure to go out and solicit business in a city where already business was on the edge of chaos and still sliding; leisure to sit for hours in his chair and reflect upon anything he chose; leisure to be hungry and satisfy the inclination with philosophy. He was perfectly at liberty to choose any subject and think about it. But he spent most of his time in trying to prevent himself from thinking.

However, from his window the street views now were usually interesting; he was an unconvinced spectator of the mob which started for the Daily News office, hissing, catcalling, yelling: "Show your colors!" "Run up your colors!" He saw the mob visit the Journal of Commerce, and then turn on the Herald, yelling insult and bellowing threats which promptly inspired that journal to execute a political flipflap that set the entire city smiling.

Stephen, who had conceived a younger man's furtive admiration for Berkley and his rumored misdemeanors, often came into his room when opportunity offered. That morning he chanced in for a moment and found Berkley at the window chewing the end of a pencil, perhaps in lieu of the cigar he could no longer afford.

"These are spectacular times," observed Berkley, with a gesture toward the street below. "Observe yonder ladylike warrior in brand-new regimentals. Apparently, Stephen, he's a votary of Mars and pants for carnage; but in reality he continues to remain the sartorial artist whose pants are more politely emitted. He emitted these," said Berkley, patting his trousers with a ruler. "On what goose has this my tailor fed that he hath grown so sightly!"

They stood watching the crowds, once brightened only by the red shirts of firemen or the blue-and-brass of a policeman, but now varied with weird uniforms or parts of uniforms constructed on every known and unknown pattern—military and unmilitary, foreign and domestic. The immortal army at Coventry was not more variegated.

"There's a new poster across the street," said Stephen. He indicated a big notice decorated with a flying eagle:

DOWN WITH SECESSION!

The Government Appeals to the New York Fire Department for One Regiment of Zouaves!

Companies Will Select Their Own Officers. The Roll is at Engine House 128, West Broadway

ELSWORTH, COL: ZOUAVES

"That's a good regiment to enlist in, isn't it?" said the boy restlessly.

"Cavalry for me," replied Berkley, unsmiling; "they can run faster."

"I'm serious," said Stephen. "If I had a chance ——" He turned on Berkley: "Why don't you enlist? There's nothing to stop you, is there?"

"Nothing except constitutional timidity."

"Then why don't you?"

Berkley laughed. "Well, for one thing, I'm not sure how I'd behave in battle. I might be intelligent enough to run; I might be ass enough to fight. The enemy would have to take its chances."

The boy laughed too, turned to the window, and suddenly caught Berkley by the arm:

"Look! There's something going on down by the Astor House!"

"A Massachusetts regiment of embattled farmers arrived in this hamlet last night. I believe they are to pass by here on their way to Washington," remarked Berkley, opening the window and leaning out.

Already dense crowds of people were pushing, fighting, forcing their way past the windows, driven before double lines of police; already distant volleys of cheers sounded; the throb of drums became audible; the cheering sounded shriller, nearer.

Shiftless Old Jonas Shuffled In With the Ancient Decanter and Seedcakes

Past the windows, through Broadway, hordes of ragged street arabs came running, scattered into flight before another heavy escort of police. And now the oncoming drums could be heard more distinctly; and now two dusty officers marched into view, a colonel of Massachusetts infantry attended by a quartermaster of New York militia.

Behind them tramped the regimental band of the Sixth Massachusetts, instruments slung; behind these, filling the street from gutter to gutter, surged the sweating drummers, deafening every ear with their racket; then followed the field and staff, then the Yankee regiment, wave on wave of bayonets choking the thoroughfare far as the eye could see, until there seemed no end to their coming, and the cheering had become an unbroken howl.

Stephen turned to Berkley: "A fellow can't see too much of this kind of thing and stand it very long. Those soldiers are no older than I am!"

Berkley's ironical reply was drowned in a renewed uproar as the Massachusetts soldiers wheeled and began to file into the Astor House, and the New York militia of the escort swung past, hurrahing for the first northern troops to leave for the front.

. . . . . .

That day Berkley lunched in imagination only, seriously inclined to exchange his present board and lodgings for a dish of glory and a cot in barracks.

That evening, too, after a boarding-house banquet, and after Burgess had done his offices, he took the air instead of other and more expensive distraction, and tired of it thoroughly and of the solitary silver coin remaining in his pocket.

From his clubs he had already resigned. Some desirable people still retained him on their lists, and their houses were probably open to him, but the social instinct was sick; he had no desire to go; no desire even to cross the river for a penny and look again on Ailsa Paige. So he had, as usual, the evening on his hands, nothing in his pockets, and a very weary heart under a last year's evening coat. And his lodgings were becoming a horror to him; the landlady's cat had already killed two enormous rats in the hallway; also, cabbage had been cooked in the kitchen that day. This left him no other choice than to go out again and take more air.

Next day, however, matters were less cheerful. He had expected to realize a little money out of his last salable trinket—a diamond he had once taken for a debt. But it seemed that the stone couldn't pass muster, and he bestowed it upon Burgess, breakfasted on coffee and sour bread, and sauntered downtown quite undisturbed in the brilliant April sunshine.

However, the prospect of a small commission from Craig & Son buoyed up his natural cheerfulness. All the way downtown he flourished his cane; he hummed lively tunes in his office as he studied his maps and carefully read the real-estate reports in the daily papers; and then he wrote another of the letters which he never mailed, strolled out to Stephen's desk for a little gossip, reported himself to Mr. Craig, and finally sallied forth to execute that gentleman's behest upon an upper Fifth Avenue squatter who had declined to vacate property recently dedicated to blasting and general excavation.

In a few moments he found himself involved in the usual crowd. The Eighth Massachusetts regiment was passing in the wake of the Sixth, its sister regiment of the day before, and the enthusiasm and noise were tremendous.

However, he extricated himself and went about his business; found the squatter, argued with the squatter, gracefully dodged a brick from the wife of the squatter, laid a laughing complaint before the proper authorities, and then banqueted in imagination. What a luncheon he had! He was becoming a Lucullus at mental feasts.

Later, his business affairs and his luncheon terminated, attempting to enter Broadway at Grand Street he got into a crowd so rough and ungovernable that he couldn't get out of it—an unreasonable, obstinate, struggling mass of men, women and children, so hysterical that the wild demonstrations of the day previous and of the morning seemed as nothing compared to this dense, far-spread riot.

Broadway, from Fourth to Cortlandt Street, was one tossing mass of flags overhead; one mad surge of humanity below. Through it battalions of almost exhausted police relieved each other in attempting to keep the roadway clear for the passing of the New York Seventh on its way to Washington.

Driven, crushed, hurled back by the played-out police, the crowds had sagged back into the cross streets. But even here the police charged them repeatedly, and the bewildered people turned, struggling to escape, stumbled, swayed, became panic-stricken and lost their heads.

A Broadway stage, stranded in Canal Street, was besieged as a refuge. Toward it Berkley had been borne in spite of his efforts to extricate himself, incidentally losing his hat in the confusion. At the same moment he heard a quiet, unterrified voice pronounce his name, caught a glimpse of Ailsa Paige swept past on the human wave, set his shoulders, stemmed the rush from behind, and into the momentary eddy created, Ailsa was tossed, undismayed, laughing, and pinned flat against the forward wheel of the stalled stage.

"Climb up!" he said. "Place your right foot on the hub—now the left on the tire—now step on my shoulder!"

There came a brutal rush from behind; he braced his back to it; she set one foot on the hub, the other on the tire, stepped to his shoulder, swung herself aloft and crept up over the roof of the stage. Here he joined her, offering an arm to steady her as the stage shook under the impact of the reeling masses below.

"How did you get into this mob?" he asked.

"I was caught," she said calmly, steadying herself by the arm he offered and glancing down at the peril below. "Celia and I were shopping in Grand Street and I thought I'd step out of the shop for a moment to see if the Seventh was coming, and I ventured too far—I simply could not get back. . . . And—thank you for helping me." She had entirely recovered her serenity; she released his arm and now stood cautiously balanced behind the driver's empty seat, looking curiously out over the turbulent sea of people, where already hundreds of newsboys were racing hither and thither, shouting an afternoon extra, which seemed to excite everybody within hearing to frenzy.

"Can you hear what they are shouting?" she inquired. "It seems to make people very angry."

"They say that the Sixth Massachusetts, which passed through here yesterday, was attacked by a mob in Baltimore."

"Our soldiers!" she said, incredulous. Then clenching her small hands: "If I were Colonel Lefferts, of the Seventh, I'd march my men through Baltimore tomorrow!"

"I believe they expect to go through," he said, amused. "That is what they are for."

The rising uproar around was affecting her; the vivid color in her lips and cheeks deepened. Berkley looked at her, at the cockade with its fluttering red-white-and-blue ribbons on her breast, at the clear, fearless eyes now brilliant with excitement and indignation.

"Have you thought of enlisting?" she asked abruptly, without glancing at him.

"Yes," he said, "I've ventured that far. It's perfectly safe to think about it. You have no idea what warlike sentiments I cautiously entertain in my office-chair."

She turned nervously, with a sunny glint of golden hair and fluttering ribbons:

"Are you never perfectly serious, Mr. Berkley? Even at such a moment as this?"

"Always," he insisted. "I was only philosophizing upon these scenes of inexpensive patriotism which fill even the most urbane and peaceful among us full of truculence. . . . I recently saw my tailor wearing a sword, attired in the made-to-measure panoply of battle."

"Did that strike you as humorous?"

"No, indeed; it fitted. I am only afraid he may find a soldier's grave before I can settle our sartorial accounts," Berkley replied.

There was a levity to his pleasantries that sounded discordant to her amid the solemnly thrilling circumstances impending. For the flower of the city's soldiery was going forth to battle—a thousand gay, thoughtless young fellows summoned from ledger, office and counting-house; and all about her a million of their neighbors had gathered to see them go.

"Applause makes patriots. Why should I enlist when merely by cheering others I can stand here and create heroes in battalions?"

"I think," she said, "that there was once another scoffer who remained to pray."

As he did not answer she sent a swift side glance at him, found him tranquilly surveying the crowd below, where, at the corner of Canal and Broadway, half a dozen Zouaves, clothed in their characteristic and brilliant uniforms and wearing hairy knapsacks trussed up behind, were being vociferously acclaimed by the people as they passed, bayonets fixed.

"More heroes," he observed, "made immortal while you wait."

And now Ailsa became aware of a steady, sustained sound audible above the tumult around them: a sound like surf washing on a distant reef.

"Do you hear that? It's like the roar of the sea," she said. "I believe they're coming; I think I caught a strain of military music a moment ago!"

They rose on tiptoe, straining their ears; even the skylarking gamins who had occupied the stage-top behind them, and the driver, who had reappeared, drunk, and resumed his reins and seat, stood up to listen.

Above the noise of the cheering, rolling steadily toward them over the human ocean, came the deadened throbbing of drums. A far, thin strain of military music rose, was lost, rose again; the double thudding of the drums sounded nearer; the tempest of cheers became terrific. Through it at intervals they could catch the clear, marching music of the Seventh as two platoons of police, sixty strong, arrived, forcing their way into view, followed by a full company of Zouaves.

Then pandemonium broke loose as the matchless regiment swung into sight. The polished instruments of the musicians flashed; over the drums the drumsticks rose and fell, but in the thundering cheers not a sound could be heard from brass or parchment.

Field and staff passed, headed by the colonel; behind jolted two howitzers; behind them glittered the saber-bayonets of the engineers; then, filling the roadway from sidewalk to sidewalk, the perfect ranks of the infantry swept by under burnished bayonets.

They wore their familiar gray-and-black uniforms, forage caps and blue overcoats, and carried knapsacks with heavy blankets rolled on top. And New York went mad.

What the Household troops are to England the Seventh was to America. In its ranks it carried the best that New York had to offer. The polished gorgets of its officers reflected a past unstained; its pedigree stretched to the cannon smoke fringing the Revolution.

To America the Seventh was always The Guard; and now, in the lurid obscurity of national disaster, where all things traditional were crashing down, where doubt, distrust, the agony of indecision turned government to ridicule and law to anarchy, there was no doubt, no indecision in The Guard. Above the terrible clamor of political confusion rolled the drums of the Seventh steadily beating the assembly; out of the dust of catastrophe emerged its disciplined gray columns. Doubters no longer doubted, uncertainty became conviction; in a situation without a precedent the precedent was established; the *corps d'élite* of all state soldiery was answering the national summons; and once more the associated states of North America understood that they were, first of all, a nation indivisible.

Down from window and balcony and roof, sifting among the bayonets, fluttered an unbroken shower of tokens—gloves, flowers, handkerchiefs, tricolored bunches of ribbon; and here and there a bracelet or some gem-set chain fell flashing through the sun.

Ailsa Paige, like thousands of her sisters, tore the red-white-and-blue rosette from her breast and flung it down among the bayonets with a tremulous little cheer.

Everywhere the crowd was breaking into the street; citizens marched with their hands on the shoulders of the soldiers; old gentlemen toddled along beside strapping sons; brothers passed arms around brothers; here and there a woman hung to the chevroned sleeve of son or husband who was striving to see ahead through blurring eyes; here and there some fair young girl, badged with the national colors, stretched out her arms from the crowd and laid her bared hands to the lips of her passing lover.

The last shining files of bayonets had passed; the city swarmed like an ant-hill.

Berkley's voice was in her ears, cool, good-humored:

"Perhaps we had better try to find Mrs. Craig. I saw Stephen in the crowd, and he saw us, so I do not think your sister-in-law will be worried."

She nodded, suffered him to aid her in the descent to the sidewalk, then drew a deep, unsteady breath and gazed around as though awaking from a dream.

"It certainly was an impressive sight," he said. "The Government may thank me for a number of heroes. I'm really quite hoarse."

She made no comment.

"Even a thousand well-fed brokers in uniform are bound to be impressive," he meditated aloud.

Her face flushed; she walked on, ignoring his flippancy, ignoring everything concerning him until, crossing the street, she became aware that he wore no hat.

"Did you lose it?" she asked curtly.

"I don't know what happened to that hysterical hat, Mrs. Paige. Probably it went war mad and followed the soldiers to the ferry. You can never count on hats. They're flighty."

"You will have to buy another," she said, smiling.

"Your Face is Talking Now; Wait Till That Begins to Yell"

"Oh, no," he said carelessly; "what is the use? It will only follow the next regiment out of town. Shall we cross?"

"Mr. Berkley, do you propose to go about town with me, hatless?"

"You have an exceedingly beautiful one. Nobody will look at me."

"Please be sensible!"

"I am. I'll deliver you to your sister-in-law, and then slink home ——"

"But I don't wish to walk with a hatless man! I can't understand ——"

"Well, I'll have to tell you if you drive me to it," he said, looking at her very calmly, but a flush mounting to his cheek-bones; "I have no money—with me."

"Why didn't you say so? How absurd not to borrow it from me ——"

Something in his face checked her; then he laughed.

"There's no reason why you shouldn't know how poor I am," he said. "It doesn't worry me, so it certainly will not worry you. I can't afford a hat for a few days—and I'll leave you here if you wish. Why do you look so shocked? Oh, well—then we'll stop at a store where I'm known."

They stopped at a hat-shop and he bought a hat and charged it, giving his address in a low voice; but she heard.

"Is it becoming?" he asked airily, examining the effect in a glass.

"It is indeed," she said, laughing. "Shall we find Celia?"

But they could not find her sister-in-law in the shop, which was now refilling with excited people.

"Celia *non est*," he observed cheerfully. "The office is closed by this time. May I see you safely to Brooklyn?"

She turned to the ferry stage which was now drawing up at the curb; he assisted her to mount, then entered himself, humming under his breath:

To Brooklyn! To Brooklyn!
So be it. Amen
Clippity, Cloppity, back again!

On the stony way to the ferry he chatted cheerfully, irresponsibly, but he soon became convinced that the girl beside him was not listening, so he talked at random to amuse himself, amiably accepting her preoccupation.

"How those broker warriors did step out, in spite of Illinois Central and a sadly sagging list! At the morning board Pacific Mail fell 3½, New York Central ¼, Hudson River ¼, Harlem preferred ½, Illinois Central ⅜. . . . I don't care. . . . You won't care, but the last quotations were Tennessee 6's, 41—A 41½. . . . There's absolutely nothing doing in money or exchange. The bankers are asking 107½, but sell nothing. On call you can borrow money at four and five per cent"—he glanced sideways at her ironically, satisfied that she paid no heed—"you might, but I can't, Ailsa. I can't borrow anything from anybody at any per cent whatever. I know; I've tried. Meanwhile, few and tottering are my stocks, also they continue downward on their hellward way—

"Margins wiped out in war,
Profits are scattered far,
I'll to the nearest bar,
Ailsa aroon!"

he hummed to himself, walking-stick under his chin, his brand-new hat not absolutely straight on his well-shaped head.

A ferryboat lay in the slip; they walked forward and stood in the crowd by the bow-chains. The flag flew over Castle William; late sunshine turned river and bay to a harbor in fairyland, where, through the golden haze, far away between forests of pennant-dressed masts, a warship lay all aglitter, the sun striking fire from her guns and brightwork, and setting every red bar of her flag ablaze.

"The Pocahontas, sloop-of-war from Charleston bar," said a man in the crowd. "She came in this morning at high water. She got to Sumter too late."

"Yes. Powhatan had already knocked the head off John Smith," observed Berkley thoughtfully. "They did these things better in Colonial days."

Several people began to discuss the inaction of the fleet off Charleston bar during the bombardment; the navy was freely denounced and defended, and Berkley, pleased that he had started a row, listened complacently, inserting a word here and there calculated to incite several prominent citizens to fisticuffs. And the ferryboat started with everybody getting madder.

But when fisticuffs appeared imminent in midstream, out of somewhat tardy consideration for Ailsa he set free the dove of peace.

"Perhaps," he remarked pleasantly, "the fleet couldn't cross the bar. I've heard of such things."

They had not thought of that; so hostilities were averted.

Paddle-wheels churning, the rotund boat swung into the Brooklyn dock. Her gunwales rubbed and squeaked along the straining piles green with sea slime; deck-chains clinked, cog-wheels clattered, the stifling smell of dock water gave place to the fresher odor of the streets.

(Continued on Page 30)

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PHILADELPHIA, JULY 2, 1910

The Postal-Savings Bill

THE mutual savings banks, which hold eighty-five per cent of the total savings deposits of the country and are among the very best institutions of their kind in the world, have upward of three billions of deposits invested roughly as follows: in real-estate mortgages and loans secured by real-estate mortgages, forty-three per cent; in railroad, street-car and like bonds, twenty-six per cent; in public bonds—state, municipal, and the like—twenty-three per cent; deposited in commercial banks, four per cent; dead cash in vaults, one-half of one per cent.

The House might have studied that example of successful savings-bank management to better advantage. The postal-savings bill which it passed is by no means ideal. Nevertheless the bill proposes to set up a system of postal-savings banks that ought to be workable, and that after all is the great point.

Law as a Sport

NO LYNCHING occurs but somebody rises to remark that in this country there is small respect for the law. But in this country criminal law is not respectable. We copied our procedure from England, but refused to copy the extensive and wholesome reforms of that procedure which England began instituting early in the last century. Said Prof. John Davison Lawson, dean of the University of Missouri Law School, in a speech made before the House Judiciary Committee, "In every other branch we are teaching the science of today, but we are teaching the legal science of the days of the Tudors."

We adhere to what grave professors of law have called "the sporting theory of justice"—making the trial merely a contest of skill between opposing barristers, with the court as an umpire, to see that they fight according to rule. For this condition courts are as much to blame as legislatures. "There is," observed Dean Lawson, "a strange dislike in our appellate courts to any interference with the game." They love the fine professional points upon which an astute lawyer may trip his opponent and win a new trial for a murderer because of a trivial verbal inaccuracy in the indictment. With no new legislation appellate courts might do much to discourage appeals upon hairsplitting technicalities. And yet it is well known that they sometimes go out of their way to encourage such appeals because they love the professional game. "Hence," said Professor Pound, of the University of Chicago Law Department, some time ago, "comes the modern American race to beat the law." For, if the law is a mere game, why shouldn't anybody beat it who can?

What We Shall Vote On

WHAT a Democratic Congress would do nobody knows. One such Congress passed a tariff bill which the head of the party refused to sign and denounced as party treason. Democratic members of the present Congress voted for protective duties on raw materials. A Democratic Congress is an unknown quantity. But what a standpat Republican Congress will do everybody knows. The record is still fresh.

These thoughts are provoked by the June primaries. Dalzell, right hand of Cannon, managed to capture a renomination by a majority of four hundred, according to the police returns. In three congressional districts out of eleven, in Iowa, standpat Republicans secured nominations. Up in Wisconsin the standpat organization seems to have had the state convention all its own way.

But primaries and conventions are only the first chapter. Whether voters will accept these reactionary nominations remains to be seen. Senator Dolliver says that whenever a standpat Republican beats an insurgent at the primaries, however small his majority, the insurgents will support him at the polls in November. The Senator, obviously, could scarcely have said less. But no such party obligation lies upon the rank and file of Republican voters who expressed their repudiation of Cannonism by supporting insurgents at the primaries. Their interest lies not in any organization but in genuinely representative government. No standpat Republican serves that interest. There is no real contest between the two parties except a scramble for power. The only real fight is against that scheme of government which, in the words of the clothing manufacturers, has taken one-third from the weight of woolen cloths and at the same time established higher prices for the deteriorated article. That, and the whole category of favoritism which it aptly illustrates, is what is to be voted on next November.

Where the Shoe Pinches

FOR hauling freight from the East to the Pacific Coast railroads have charged less than for hauling it to points two or three hundred miles east of the coast. The rule has been to make the rate for the shorter haul the same as that for the longer, plus the local rate from the coast back to the interior town. In explaining this rule the roads have stated that the through rate, being governed by water competition, often yielded them little or no profit. Naturally, therefore, they had to get even by charging decidedly more proportionately for the haul to points where there was no water competition. Thus, in a measure, the inland towns have been paying the freight bills of the coast towns. This practice is sanctioned by the Interstate Commerce Law, which says that the rate for a shorter haul shall not be greater than that for a longer "under substantially similar circumstances and conditions"—water competition, of course, creating a substantially different condition.

The Administration's railroad bill, as it comes from the committee, proposes to strike out this qualifying provision of the long-and-short-haul clause, and thus to prohibit a greater charge for a shorter haul under any circumstances. This is the really radical feature of the bill, and the one, probably, to which the railroads seriously object. Of course they object to other features. But giving the Interstate Commerce Commission power to investigate and amend rates on its own initiative, instead of only upon the formal complaint of some shipper as at present, seems hardly important. There is never likely to be any dearth of shippers to file a formal complaint in case of a questionable rate and so bring it within the commission's jurisdiction.

No doubt the gross inequalities of freight rates as between towns and commodities will have to be remedied some time. Perhaps this is as good a time as any to begin.

Protection for Women Workers

OFTEN nobody makes much profit out of the most wretchedly-paid and worst-"sweated" labor. Petty employers or middlemen sell the product of this labor, each in competition with the others. The cheaper they get the labor, the cheaper they sell the product. If the laborers were able to force wages up to a decent living level everybody, employers included, would be better off. But many of these laborers—women sewing at home, children making artificial flowers, and others—are not able to organize. They are poor, detached, unknown to one another. The same condition exists in Great Britain. A report published by the Bureau of Labor over a year ago says, "In some British industrial towns women work from sunrise until late into the night for the equivalent of one or two dollars a week."

But, in social organization, England is much ahead of the United States. In 1907 and again in 1908 the House of Commons appointed a committee to study this subject and propose a remedy. And last fall—almost unnoticed here on account of the great contest over the budget—Parliament passed an act providing that in certain industries the Board of Trade—a department of the Government—should establish wage boards consisting of an equal number of employers and employees with one or three members appointed by the Board of Trade. These boards are empowered to fix a minimum rate of wages for timework and piecework, and any employer paying less than the rate so fixed is subject to a fine of twenty pounds for each offense. Moreover, in case of prosecution, the burden of proof is on the employer.

There was opposition, of course. But the pay of many of these women was so small, even though they worked hard for long hours, that it alone would not support life on the scantest terms. In the interests of public health and of society in general Parliament had already established certain conditions of sanitation, ventilation, and so on, and it was considered quite as legitimate, in the interests of society, to establish a wage scale that would at least support life in some tolerable fashion.

The Power of Railroad Rates

TO UPHOLD the order of the Interstate Commerce Commission in the Missouri River rate case "would be," said Judge Grosscup, "putting into the hands of the commission general power of life and death over every trade and manufacturing center in the United States." Yet the Supreme Court, the other day, upheld that order, reversing the lower bench.

In brief, the commission held the through rate from the seaboard to the Missouri River too high, and ordered a reduction in that part of the rate which applied to the haul from the Mississippi to the Missouri. The reduction, no doubt, will somewhat disturb trade relationships which had been built up on the old rate arrangement. But in establishing that old arrangement the railroads were exercising "general power of life and death over every trade and manufacturing center," and an impartial commission found the arrangement unjust. The roads have always favored certain points or regions at the expense of certain others—according to the amount of pressure brought to bear upon them, or as they conceived their immediate traffic interests to lie. It has always been within their power to say that trade should flourish here and languish there, and this is a power that no unregulated private interest should possess. True, any order by the commission correcting an unjust exercise of this power by the roads will disturb existing trade relationships, but it will bring us a step nearer to just rates. There will be no end of railroad agitation until rates are just as between places and commodities.

Practice Too Busy for Theory

THACKERAY urged that it was unfair to expect a successful literary man to know much about literature. If he was successful he would be so busy producing the article that he had no time to study its history. To thinking up plots and to proofreading he must devote the odd hours which his scholarly friends spent delving into "middle English" and the Elizabethans. Likewise, no one need expect a successful politician to know much about politics in a large way. It is common, for example, to find men who have devoted a lifetime to the practice of American politics making statements which disclose comprehensive ignorance of so important a political fact as the framing of the Constitution. Still less need any one expect a successful business man to know anything about business in a large way. Every freshman, taking his first course in political economy, knows the gross fallacy of the "mercantile theory." This seventeenth-century notion that a nation's wealth increased only by selling more goods abroad than it bought, thereby attracting gold or its equivalent from other countries, was thoroughly exploded generations ago. Yet one of the most successful business men in the United States gravely asserted this outgrown doctrine only the other day.

We are by no means disparaging scholarship. On the contrary, we think it would be decidedly better for politics and business if the leading practitioners of those callings did know about them in a broad way. As to literature, since Thackeray's day the most popular practitioners have, of course, known about it in a broad way Hence the improvement.

Trifles That Mean Millions

THE rate on first-class freight from the seaboard to Chicago is seventy-five cents a hundred pounds. Shoes fall in that category. Thus the freight charge on a case of men's shoes containing a dozen pairs and weighing sixty pounds is forty-five cents, or three and three-quarter cents a pair. It was proposed to advance the rate to ninety cents, making the freight charge fifty-four cents on a case of shoes, or four and a half cents on a pair. Therefore, says a railroad organ, when you come to simmer it all down, what did this proposed advance in freight rates amount to? Why, three-quarters of a cent on a pair of shoes. Who would feel that difference? How absurd to make such a row over such a trifle!

But the proposed advance in first-class rates amounted to twenty per cent, and that advance, if universally applied, would increase the country's annual freight bill by four hundred million dollars—which isn't exactly a trifle. Who would feel a difference of five cents on a pair of shoes? But to increase the carrying charge that much would amount to an advance of one hundred and thirty-three per cent in the freight rate, and such an advance, universally applied, would raise the country's yearly transportation tax by two billion dollars.

The only test of the reasonableness of rates is found in the return that they yield upon the investment.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Little Abie Apropos

JOE FORDNEY'S other name is Little Abie Apropos When anything happens within Joe's ken—or without it—which sums up the whole human field, Joe says, "That reminds me," and tells a yarn. Every time he makes a speech he puts in five stories, and every time he doesn't make a speech he puts in six.

You can see what that means. His life, like the life of every other statesman—except Senator Heyburn—is divided into two parts: one when he is making speeches and one when he isn't. The Senator's life is different. It has but one part, for he is always making speeches. Joe is only a middling hand at talking. He comes to bat every time an impious revisionist alleges the tariff is no better than it should be, but he lets a lot of other opportunities get by without illuminating them by the clear light of his logic.

One reason for that is because he has to spend a good deal of his time in the cloakroom cheering up the discouraged regulars. Whenever one of our stand-pat brethren gets a letter from home couched in such polite language as this, "You lobster! What do you mean by supporting Old Joe Cannon and standing for that cowardly and iniquitous tariff bill? We'll attend to your case when we get you out here this fall"—which is frequently, to be conservative about it—that stand-patter looks up Joe and complains in this way: "Fordney, what do you think of this? Those people of mine out there simply will not understand."

"Oh," says Joe, "toll 'em along, toll 'em along, and it will come out all right. Their position reminds me of a lawyer who was examining a very crooked witness. After a time the lawyer gave it up and, turning to the judge, said, 'Your Honor, I would just as soon shoot skyrockets into hell for the purpose of illumination as to try to get the facts out of this witness.' Toll 'em along."

Then the stand-patter laughs a sort of a mirthless laugh, and Joe is reminded again and again, and presently the stand-patter looks out of the window and sees the grass is still green and the flowers are still blooming on the terraces, and cheers up until the next mail comes in.

Politically, Joe Fordney, coming from Michigan, is the Champion High Protectionist. He even has an edge on John Dalzell. With him—Joe—the Dingley law was the most perfect tariff law ever spread on a statute-book until the Payne-Aldrich law came along, and then the Payne-Aldrich law assumed that proud position and will hold it until another Republican Congress passes another tariff law. At that precise moment Fordney will shift his allegiance to the new law, for his faith is progressive in this regard. No regular Republican or set of regular Republicans can do anything to the tariff that will not meet with the full, frank, complete and unqualified indorsement of Joe.

Recently, when they were having that terrific struggle in the House over an appropriation of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars to enable the Tariff Board to secure information that may be of value when the time comes to make another tariff—that terrific struggle for which the plans and specifications were made long before the fight began—Joe, having been assigned to lead one column into the terrible battle, took up Senator Beveridge's speech at the Indianapolis convention a time back and proceeded to give so many cheers for the Payne-Aldrich tariff that his speech sounded like firecrackers going off in a barrel.

Sample Stones Old and New

JOE is no slouch of a tariff talker. He can sling statistics with any of them, and it is amazing what some of those Congressional orators can do with figures. Take the exhibition that always occurs on the last day of the session, when the chairman of the Appropriations Committee gets up and shows how the appropriations have been economical and patriotic and needed; and the ranking Democrat on the committee rises immediately thereafter and shows, by the same figures, that the appropriations have been wasteful, extravagant, and have brought the country to the verge of ruin. It all depends on the viewpoint. The statistics are as limber as a rubber band, and as elastic.

Thus, when Joe was leading his share of the forces in this horrendous sham battle, he took the same figures the Senator from Indiana used, and he showed that conditions prevailed exactly antithetic to those the Senator from Indiana elucidated. Now, that but mildly interested the House, but Joe had a good audience, for everybody knew when he got warmed up to it he would put in a few stories, and they were willing to endure the figures for the figments.

Sure enough, when Joe reached the question of linoleums—a thrilling question—he put one over. "He is ahead of the times," said Joe. "It reminds me of a Frenchman I once knew who went out on a hunt with his dog. The dog got after a fox. The Frenchman followed as well as he could until he came to a neighbor who was chopping wood. 'Pete,' he said, 'did you see anything of a dog and a fox?'

"'Yes, they went by a little time ago.'

"'How were they making it, Pete?'

"'Well, it was nip and tuck; but, if anything, the dog was just a little ahead.'"

In these doleful days anything that diverts the mind of a stand-patter from contemplation of his personal woes is loudly welcomed—and they all laughed. Then Joe went along a bit farther and, while commenting on the position of the Senator from Indiana, who claimed to be a Protectionist and a Republican but voted against the tariff bill, he told one of Cushman's stories about a man who was milking a cow. A cow story is always good for a laugh. It seems a farmer named Brown was milking a cow when a neighbor came over to borrow a doubletree. Brown sat on a stool, milking vigorously, and the pail was about full of milk. As the neighbor came up a fly lighted on the cow and the cow switched her tail and struck the farmer in the face. The farmer kicked the cow. Presently another fly bit the cow and the cow again switched her tail and hit the farmer. The farmer kicked the cow again. "Brown," said the man who came over to borrow the doubletree, "you ought to do one of two things. Either quit kicking the cow or let go of the teat."

Perhaps the Western stand-patters did not laugh at that—that is, such of the Western men as are stand-patters, there being an occasional one left who has not yet translated the signs from home, but who will translate them, or have them translated for him, in the near future.

So Joe wandered on, reminded now and then of a story that fitted in, and when he had finished the stand-patters crowded around him and told him he had certainly led a brilliant charge, and that the enemy, and particularly the Senator from Indiana—who wasn't there, of course—were demolished. Then, after a few days more of it, everybody turned in and voted for the appropriation, and Joe had garnered some more fame.

It really is a great thing for the regulars in the House to have a man like Fordney among them. Take the situation home to yourself. Suppose you were a statesman, hitched up to Uncle Joe and hitched up to the present tariff, and the people back home were giving every evidence of going on the warpath against you, wouldn't you like to have a haven of cheer like Joe to turn to? Think of the delight of going into the cloakroom and finding Joe there, in a big chair, telling stories to all comers. You wouldn't be too particular, either, whether the stories were old or new.

He is the Human Arabian Nights

Fordney comes from the Saginaw district and has been in Congress for eleven years. He was born in Indiana, but when he was sixteen years old he went to Michigan and drifted to a logging camp, where he worked for years in every capacity, from boy about camp to boss. He knows as much, probably more, about the lumbering industry than any man in the House, and you may be very sure that he has protected lumber to the best of his ability since he has been in public life. He is a genial, good-natured, hardworking man, a member of the Ways and Means Committee, and well versed in the tariff from his protection viewpoint.

Likewise he is the Human Arabian Nights. He has a thousand and one tales, and then some. He can fit a story into an occurrence, or an occurrence into a story, working either way with equal facility. The only time he ever failed was on the proposition to put lumber on the free list. That was a sacrilege, Joe thought, and he couldn't think of a story that fitted to save his life.

A Marriage Medley

NAT GOODWIN, the actor, has his fourth wife at the time of writing.

When the census enumerator called he asked Goodwin: "Are you single, married or divorced?"

"Yes," said Goodwin.

Proving His Word

SENATOR GALLINGER and Senator Heyburn, one from New Hampshire and the other from Idaho, had a rather acrimonious debate in the Senate one day. They sit side by side. After the hostilities had ceased Gallinger leaned over to Heyburn, thinking to ease matters up a bit, and said: "Senator, I must compliment you on your diction. You have the purest diction, the best understanding of English, the most fluent and correct command of our language of any man since Addison. Your mastery of our tongue certainly is marvelous."

"My dear Senator," exclaimed Heyburn, "I am deeply gratified to hear you say that. I think, myself, I have some small knowledge of English."

Whereupon Heyburn arose and spoke for two hours.

Only One Cobb

THE morning after Judge Andrew Cobb, at the time Justice of the Supreme Court of Georgia, tendered his resignation, an Atlanta lawyer and a shoe drummer sat in the same seat in an outgoing train.

The lawyer bought a newspaper and looked over the headlines. Then he turned to the drummer and said:

"Well, I see Cobb has resigned."

"Gee!" said the drummer. "What will Detroit do now?"

Force of Habit

GOVERNOR PATTERSON, of Tennessee, has pardoned a great many convicts, much to the disgust of some of the people of that state.

A Tennessee Representative tells this story: The Governor was coming out of a store in Nashville one day and a man passing by brushed against him.

"Pray pardon me," said the man.

"I will," said the Governor. "What are you in for?"

The Hall of Fame

¶ Secretary Dickinson, of the War Department, has taken up golf.

¶ Benito Legarda, resident commissioner from the Philippines, was a member of Aguinaldo's Cabinet.

¶ Representative Poindexter, the rip-roaring Republican insurgent of the Third Washington District, was born in Memphis.

¶ Representative Hughes, of West Virginia, served in both the Kentucky and the West Virginia legislatures before he got to Congress.

¶ General George Washington Gordon, of Memphis, is the last remaining brigadier of the Confederacy in Congress. At one time there were twenty-nine Confederate general officers there.

¶ Representative Brownlow, of the First Tennessee District, was doorkeeper for the Forty-seventh Congress, and Representative Austin, of the Second Tennessee District, was assistant doorkeeper at the same time.

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While my brain is teeming
With visions sweet
Of things to eat
And *Campbell's Soup* a-steaming.

The Senator's Secretary

MR. CHARLES D. NORTON, of Chicago, leaving his place as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, whither he was dragged from a fifty-thousand-dollar-a-year eminence in an insurance office by Secretary MacVeagh—so we have been informed many times since his advent—to take his place as Secretary to the President, is said to have remarked, "I feel like a farmer who has dropped his plow in the middle of a furrow to enlist in a war," or words to that general melodramatic effect.

I do not know what Mr. Charles D. Norton thinks he will do or what he will do as Secretary to the President, but it is my opinion he has his duties twisted. He isn't going for war. What he is going for is peace. There is war enough in and on the Taft Administration, and a good deal of it has started in the office of the Secretary. I imagine Mr. Norton will find he isn't intended to be a belligerent. He has been put there to be a pacifier.

It seems almost absurd to speak of the mild, gentle Carpenter, the superseded Secretary to the President, as a fomenter of even the palest and most subdued kind of war; but the fact is that a lot of the misunderstanding and resentment and general lack of popularity of this Administration is due to his unfitness for the position. There never was a harder-working, honester, more faithful public servant than Carpenter. There never was a man who tried harder to do the right thing every time, but he was temperamentally unfitted for the place. It was no fault of his that he didn't make good in that difficult place.

He is a most capable man in his line. In the more restricted sphere of secretary to Mr. Taft when the latter was Secretary of War, Carpenter was admirable, but when he was placed in the position of buffer for the President as Presidential Secretary, in a position that requires the best kind of political knowledge and skill, a wide knowledge of public men and of public affairs, he did not measure up to the place. Nor did he get as much of a chance as he might have had. The President looked on him rather as a private secretary than as a public secretary, and Carpenter never did know just how far he might go.

White House News Kept Dark

The shelving of Carpenter and the advent of Norton may or may not mean that a new policy is to be pursued at the White House. It may mean that the President has finally become convinced that he needs publicity of the right kind just as much as any predecessor has needed it, or just as much as any other public man or public enterprise needs it. The President, judging from his attitude, has rather held to the idea that it was not necessary for him to look to the publicity end of his Administration. He paid small heed to the correspondents. It was hard to find out what was going on. There seemed to be a disposition to keep things from the public rather than to present them in a favorable light.

Dealings with Carpenter were unsatisfactory. He gave out the smallest bit of news with apparent fear and trembling. The President took the judicial view of his position so far as publicity is concerned, which is not a view that helps any with the men who are looking for news. He came after a man who was a past master in all the arts of publicity, and Carpenter followed a secretary who was as skillful, almost, as his chief, so the sudden change at first perplexed the correspondents and then vexed them. Newspaper men are human, really and truly human, no matter what the official view of them may be. They stand for the man who stands for them.

It wasn't long before it was discovered that, as a news source, the White House had dwindled from the best in the world to the worst; but that did not absolve the correspondents from getting the news just the same. So they got it where they could, and, when it would have been perfectly easy and perfectly dignified and most intelligent for the White House to help them as much as possible, the White House took it the other way around and made it as difficult for them as possible. The result was that the correspondents, being human, did not go out of their way to give the White House the best of it, and the result was, further, that the President became peevish and spoke about criticism and comment and what-not in the papers, in various speeches, when the fact was that he started with the good will of every correspondent and every newspaper in the country, bar none, and could have held that good will with a very slight effort.

It took some time to convince the President of this, although his closest advisers worked on him incessantly. He is a stubborn man, and he took it out in complaining in his speeches about the treatment he was getting. There never has been a disposition, so far as I have observed, on the part of the correspondents at the Capital to assail the President in any way. What has happened is that the correspondents, not being able to get news at the White House, have been obliged to get White House news where they could get it, and the result has not always been satisfactory to the White House.

The New Popularity Expert

However, we have now entered on a new era. It is the job of Mr. Charles D. Norton to help popularize the Administration. One thing the President desires, above all others, is to be popular with the people. Hence his numerous trips to all parts of the country. Finding that repeated absences from Washington did not help him any in that city he promoted Carpenter to the position of Minister to Morocco and took over Norton, a suave, alert, capable citizen, forty years old, who was making a good record for himself in the Treasury and hopes to do better in the White House. Norton is used to meeting men, which Carpenter was not. He has none of that timidity that was Carpenter's greatest fault. But if Mr. Norton thinks he is going to war he will never get anywhere. What he is going to is peace. He was hired to be a composer, a softener, a glad-hander, a mollifier, a smoother-down, a tactful person who will know who is who and what is what, and not make blunders that hurt the self-esteem of gentlemen who call on urgent business—to themselves, at least. They speak of him as "assistant President," and it certainly is the truth that assistance is needed in some quarters.

The President's close friends have taken a good deal of heart at the advent of Norton. They think he is a fine young man who can get away with the duties of the place and help a lot along the lines of discreet popularization. That remains to be seen. When all is said and done the popularity of an Administration depends entirely, almost, on the kind of publicity it receives. A man can state a proposition to a hundred men in a day if his facilities are adequate. A correspondent can state it to a hundred thousand or half a million or a million. This awaiting, with equanimity, the verdict of history is all well enough, but it gathers no political moss. It may be philosophical, but it is not practical. However great a President may be he is not great enough to disregard the publicity feature of our scheme of life, nor the humble but honest and conscientious instruments of such publicity.

Wherefore, Mr. Taft, awakening to that fact, has installed Mr. Norton in the room next to his, and we shall now expect to find different arrangements. We shall also expect to hear no more of the grumblings of Representatives and Senators who have been vexed by the timid Carpenter, nor the roars of important personages who have not had their importance immediately recognized. There is no question of the ability, tact, suavity and entire fitness of Mr. Norton. Nor is there any question that he has taken over about the hardest job of work in these United States—peace, not war—and everybody wishes him well, and is willing to meet him halfway.

Speaking about remarks attributed to our public men, there is the statement Attorney-General Wickersham is alleged to have made when he was asked if his course with the railroads would not lose him a lot of friends in the East: "For every friend I lose in the East I gain two in the West." That was apropos of the injunction restraining twenty-five Western railroads from increasing freight rates.

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It is reported President Taft was most insistent on this move by Wickersham, thinking, perhaps, it would help secure some of that popularity with the great mass of the people that he is surprised and chagrined to observe he has not gained. The story goes that there was some opposition at the Cabinet meeting not long before the application was made for an injunction, and that the President became most vehemently in earnest in directing the proceedings. As this is written the returns showing what the people do think of the proceedings are not yet in, but it is reasonably plain what Wall Street thinks of it. That institution is apparently of the opinion that the country is a total loss, with no insurance.

When the matter became public, and stocks began to break, there came the usual crop of stories that men with inside information made millions by selling short in advance of the general movement to unload that followed the announcement. There have been rumors that this Senator and that Senator, and favored speculators in New York, having advance information, took advantage of the break that was sure to come, and sold thousands of shares short. It may be that they did—in New York. They didn't in Washington. Most of these stories of Senatorial stock speculation are just stories—nothing more. There are a few Senators—not many—who buy and sell stocks regularly, and a few Representatives, but the percent that do so in both houses is ridiculously small. I do not pretend to say that no person in Washington made money on that break because of foreknowledge, but I do know that not one in ten of those alleged to have cleaned up a profit sold a share of stock.

Sherman's Pet Pig Claude

Coming back to pleasanter topics, Vice-President Sherman, who is being asked regularly by the President to represent him at gatherings in various parts of the country where even his ability to travel will not allow him to go, had a comforting message, just before he went to Milwaukee, concerning the welfare of his pet pig.

Very few people know that the Vice-President has a pet pig, but he has—although it is possible that the pig has put aside piggish things by this time and taken on the ways of the more mature hog—inasmuch as the letter said the pet had now attained the dignity of four hundred pounds, gross, but is healthy and happy, and awaiting with ill-concealed eagerness a visit from his friend and patron, the V. P.

Soon after Mr. Sherman was nominated for Vice-President he went up to the fishing camp of a friend of his on an island in the St. Lawrence River for a few days' bass fishing. One afternoon, when there was nobody in camp but the Vice-President and his host, who were sitting on the shore of the river and chucking stones into the water, a rowboat containing two men came up. The two men ran the boat ashore and got out. One of them had a tiny little pig, scrubbed pinky-white, and decorated with red-white-and-blue ribbons, a collar with bells on it and a fine bow of ribbon on his curly tail.

One of the men stepped forward and in a formal speech presented the pig to Mr. Sherman, saying they wanted him to have it and keep it as a mascot for his coming campaign. The man who presented the pig spoke at great length to his audience of three—and the pig. When he had finished the Vice-President accepted the pig in a speech as formal as if the presentation had been made before ten thousand people. Presently the pig grew so tame that it followed the Vice-President about like a dog, and when the whole party was out fishing it would go down to the water's edge and moan and cry from very loneliness. This was very affecting, Mr. Sherman says.

When the time came to break camp the pig was taken over to a farmhouse and its board paid in advance for a long time. The farmer was told that the pig must have the best food and must under no circumstances be butchered. Since that time the pig has led a happy, care-free existence, and when he turned four hundred pounds the farmer wrote to the Vice-President to tell him of the health and prosperity of his pet. The Vice-President was much interested. If he goes up that way this summer he will certainly call on the pig. The name of the pig, by the way, is Claude, and the result of the election proved that he is a mascot.

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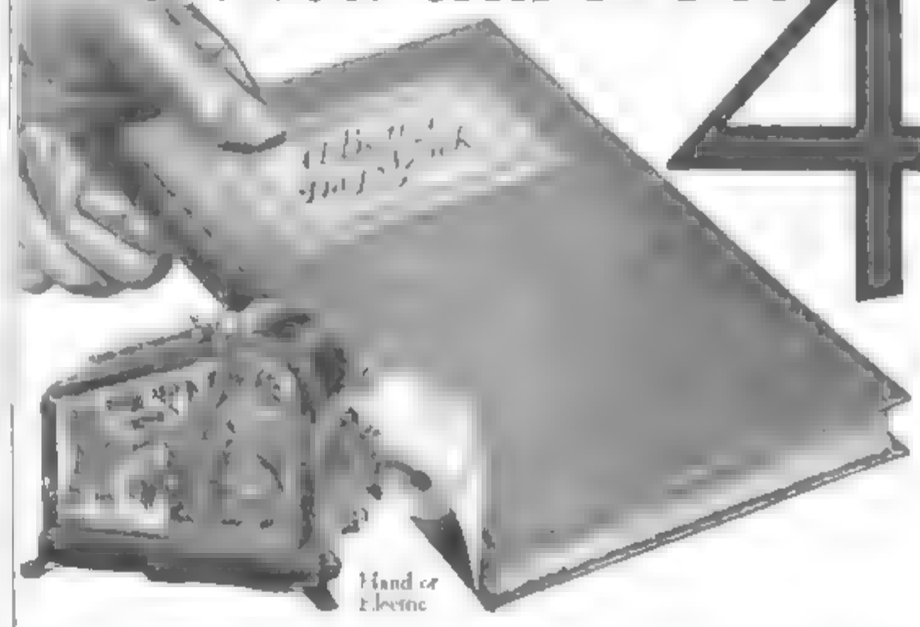

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OUT-OF-DOORS

Big-Game Fields of the World

IT IS said that Cunninghame, the professional hunter who had charge of the field operations of Colonel Roosevelt's party in Africa, has sold all his time for five years ahead at five hundred dollars a month. Sportsmen just back from Africa say that the coming season will see such a rush to Mombasa and Nairobi as the world never has witnessed before in any hunting field. It will be more like a gold stampede than a journey of sporting adventure. Africa at last is fashionable. Already rival outfitting firms are trying to steal each other's men, and the lowly porter, who erstwhile has been content to carry his sixty pounds a day for three dollars a month, is on the verge of organizing a union and going on strike for three dollars and twenty-five cents. In short, from this time forward there is going to be competition in the African hunting field; and this will be followed by an early wiping out of much of the great game of the country that is thus being boomed.

Even before the departure of Colonel Roosevelt on his widely-known trip, there began to appear in the magazines of America the advertisements of African outfitters. At first the idea seemed absurd, but as a matter of fact these advertisements have not only paid, but paid well. The world today is not that of yesterday, nor is sport what it was fifty or ten or even five years ago. The world is small today. If you have the price it is entirely feasible to make a big-game hunt in Africa inside of ninety days, or at least inside of four months, that interval covering the entire time from the day of departure to that of arrival home. The cost of such a trip is not so exorbitant as might be supposed. Two persons might make it for a thousand dollars a month each, on a short-term basis, or for five or six hundred a month each for a longer stay. By simplifying the customary method of procedure these rates may be much reduced. In short, it is today entirely simple to take an African hunt for lion, rhinoceros, elephant, buffalo and all the greater antelopes, and with fair chances of success.

A Flying Start From Nairobi

You will find in London, if you like, one or two responsible firms who will undertake to outfit you properly for your African trip. They will offer you either of two contracts: first, to charge you a lump sum for the outfitting; second, to act as your agents, to use your money and charge you five per cent for the service. These concerns will hand you over to their agents at Nairobi, which point you reach after a hundred miles or so by rail from Mombasa. Behold, lined up along the station platform at Nairobi, a hundred porters, each fresh from Pullmanville, Africa; each with a backsheesh smile of a permanent sort. "Mawnin', boss!" they remark to you, or words to that effect. You cast a glassy eye on the Pullman conductor, indicate that all will be well at the end of the journey if he behaves himself, and remark casually, "Well, boys, let's get busy. I have only five minutes to spend here in Nairobi." So you are off. Perhaps inside of forty miles you get your lion. In two or three days' march you will see more big game than you ever saw in your life before. No doubt you will do your share in increasing the long lists of African butchery with which we have been regaled of late. When you come home you will be a hero—in a small way. The halcyon days of Grant, Baker and Speke, of Gordon-Cumming and Selous, and a lot of other distinguished artists in these once unknown fields, are nowadays of the past. We have changed all that. We can't now make a living out of our ivory, and it is risky now to tell hero stories about ourselves; but we can be sure that Africa is now almost as correct as Europe.

It was not alone the widely advertised expedition of Colonel Roosevelt that brought about all this, but it is very likely that this was the beginning point of the many magazine articles and books about Africa which have started the current hysteria in lion-killing. The American people rubbed their eyes at hearing so soon from Colonel Roosevelt, at getting almost daily newspaper dispatches from Nairobi telling of his operations. Books began to come out, following that classic which told how two lions killed twenty-eight laborers and stopped the progress of a railroad. A German doctor printed a book showing photographs and African great game, alive and wild. An Anglo-American this year followed with a yet more remarkable exemplification of the remarkable possibilities of the camera in Africa. A noted divine has just printed a book telling of his experiences of a year in Africa, and a very good book it is. Other volumes have followed and will follow, many of them very informing and all of them interesting. Colonel Roosevelt's coming volume will enter a field already occupied. A distinguished naturalist and taxidermist is just returning from his second trip to Africa. In each case he took with him his wife, and in each case that lady killed a splendid specimen of elephant with her own rifle. The naturalist secured moving pictures of lions in the act of charging and being killed by plucky members of his own party. A plain and simple but plucky and decent newspaper artist of the West went across and casually did about all that Colonel Roosevelt has done, and innocently beat him into print with the story. Lastly, a Western hunter of America, not averse to a little more experience with big game—possibly not averse either to a little additional notoriety—has set forth for Africa with the amiable intention of roping and catching alive some fullgrown lions. It would be matter of but momentary surprise should he indeed do this thing. If you plan going to Africa, as three years ago you planned going to Alaska, go quick; for in three years more Africa will be dead as a big-game field.

A friend just back from Africa points out that the popular conception of that country is one of swamps and jungles, whereas the Nairobi region—or those districts reached from that point—are high and cold plains, where you need blankets every night, and where your hunting is done at altitudes of five or six thousand feet above sea-level. This is about the altitude of the old big-game country of Colorado, Wyoming and Montana, the high plains and foothills that once were the grandest outdoor country in the world. This same gentleman, who although most modest was a singularly fortunate and plucky hunter, declares that big-game hunting in the West was a much more arduous pursuit than it is in Africa today. The African game is more dangerous than any North American game, of course, and it is no child's play to meet a lion, a rhinoceros, and the like; but, so far as camp comfort is concerned, a trip in Africa is far easier than one in America. The outfit is much more extensive, and in Africa it is not considered necessary or desirable to leave the luxuries at home.

The Makeup of the Caravan

There are some basic principles to which all African trips must be reduced. In the first place, each man will need at least thirty porters to carry his outfit and supplies for him. There must be a head man, some native police, a cook, second cook, tent boy, one or two gunbearers, and a nice or so if one has riding animals. You do not do any work for yourself in camp or in the field beyond the necessary walking, riding and shooting—that is to say, such has not been the English custom. What a good, hardheaded, practical American big-game hunter might do in these conditions is something not yet fully determined; but no man, no matter how practical he may be, can do better afield than his manner of transportation allows. The legal load of the porter is sixty pounds. His legal ration is not less than a pound and a half a day. In a month he eats forty-five pounds of his load, and he has fifteen pounds left for you. Out of those several lots of fifteen pounds each you must cover your own food, ammunition, clothing, tents, camp equipage, and so on. With these facts as a basis you can do some figuring for yourself. It will cost you somewhere between three and ten thousand dollars to make your trip.

Walker's

GRAPE JUICE

"It's Clear Because It's Pure"

THERE'S nothing like grape juice in its universal acceptability. Everyone likes it. Those who do not care for the usual insipid "soft drink" find satisfaction in the rich flavor and body of pure grape juice.

Those who avoid alcoholic beverages find in pure, unfermented grape juice all that is good in grapes, *without* injurious alcohol.

Walker's Grape Juice lacks the puckerish after-taste that used to be considered a natural attribute of some grape juice, but which was really an excess of tannin, due to overpressing the skins and seeds, and in no sense a necessary or proper element of good grape juice. Walker's is without tannin.

Walker's is clear! It is the most wholesome of all drinks. Not a tonic—it's *food*. Rich in all the healthful properties of fresh fruit—without the unwholesome pulp. Rich in grape sugar, which is nutritious and a predigested food, ready for assimilation. Rich in mild acids, which assist the flow of the digestive juices.

People don't tire of Walker's Grape Juice. It is a habit to be encouraged in men, women and children. It is a long step toward health and pleasure. Keep a case of it always in the house.

Write for the Walker Recipe Book and learn how to make many delicious drinks and dainty desserts with Walker's Grape Juice.

Your grocer and your druggist have Walker's Grape Juice. It is served at soda fountains. Walker's is always bottled in the "Ten-Pin" bottle.

Write to-day for the Recipe Book.

The "Ten-Pin" Bottle

THE GRAPE PRODUCTS COMPANY,
North East, Pa.

Cut Your Butter Bills Nearly Half

With our wonderful

MAK-MOR BUTTER MACHINE

you can make one pound of butter into two pounds that tastes sweeter and is just as healthful as the butter you used in the making.

$3.00 Complete

one week's trial allowed. Money back if not satisfactory.

The Cost of Butter

Averages your household now about 36c per pound. By using the MAK-MOR BUTTER MACHINE, butter will cost you 16c per pound.

Butter is higher now than it has been at this time of year in the last 45 years—and it is likely to go above 50c per pound this winter.

Average price of butter . . . 36¢
By MAK-MOR Process:
Cost 1 lb butter . 36¢
" 1 pt. milk . 6¢
Producing 2 lbs for 36¢ . . or 18¢ for 1 lb
Saving 18¢ a pound

Does This Mean Anything for Butter Bills?

Recipe: Place one pint of sweet milk and one pound of butter in the machine, turn the handle two minutes, and take out two pounds of what you will say is almost the best butter you have ever tasted. The extra pound has cost only 4 cents, the price of a pint of milk.

The receptacle for holding the butter and milk is made of glass and on it is a graduated standard quart and cup scale.

Write Dept. V for Booklet—Valuable to Every Household

Mak-Mor Sales Co. No. 4 South St New York, N. Y.

LIVE AGENTS WRITE US FOR EXCLUSIVE TERRITORY.

A Chocolate *of* Rare Quality

Kuyler's

METROPOLITAN SWEET CHOCOLATE

A Chocolate of such Superior Quality, Smoothness and Flavor as has never before been produced

A Chocolate for Chocolate Connoisseurs

Sold by Dealers Everywhere

5c & 10c Cakes

Keep Your Lunch Cool and Fresh

NICKEL PLATE
Hawkeye
Refrigerator Basket
This style in three sizes $3.00 $4.50 and $5
Money back if not satisfactory
Burlington Basket Co 31 Main St., Burlington Iowa

RANDALL PARRISH
"The Great American Novelist"
$00,000 copies of his stories have been sold
All fiction lovers should read his latest success
"MY LADY OF THE SOUTH"
A splendid story of the Civil War
A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, New York, San Francisco

Although this may sound like a picnic, it is not necessarily such. To meet African big game, toe to toe, requires nerve and shooting ability. It is not so dangerous now as once it was, for African game is becoming educated to the modern high-power rifle, just like the American game. There is little glory in killing a grizzly bear today. Without doubt it will become less dangerous each year to kill African big game this statement, of course, being qualified to the extent of the individual peculiarities of any given animal. There is great variety in this matter in all game animals, as sportsmen, if not naturalists, very well know.

The caliber of the African hunting rifle has steadily decreased. The double express, .450 cordite, is now considered heavy enough for anything. The highest power rifle of ordinary type will do for pretty much everything you will meet, although the big cordite gun is best to have along for rhinoceros, buffalo and elephant. There are several American small-bores that will do for any of the hoofed game, such as antelope, zebra, and the like, and when it is noted that you can get a bolt-action European gun in caliber just above .25, and with it kill, at three to five hundred yards, animals as big as beef cattle, you will begin to realize the changes that industrial science has brought even in sport today. Whatever weapons you use, be sure that you master them before you go afield in Africa. You must shoot straight and be calm. The best rifle in the world will not kill game for you unless you know how to hold it straight when the time comes.

Don't Forget the Bath-Tent

The question of outfit: tents, camp beds, bathtubs, clothing are matters that you can best take up with professional outfitters, or with friends that have just returned from Africa. Your khaki clothes you can get made best and cheapest to order by tailors in Nairobi, which sounds odd but is true. You will take along a bath-tent, tables, chairs, tubs, and such things, if you go in good African form It would not seem necessary, however, any more in Africa than in America, to take along a lot of tinned and jarred stuff such as you will find on many African grub lists. Bottled beer, condensed milk and preserved peaches are heavy, and they are dispensable. Supervise your own grub list, and use your own common-sense as much as they will let you, being careful, however, not to believe that you know it all. You will not know all about Africa, though you spend a full year there and write one more African book about your own adventures; but we have illustrious proof of the fact that you can go there, be healthy, and have a "bully" time. Perhaps a time may even be bullier for the hunter in Africa than for the loved ones left at home.

The great drawback to African hunting is the expense of the trip, and you cannot now pay part of your expenses by slaughtering elephants as did the illustrious army of European sportsmen who first began to tell us about these equatorial lands. It was not long ago that a professional hunter got a herd of elephants bogged down and killed thirty of them. Their ivory would cover the cost of a splendid trip. Hunters in one day have sometimes made a thousand dollars, and incidentally killed a hundred tons or so of meat. Life is nowhere today cheaper than it is in Africa; and this always has been the case regarding that once little-known land which, remote as it is, is now none the less failing any longer to escape the advance of civilization.

In ten years African residents will be telling about how much game there used to be in that country just a few years ago. In five years your guide will be telling you that in order to get a lion or an elephant you really must go just a little farther in. History shows how man has wiped out one species after another of big-game animals. In the future this process will go on more rapidly than it ever has before. Some will say they do it in the interest of art, others in the interest of natural history. This particular writer frankly admits that if he killed game it would be simply from the desire to kill something.

All sportsmen must be heathen, and Africa, near and accessible as it has become, is about as heathen a country as we can scare up today.

W. K. Kellogg's Corner

Message No. 14

Where the Dealer's Interest Lies

The dealer who stocks up on imitation Corn Flakes is induced to do so by its manufacturers by cheapness. He has to buy beyond his needs to get the best price.

The dealer who stocks up on Kellogg's—the genuine—Toasted Corn Flakes is induced to do so by the consumer who wants *quality*.

To give the consumer a "square deal" the dealer takes advantage of the Kellogg "Square Deal."

The Genuine has this Signature

W. K. Kellogg

Made from Selected White Corn

Which Way Will You Get the Most Work Done?

If your employés are sweltering, stewing and fretting during the hot summer weather, with nerves and temper at the breaking point—

Or if they're cool, comfortable and contented, with no weather worries to take their minds from the tasks in hand?

The answer is self-evident.

In comfort, convenience; in actual increase of working power

Robbins & Myers STANDARD Fans

pay for themselves several times over during the hot weather.

The moderate cost of the fan and the exceedingly low cost of operation will surprise you

And they're an all-the-year necessity, for impure air in Winter is more dangerous than overheated air in Summer

We make a very large variety of fans for the home, the office, the factory—ceiling, desk, bracket, oscillating and exhaust

For years our fans have been the standard of efficiency and economy of operation. Thousands of users will testify

Lighting companies, electrical supply houses, fixture dealers and contractors sell Robbins & Myers fans and will gladly show you our various types

Or, write us for our handsome catalog, which shows all our fans and will aid you in selection

The Robbins & Myers Co. 1405 Lagonda Avenue, SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

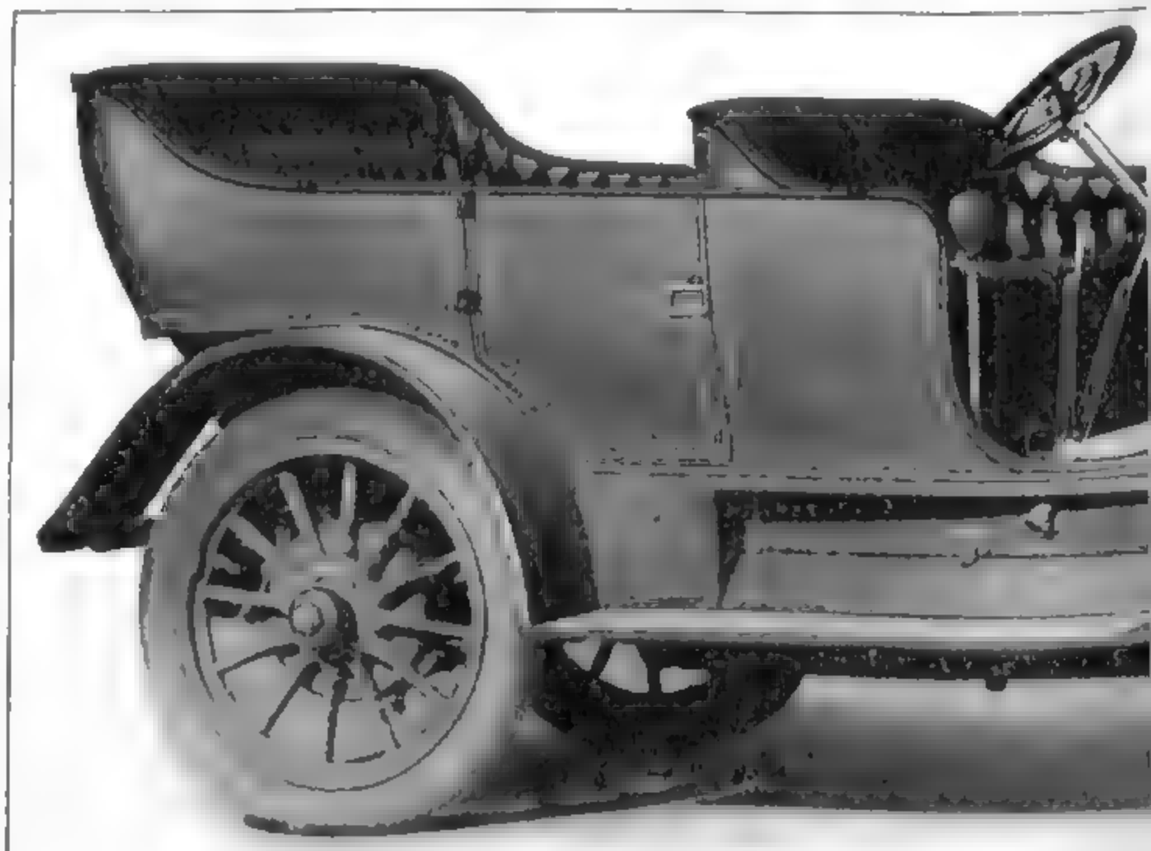
Branches: New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, and Rochester, N. Y

Agencies in all principal cities.

We are also the world's largest manufacturers of small direct current motors—1-30 to 15 h. p.—for all purposes. (1)

Here's the Fourth Annual Model of a Radical Change—The Self-Crank

1911 WINTO



Goes the Route Like

THE Winton Six for 1911 is *the same* 48 H. P. car we made for 1910, for 1909, for 1908.

It was a success from the start.

It has not required a single radical change in design or construction.

The motor cranks itself—the only self-cranking motor in the world.

Six 4½ by 5 inch cylinders. All moving parts (except fly wheel) perfectly housed.

Superb ball-bearing, multiple-disc clutch of large diameter.

Selective-type, ball-bearing transmission, with four speeds, of course.

Dual ignition. Bosch magneto. Storage battery. Coil vibrating or non-vibrating at will of operator.

Lubrication automatic, and absolutely reliable. You have only to fill the oil tank.

Frame narrowed in front to permit short turns, and raised over rear axle to allow low suspension of motor and body.

Great big, reliable brakes. Spiders bolted to wheel spokes and hubs. Outside shoes have self-locking, wing-nut adjustment.

Spacious straight-line body. Seats five.

This car holds the world's upkeep record of 184,190 miles on $142.43 repair expenses. Averages 77 cents per 1000 miles. Sworn records only. No hearsay or guess-so.

Combines the sweetness of electricity and the flexibility of steam with the highest possible efficiency of the gasoline motor. As noiseless as ever a motor could be.

A jarless, shockless motor, easy on passengers, mechanism and tires—because it is a real Six.

Travels through traffic on high at a slow speed that, if attempted on a four, would stall the motor.

Climbs hills on high-gear where fours go back to second or first gear.

Equipment includes two Gray & Davis gas lamps, three Gray & Davis oil lamps, horn, tools, and Prest-O-Lite gas tank.

Made by the only company in the world that is producing sixes exclusively for the fourth consecutive year.

Sells at $3000. To find its worth compare it with cars selling at $5000 or more.

And worthy of the consideration of every man who thinks well enough of himself to want in his service the latest and the best utilities his money can buy.

These are some of the features o

Motor Exactly the same as before. Six cylinders. 4½ x 5 inches. 48 horse power, A. L. A. M. rating. Cylinders cast in pairs, and offset. Cylinders ground. No moving parts exposed, except fly wheel. Interchangeable, one piece, mechanically operated valves all on one side. Quiet spiral gears in front. Four bearing crank shaft has tensile strength of 125,000 pounds to the square inch. Crank case has inspection openings. Crank shaft, pistons, etc., removable without removing cylinders.

Self Starter—Motor starts from the seat without hand cranking. Operates by air pressure. A simple device with but one moving part. A Winton Six feature *exclusively*.

Tire Inflator—An attachment on the self starter inflates tires without manual labor. Also an *exclusive* feature.

Ignition Dual system. Bosch magneto. Storage battery.

Carburetor Perfected single nozzle, with double throttle. Shows exceptional efficiency and responsiveness. Primer on dash.

Lubrication—Positive force-feed. Same system as before. Grease cups on springs.

Cooling Gear driven centrifugal pump. New design Winton radiator, vertical tubes. Radiator fan, gear driven.

Clutch Multiple disc, having 67 large diameter friction surfaces, running in oil bath. Takes hold gently, but positively. We have used this clutch four years, and find it exceedingly effective.

Gear-Change Mechanism—Selective, sliding gears. Four forward speeds and reverse. Direct drive on third speed. Lock-out on fourth speed.

Frame—Pressed steel. Narrow in front to permit short turns, and raised over rear axle to allow low suspension of motor and body. Motor and transmission carried on drop [illegible]

Steering Screw and nut design, worm and gear. Wheel is 18 inches in diameter. Steer front axle. Hard rubber steering wheel.

Brakes Four, all on rear wheel hubs. Internal and external. Ample brake leverage. No transmission brake.

Drive Propeller shaft, with roller bearings on pinion shaft. Three roller bearings on propeller shaft. Large front universal joint, with large bearing surface.

Axles Front axle is an I beam section, drop forging. Carries no load, weight being carried by the large drawn steel tube that surrounds the rear axle. Internal gear of nickel steel gears and pinions.

Radius Rods—Have ball joints at both ends.

Springs Semi elliptical of ample size.

Wheels—Twelve spoke artillery 36 inches in diameter. Ball bearings throughout.

Tires—Quick detachable, 4 and 4½ inches.

Tanks 22 gallon gasoline tank at rear for emergency use, prevents stranding. Auxiliary gasoline tank on dash. Barrier under pressure.

Body—Five passenger, straight-line [illegible]

Only Motor that Cranks Itself

THE Winton Six motor *cranks itself*. It is the only motor that cranks itself.

Our self-cranking system is a great convenience in saving labor, annoyance and humiliation to the car owner and also

It is the *only natural method* of starting the motor.

In the Winton Six, air pressure admitted to the cylinders causes the pistons to move through their various strokes.

During this movement, which draws in fresh gas, the spark occurs, igniting the charge and causing the motor to begin its regular operations.

Note that the pistons *are already moving* when the spark occurs.

That's important.

* * *

Some motors are advertised to "start on the spark."

That method is both *uncertain* and *violent*.

No motor will "start on the spark" unless there be gas in the sparking cylinder.

If the gas isn't there, all the sparks in christendom *will not start the motor*.

Therefore, you are never quite sure whether the spark starting system will work or not.

But assuming that you are fortunate enough to have gas in the proper cylinder—what happens?

Just this—all the force of that charge of gas is shot against pistons that are *standing dead still*.

The shock thus sustained by the entire train of pistons, the crank shaft and the bearings is like that suffered by a standing railroad car that is bumped by a locomotive going 20 miles per hour.

* * *

If you value your car and mean to treat it with consideration (so that it will not be prematurely incapacitated) *don't ever* "start on the spark."

* * *

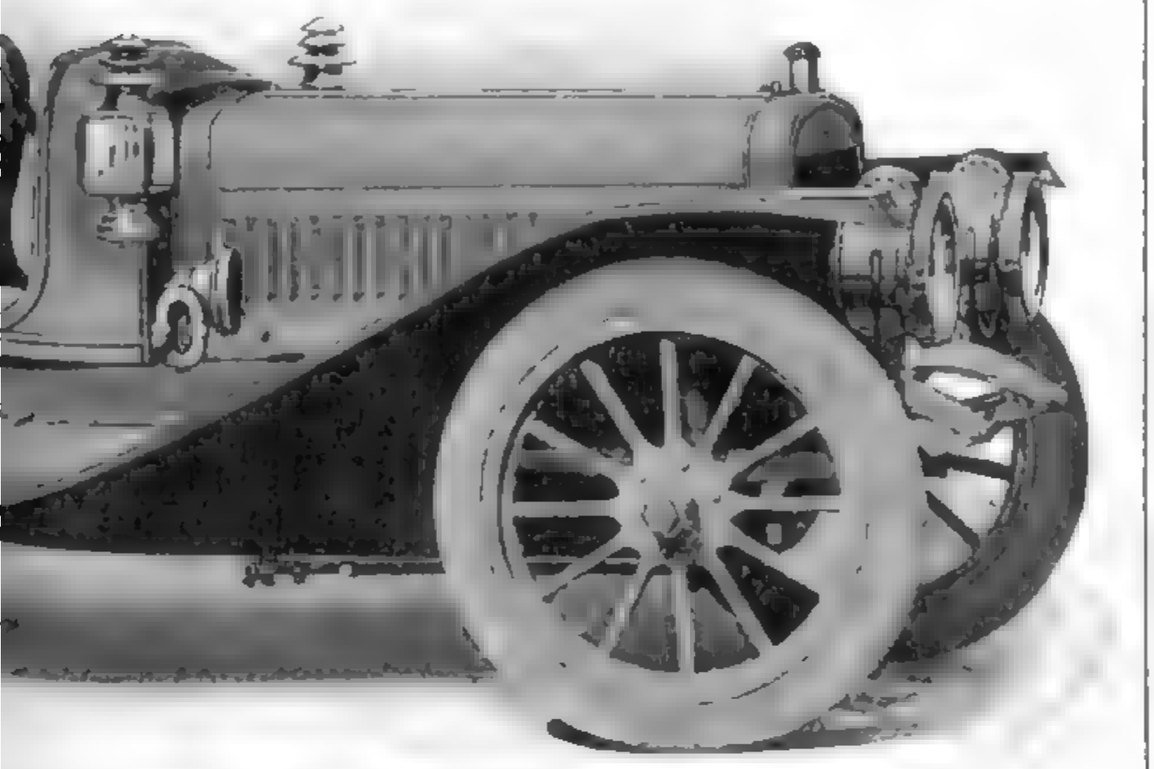
If your car isn't a self-cranking Winton Six, give it a fair chance and *crank* it.

If your car is a self cranking Winton Six, you have the assurance that, by means of air pressure, you are starting the motor on the simplest, easiest and only mechanically perfect method known to the automobile world.

And no matter how often you use your Winton Six air starter, you are never injuring your motor.

Car that Has Never Required a Single ing, Sweet-Running, Six-Cylinder

N SIX $3000



Coasting Down Hill

f the $3000 Winton Six for 1911

front to allow short turns. Raised on of motor and body. Motor clutch rames. No sub frame.

th ball thrust bearings. Forward ring wheel rim

s. Solid brake spiders. Increased brake.

type universal couplings. Timken riving mechanism entirely housed. ubricant retainer.

ion drop forging. Rear axle, float- of bar being carried on heavy he axle. Spur differential. Drop- s.

h code.

e.

Inch wood wheels. Timken roller

nch.

rs. Holds in reserve three gallons nding for lack of fuel. Patented Avoids feeding gasoline to car

ody, built wholly of wood, on beau- iful lines. Is low, long and especially comfortable. Divided seat in front. Wide tonneau doors. Seven-passenger equipment extra.

Finish—Without question Winton cars carry the finest finish that skilled coachwork and finest paints and varnishes can produce.

Dash—Wood, with steel hood. Carries spark coil, auxiliary gasoline tank, carburetor primer, and self-starter gage, push-button and shut off.

Bonnet—Aluminum. Quadruple hinged.

Guards—Extra wide guards of beautiful design, with visor at front end. Guards and shields fully protect body from road wheel splash.

Flooring—Running boards and front floor are covered with pressed aluminum.

Levers and Pedals—Longer spark and throttle levers on steering column. Long or short pedals at purchaser's option.

Dust Pan—Pan extends from front axle to rear of transmission. Apron extends from radiator to front axle. The under side of the car is therefore completely housed.

Lockers—Storage space under both seats.

Gear Ratios—3.69 to 1, 3.2 to 1, 2.04 to 1, 2.64 to 1.

Equipment—Two gas head lamps, two oil side lamps, one oil tail lamp, gas tank or generator, horn and full set of tools.

PRICE—With touring-car body	$3000
With roadster or toy-tonneau body	3000
With torpedo body	3250
With limousine body	4250
With landaulet body	4500
Chassis only	2750

Holds World's Lowest Upkeep Record

IT HAS remained for the Winton Company to inaugurate a system of *organized upkeep accounting* whereby the results obtained from year to year by the owners of Winton Sixes shall be regularly recorded and then passed upon by competent disinterested judges before being published. The Winton system requires that the cars must be stock models used in the service of individual owners, and driven by the chauffeurs whom the owners choose to employ. No record is accepted unless the car has traveled 3000 miles, no record is accepted unless the owner and his chauffeur make reports from month to month, and no record is accepted except on the *sworn statements* of both the owner and his chauffeur.

The Winton plan represents the only effort ever put forth by a manufacturer to give the public authentic figures as to the cost of a car's upkeep.

Inaugurated in 1908, the plan is now in its third year. Figures for the first two years are presented herewith; third year figures will be published about December 15, 1910.

In 1908 and 1909, twenty Winton Sixes traveled 184,190 miles—more than seven times the distance around the earth at the equator. A fairly exhaustive test.

Nine of these cars ran 72,721 miles with absolutely *no upkeep expense*.

Thirteen of these cars ran 103,226 miles with a total of *73 cents upkeep expense*.

Only four of these cars had more than $10 expense each, and these four cars totaled 55,860 miles, averaging 13,965 miles each.

Each of the twenty cars averaged 1315.6 miles per month, 43.8 miles per day. Had to keep moving to do that distance every day winter, spring and summer.

And the average upkeep expense for each of these twenty cars was *77 cents per 1000 miles—a world's record*.

Not only is that a world's record, but it is a world's record that means something to motor car buyers, for it is a fact that touches the pocket book, and such facts count.

Authentic upkeep figures are the most reliable indication of a car's real worth.

Low upkeep cost indicates a car that keeps out of repair shops, that avoids repair bills, that will stand up and be ready to go its prettiest when wanted. A car that must be nursed, and petted, and bolstered up, and repaired, and overhauled cannot earn a low upkeep record.

TO OWN a Winton Six means a new enthusiasm—it means the delight of having in one's service a car not restricted by the limitations of other cars, but richly excellent in quietness and beauty of operation, in wide range of motor flexibility, and in superb hill-climbing capacity.

The possession of a Winton Six reflects upon its owner an exclusive distinction. It indicates a buyer of discernment, one who has recognized the difference between old and new standards, and has chosen well.

The Winton Six satisfies the most exacting buyers, which is the best evidence of its merit; and, beyond all this, it imposes upon its buyers no penalty of price beyond value, and no burdensome expense of upkeep.

* * * * *

Items Deserving Consideration

The Winton Six is entitled to the attention of every buyer of high-grade cars on the items of:

Individualistic features, as its self-cranking motor

Extensive concentrated experience of its makers in producing this precise type of car.

Rightness of design and construction, as indicated by four years of success without radical change

Experience of its individual owners, indicating thorough satisfaction and establishing the world's record minimum repair expense

Economy to the purchaser in its initial cost

* * * * *

Wherein the Six is Superior

The superiority of the six-cylinder car over all other types is emphatically the most impelling reason why the car buyer should investigate the Winton Six before reaching a decision of purchase.

The technical reasons for this superiority are imposing and undeniable, but it is not our purpose to present these reasons here. We shall be glad to send to any inquirer a publication in which all the vital points of the subject are simply and explicitly presented.

* * * * *

Owners Who are Qualified to Speak

Especially worthy of consideration is the fact that practically every present owner of a six-cylinder car formerly owned cars having less than six cylinders. Experience with other types made them competent to judge whether six-cylinder merit justified its praise. And when they became six-cylinder buyers, their judgment took the most practical form possible.

Since it is but natural that the prospective buyer should solicit the opinions of other car owners before deciding upon a car to purchase, it is important that opinion be taken for what it is worth, and not otherwise. Thus, whereas the present six-cylinder owner (having owned and driven both types) is most likely qualified to pass judgment upon both fours and sixes, on the other hand the judgment of the present four owner (who has never possessed a six) must necessarily be limited to fours exclusively.

Indeed, it is probable that were the present four owner competent to discuss sixes, he would not continue to be a four owner, but instead would have a six at his service—a service so delightful, so enjoyable, so unexpectedly excellent (to those who thought the possibilities of motor car charm had long since been exhausted) that it eludes description.

* * * * *

Comparison with Highest Grade Cars

Judgment of car merit must necessarily be *by comparison*. A car is never better than itself. It must be better than some other car; and one must have some idea of that other car in order to be able to judge.

Hence, we urge investigation of the Winton Six and the closest comparison with other high-grade cars, not alone to determine for yourself what this car is and what it will do, but, more important still, in order that you may know how much better it is and how much superior is its performance.

In your comparisons we suggest no price limit. Even though you may not seriously intend to buy a $5000 or $6000 car, still we urge that you investigate cars selling at such prices, and then compare them with the Winton Six. For a comparison of this nature will do more than anything else to emphasize that the Winton Six provides for the car buyer *every desirable automobile element and attribute*, and this at a purchase and operation cost which must appeal to the buyer of taste and judgment.

Literature for Car Buyers

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THE STAR IN MUFTI

(Continued from Page 9)

"It's a little exaggerated, my lord," said Downing.

"It's not," stormed Polly; "it's Bible."

Downing glanced at the clock.

"I really think you must be going, Polly," he said, "or you'll be late for your call. You'll find my taxi at the end of the next street. Send it back for me, and tell them I'll be at the Hall in half an hour."

Polly looked at the others.

"They can't do you no harm, can they?" she asked suspiciously. Downing shook his head

"None greater," he said, "than I have done them."

"And now, sir," said the vicar, when she had gone

"If you will sit down," said Downing humbly, "I'll tell you the whole story" He glanced at the bishop. "I'm afraid, my lord, I have been very—very lacking in reverence, my lord."

"But what's the story?" asked the bishop

Downing coughed a little nervously.

"In the first place," he said, "I have not deceived you as regards my name and birth. My father was the Reverend George Downing of Culmer Parva, in Durham. He died when I was very young, leaving a widow and seven children. My mother died the year after, and the rest of us were soon separated among various friends and acquaintances. I was educated at a cheap grammar school, and became a shop assistant in the Midlands. It was while I was serving behind the counter there that the wish—the passion—to follow my father's path grew upon me. In order, as I thought, to better myself, I came to London, but found myself, if anything, worse off than before." He looked a little deprecatingly at the bishop. "My line was millinery, and I was very provincial," he explained. He paused for a moment, the others watching him keenly.

"It was then," he continued, "that I—I had a humorous idea. It came to me quite suddenly. I don't know how. I made it into a song, and thought of a tune to it. And then I took it to Lorry Jones—you may have heard of him—and asked him if he would like it. He was very kind, but said he didn't quite see how it went. So I showed him. I sang it to him. I haven't met many artists since with so little professional jealousy. He advised me to keep it; in fact, to sing it myself in public. And that was the beginning of my music-hall career."

He stopped again, but his listeners were silent.

"For six or seven years," he went on, "I had a pretty hard time, though I earned, on the whole, rather more than I had done in the shop. And then, when I was just over thirty, I thought of a song that seemed to catch the public very wonderfully."

The bishop nodded.

"When Uncle Caught the Stilton," he interposed.

Downing colored a little.

"I'm afraid, my lord, it seems very common," he said, "but the people I sing it to like it—they nearly always ask for it even now—and it is already ten years old."

"It's a good song," said the bishop

"After that," continued Downing, "I began to earn what seemed to me a great deal of money. And I wrote several other songs that have been nearly as successful as the first. I appeal to a certain audience, you see, and I have studied them rather thoroughly. They are what the gentlemen at Oxford and Cambridge call outsiders. They wear rather cheap tweed suits and rather bright-colored ties. They smoke a great many cigarettes, and grease their hair, and carry pictures of their girls upon their watch-chains. But there are a very great many of them, and I have come to know exactly how to attract them. That is why I am so valuable to the managers. That is why they are willing to pay me a rather large salary."

He paused again.

"And yet—if you will forgive me for being so long—the old desire for the church merely grew stronger. It occurred to me, you see, that since I had found the way to their minds, I might—with divine help—I might some day find the way to something deeper. So when my first lot of contracts came to an end, I disappeared into the country for a few months, and took up some classes. Nobody, you see, knew me as Downing, and I did this without attracting any attention. Poppington was on a holiday somewhere. That was all. In the same way I became ordained. And here I was confronted with a very great temptation. I had meant to retire from the stage. But just at this time I learned that two of my sisters had fallen on hard times. None of my family knew me as Poppington; but from time to time I had helped them out of what they believed to be my savings in business.

"At the same time I saw the curacy here advertised, and guessed at once that it would lead me—if you will pardon my saying so, Mr. Bradshaw—into just the sort of sphere to which I was suited, and this without taking me from London. Moreover, when I came to think of it, I saw so many channels opening out for the money that I could earn that I decided if possible to return for a while to the stage. I conceived the idea of singing as Poppington, and working as Downing"

He rose to his feet as the throbbing of a taxicab became audible at the street door below.

"And now, if you will forgive me, I must leave you for half an hour. I am under a contract, you see And I don't wish to disappoint my audience"

The bishop got up from his chair, laying a hand on the vicar's sleeve

"If you will allow us," he said, "we should like to go with you"

Downing hesitated for a moment, and then smiled a little

"I think you might," he said. "I'm not ashamed of my songs."

Ten minutes later they drew up at the stage door of the Carnation. The porter touched his hat.

"Big scare inside, sir," he said to Downing, "till Miss Pinhole told 'em your message. They've put on the Babinskis, sir, and you're next call."

"Do you think," said Downing, "you could find these gentlemen some seats?"

The porter regarded the two clergymen, and especially the bishop, with some surprise.

"'Ouse very full, sir," he said; "but I'll see."

"Oh, never mind," said the bishop; "we'll stand at the back."

And it was at the back that they stood, both, for the first time in many years, in a large and crowded music-hall. Through wreaths of blue tobacco-smoke they could see the stage beyond the stalls, now occupied by three brothers, whose contortions were creating a mild amusement. Above their heads they were conscious of tier upon tier of crowded, eager listeners. As they entered the rumor had spread, from the bar at their right hand, that Poppington was in the house. They saw people whispering about it, boys telling their girls, and husbands their wives. And when, five minutes later, his number was put up by the attendants, the whole audience burst into a roar of cheering, that was more than redoubled when the little comedian actually appeared.

Taking the vicar by the arm, the bishop moved him a little forward toward the front of the building, obtaining in this way a clear view of the listeners' faces.

"Do you see?" he whispered. "He has the gift, Bradshaw, he has the gift."

And indeed this was self-evident. From the moment of Poppington's entrance a sense of friendliness had dominated the house—a kind of brotherly accord had been established between the singer and his hearers. By some subtle influence he had wooed them to love him; and it was to this fact, as the bishop instinctively perceived, that he owed his outstanding success. For the humor of his songs was crude. In cold print, it would have appeared on the face of it pre-doomed to utter failure. And though the refrains were sufficiently alluring it was still the man himself, with his curious, humble bonhomie, and his quaint human knowledge, who was their real soul. So that, when at last the orchestra struck up the well-known strains of When Uncle Caught the Stilton on the Hop, an astounded vicar beheld his bishop clapping his hands like a boy.

Afterward, at the stage door, the bishop turned to him.

"If only you and I, now," he said, "could keep a thousand people happy for half an

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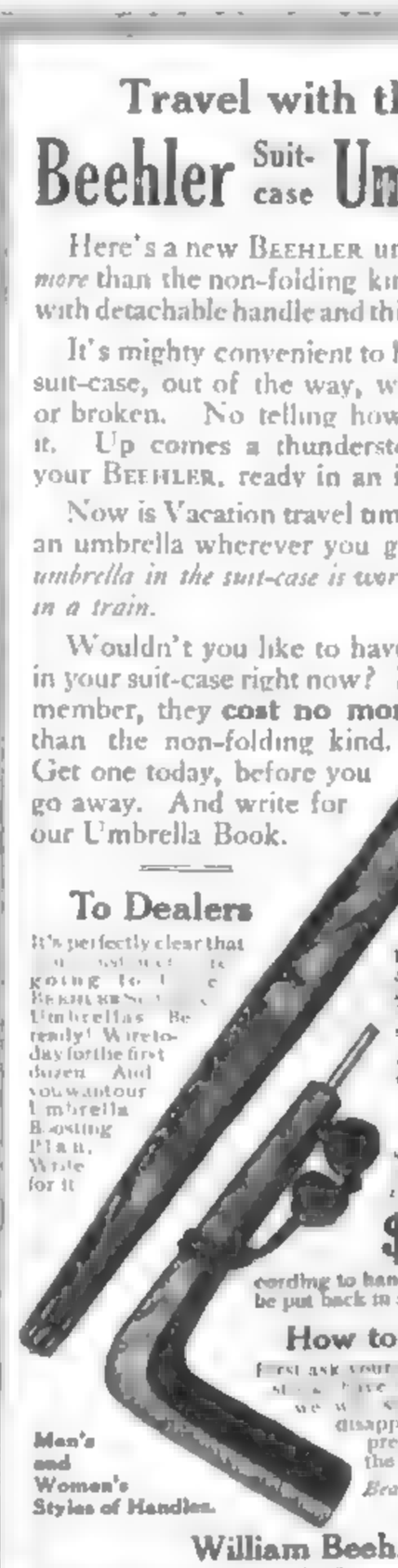

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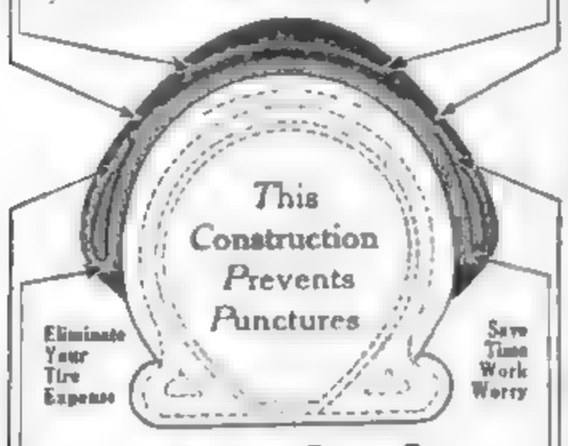

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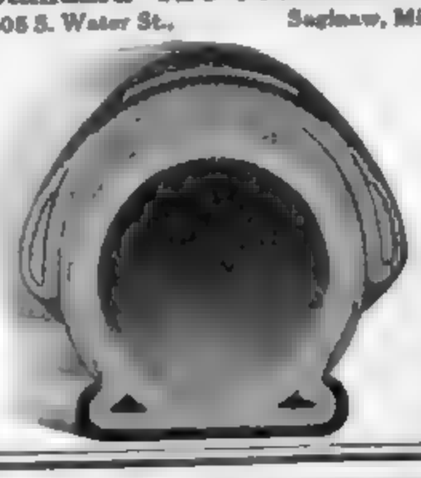

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hour—could create, in every evening, five hundred hours of solid joy!"

The vicar stared at him.

"I trust," he answered, "that we have better things to do."

It was no hero of the people that greeted them again upon the pavement, but, instead, an insignificant little curate.

"I haven't another show tonight," he said; "so, if I may, I'll drive you home."

"My carriage is to meet me at the vicarage," said the bishop, and they drove thither in silence.

At the door, Downing dismissed the cab.

"If you would be so good as to step inside for a moment," the bishop said, "I should be glad."

Now, as it chanced, there had been a bazar in a neighboring parish upon this evening, and perhaps this was one of the reasons why Mrs. Cranmer-Wycliffe and Mrs. Harrington-Cohen had dropped in at the vicarage at so late an hour. But it must also be admitted that they were aware of the somewhat crucial point to which the investigation of Mr. Downing had today arrived.

And thus it was that the vicar, ushering the bishop and his curate into his sanctum, beheld it already occupied by the three well-dressed ladies. Mrs. Cranmer-Wycliffe, having the advantage of Mrs. Harrington-Cohen, came forward at once, holding out her hand to the bishop.

"We have already met, I think," she smiled.

"Frequently," the bishop said, with a conviction that Mrs. Cranmer-Wycliffe, conscious only of a single perfunctory handshake at a garden-party, found a little disconcerting. Nor was her confusion lessened by encountering the eyes of Downing humbly fixed upon her heightening color. The bishop looked at his watch.

"Before this matter goes further," he said, "allow me to introduce to you, in the person of Mr. Downing, the very celebrated comedian, Mr. Thomas Poppington. You may or may not be aware of the position that he holds, and that his modesty has hitherto hidden from us. In a circle as large, if not considerably larger, than ours, this position is higher and more genuinely beloved than that of any of us here present. How sincerely he has used it for pure good is common knowledge, both in his own sphere and in the larger one that contains us all. His earnings, which I believe are far greater than those of any but a very few of his countrymen, have been placed at the disposal of all rather than himself. And his outlook upon life—I say it with all reverence—has been that of our common Master."

Pausing for a moment, he turned his eyes from the little ring of hot and amazed faces that were watching him with undisguised disapproval, and smiled at the curate.

"Tomorrow," he said, holding out his hand, "we shall, no doubt, have some pretty hard thinking to do between us. But meanwhile—God bless you, Mr. Downing!"

The Lobster

The lobster is a noble bird
That haunts the deep blue sea.
It sings no song; it speaks no word;
Its days pass silently.
It ambles round 'mid rock and weed,
O'er pastures submarine,
Content the simple life to lead,
Deep-sea-rious and serene.
The lobster's is a happy lot
Until it meets the lobster pot.

Then from such scenes, devoid of strife,
The green young lobster goes
To lead the gay, nocturnal life
With boozy belles and beaux.
The crown of ev'ry feast and spread,
The pride of chef and host,
He is a thing of joy when dead,
When he is guest and ghost.
Thus, when the lobster goes to pot,
His end is famous, fast and hot.

O lobster! guileless, gentle, green,
Foredoomed to broil in state,
Torn from thy pastures submarine,
Pathetic is thy fate.
Ah, better far the life serene
Amid thy rocks and weeds,
Than fame postprandial, intestine,
Where Broadway fares and feeds;
For in the dietetic laws
The lobster has no saving clause.

— *Joseph Smith.*

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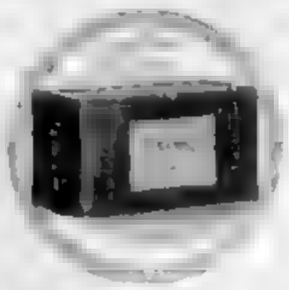

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AILSA PAIGE

(Continued from Page 19)

"I would like to walk uptown," said Ailsa Paige. "I really don't care to sit still in a car for two miles. You need not come any farther—unless you care to."

He said airily: "A country ramble with a pretty girl is always agreeable to me. I'll come if you'll let me."

She looked up at him, perplexed, undecided.

"Are you making fun of Brooklyn or of me?"

"Of neither. May I come?"

"If you care to," she said.

They walked on together up Fulton Street, following the stream of returning sightseers and business men, passing recruiting stations where red-legged infantry of the Fourteenth city regiment stood in groups, reading the extras just issued by the Eagle and Brooklyn Times concerning the bloody riot in Baltimore and the attack on the Sixth Massachusetts.

Everywhere, too, soldiers of the Thirteenth, Twenty-eighth and Seventieth regiments of city infantry, in blue state uniforms, were marching about briskly, full of the business of recruiting and of their departure, which was scheduled for the twenty-third of April.

Already the complexion of the Brooklyn civic sidewalk crowds was everywhere brightened by military uniforms; cavalrymen of the troop of dragoons attached to the Eighth New York, jaunty lancers from the troop of lancers attached to the Sixty-ninth New York, riflemen in green epaulets and facings, Zouaves in red, blue and brown uniforms, came hurrying down the stony street to Fulton Ferry on their return from witnessing a parade of the Fourteenth Brooklyn at Fort Greene. And every figure in uniform thrilled the girl with suppressed excitement and pride.

Berkley, eying them askance, began blandly:

"Citizens of martial minds,
Uniforms of wondrous kinds,
Wonderful the sights we see—
Ailsa, you'll agree with me."

"Are you utterly without human feeling?" she demanded. "Because, if you are, there isn't the slightest use of my pretending to be civil to you any longer."

"Have you been pretending?"

"I suppose you think me destitute of humor," she said, "but there is nothing humorous about patriotism and self-sacrifice to me, and nothing very admirable about those who mock it."

Her cheeks were deeply flushed; she looked straight ahead of her as she walked beside him.

. . . . . .

Yet even now the swift little flash of anger revealed an inner glimpse to her of her unaltered desire to know this man; of her interest in him—of something about him that attracted her but defied analysis, or had defied it until, pursuing it too far one day, she had halted suddenly and backed away.

Then, curiously, reflectively, little by little she retraced her steps. And curiosity urged her to investigate in detail the Four Fears—fear of the known in another, fear of the unknown in another, fear of the known in oneself, fear of the unknown in oneself. That halted her again, for she knew now that it was something within herself that threatened her, an occult thing which had its origin not in him but in herself. But it was his nearness to her that evoked it.

For she saw now that her real inclination was to be with him; that she had liked him from the first, had found him agreeable—pleasant past belief—and that, although there seemed to be no reason for her liking—no excuse, nothing to explain her half-fearful pleasure in his presence and her desire for it—she did desire it. And for the first time since her widowhood she felt that she had been living her life out along lines that lay closer to solitude than to the happy freedom of which she had reluctantly dreamed, locked in the manacles of a loveless marriage.

For her marriage had been one of romantic pity born of the ignorance of her immaturity; and she was very young when she became the wife of Warfield Paige—Celia's brother—a gentle, sweet-tempered invalid, dreamy, romantic and pitifully confident of life, the days of which were already numbered.

She sometimes suspected pity as her one besetting sin. Was it pity for this man—a young man only twenty-four, her own age, so cheerful under the crushing weight of material ruin? Was it his poverty that appealed?

Was it her instinct to protect? If all she heard was true he sorely needed protection from himself. For tales of him had filtered to her young ears—indefinite rumors of unworthy things—of youth wasted and manhood threatened.

Was it his solitude in the world for which she was sorry? She had no parents, either. But she had their house and their memories concrete in every picture, every curtain, every chair and sofa. Twilight whispered of them through every hallway, every room; dawn was instinct with their unseen spirits, sweetening everything in the quiet old house. . . . And that day she had learned where he lived. And she dared not imagine how.

They turned together into the quiet, tree-shaded street, and, in the mellow sunset light, something about it and the pleasant, vine-hung house and the sense of restfulness moved her with a wistful impulse that he, too, should share a little of the home welcome that awaited her from her own kin.

"Will you remain and dine with us, Mr. Berkley?"

He looked up, so frankly surprised at her kindness that it hurt her all through.

"I want to be friends with you," she said impulsively. "Didn't you know it?"

They had halted at the foot of the stoop.

"I should think you could see how easy it would be for us to become friends," she said with pretty self-possession. But her heart was beating violently.

His pulses, too, were rapping out a message to his intelligence: "You had better not go in," it ran.

As they entered the house her sister-in-law rose from the piano in the front parlor and came forward.

"Were you worried, dearest?" cried Ailsa gayly. "I really couldn't help it. And Mr. Berkley lost his hat, and I've brought him back to dinner."

VII

TO BERKLEY the times were surcharged with agreeable agitation. A hullabaloo diverted him. He himself was never noisy, but agitated and noisy people always amused him.

Day after day the city's multicolored militia regiments passed through its echoing streets; day after day Broadway resounded with the racket of their drums. Rifles, chasseurs, Zouaves, foot artillery, pioneers, engineers, rocket batteries, the Seventy-ninth Highlanders, dismounted lancers of the Sixty-ninth and dragoons of the Eighth—every heard-of and unheard-of unnecessary auxiliary to a respectable regiment of state infantry—mustered for inspection and marched away in polychromatic magnificence. Park, avenue and square shrilled with their windy fifes; the towering sides of the transports struck back the wild music of their bands; Castle William and Fort Hamilton saluted them from the ferries to the Narrows; and, hoarse with cheering, the people stared through dim eyes till the last stain of smoke off Sandy Hook vanished seaward. All of which doings immensely diverted Berkley.

The city, too, had become a thoroughfare for New England and Western troops hurrying pell-mell toward the Capital and that unknown bourn so vaguely defined as the "seat of war." Also, all avenues were now dotted with barracks and recruiting stations, around which crowds clamored. Fire Zouaves, Imperial Zouaves, National Zouaves, Billy Wilson's Zouaves, appropriated without ceremony the streets and squares as drill-grounds. All day long they maneuvered and double-quicked; all day and all night herds of surprised farm horses destined for cavalry, light artillery and glory, clattered toward the docks; files of brand-new army wagons, gun-carriages smelling of fresh paint, caissons, forges, ambulances, bound South, checked the city traffic and added to the city's tumult as they jolted in hundreds and hundreds toward the wharves—materially contributing to Berkley's entertainment.

Beginning with the uproarious war meeting in Union Square, every day saw its crowds listening to the harangue of a

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The contact between these keen edges produces an extremely large, flame-like spark, making available at least 20% more power than any other plug.

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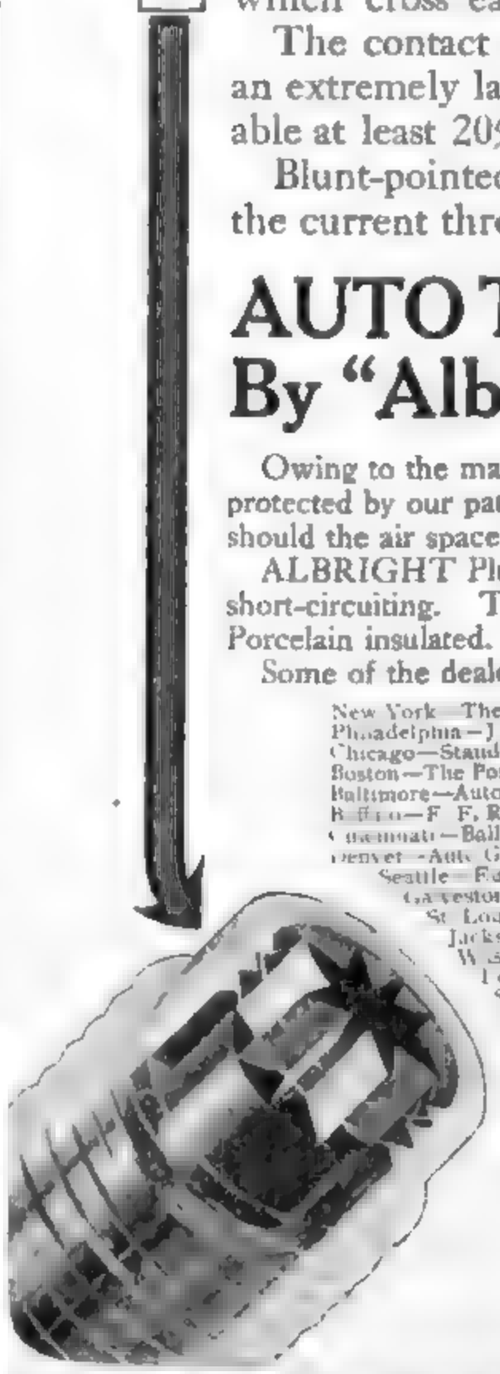

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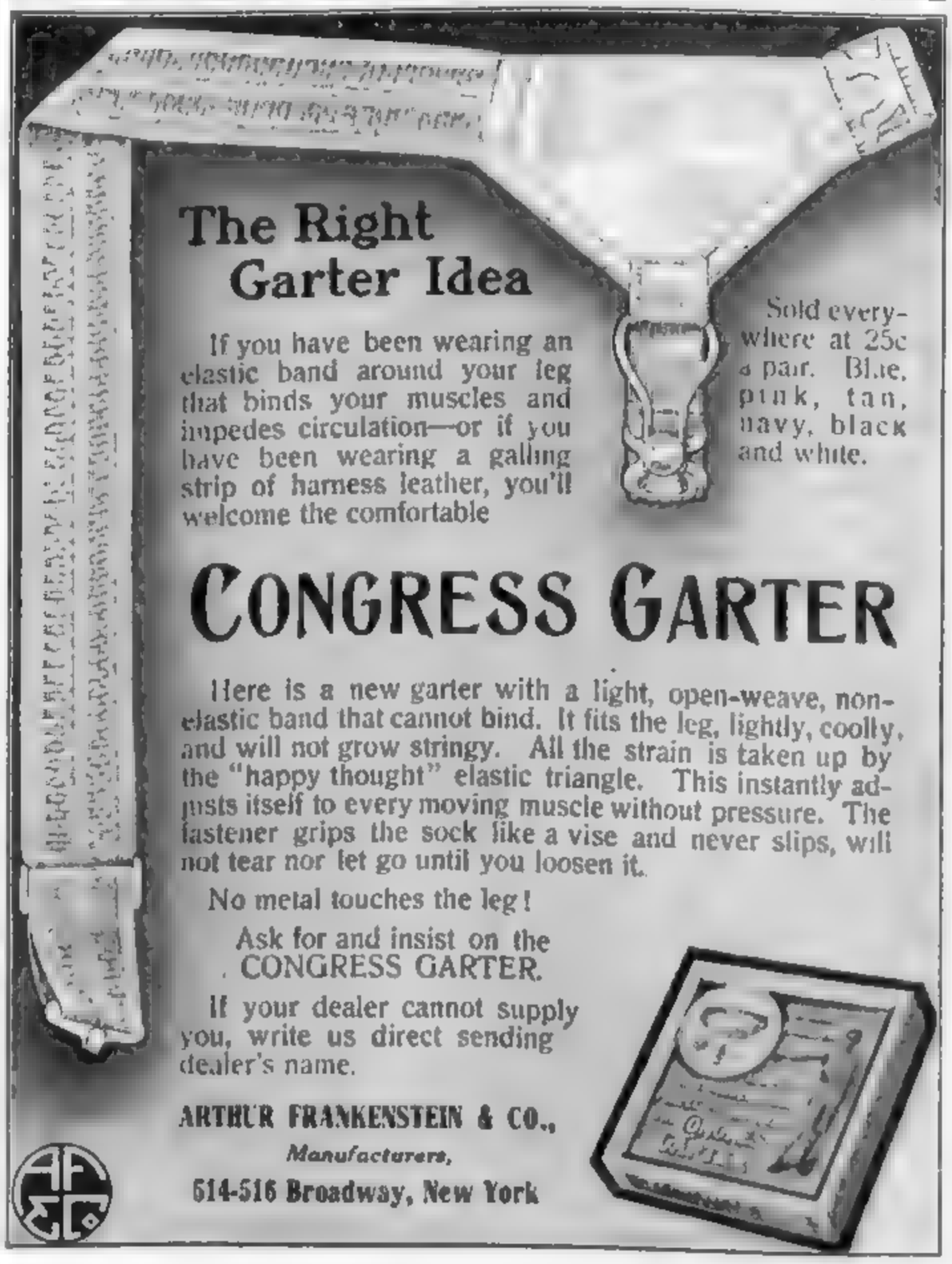
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somebody or a nobody. Sometimes short, ugly demonstrations were made against an unpopular newspaper office or the residence of an unpopular citizen; the police were rough and excitable, the nerves of the populace on edge; the city was now nearly denuded of its militia, and everybody was very grateful for the temporary presence of volunteer regiments in process of formation.

As yet the tension of popular excitement had not jaded the capacity of the city for pleasure. People were ready for excitement, welcomed it after the dreadful year of lethargy. Stocks fell, but the theaters were the fuller; Joseph Jefferson at Winter Garden, Wallack at his own theater, The Seven Sisters at Laura Keene's, drew unsatisfied crowds, galloping headlong on the heels of pleasure.

Philharmonics, plays, burlesques, concerts, minstrel entertainments never lacked audiences, especially when the proceeds were destined for the Union Defense Committee; the hotels, Bancroft, St. Nicholas, Metropolitan, New York, Fifth Avenue, were all brilliantly thronged at night; cafés and concert halls like the Gaieties, Canterbury and American, flourished and flaunted their advertisements; grills, restaurants, saloons multiplied. There was none too many for Berkley's amusement.

As yet no battle lightning flickered along the southern horizon to sober folk with premonition; but the nightly illumination of the metropolis was becoming tinged with a more sinister reflection where license had already begun to lift a dozen hydra-heads from certain lurid resorts hitherto limited in number and in impudence.

It was into the streets of such a city, a meaner, dirtier, uglier, noisier, perhaps more vicious edition of the French metropolis of the Third Empire, thronged with fantastic soldiery and fox-eyed contractors, filled already with new faces, that Berkley sauntered twice a day to and from his office, regretting only that his means did not permit him to go to the devil like a gentleman.

And one day, out of the hurlyburly, and against all laws of probability and finance, an incredible letter was handed to him. And he read it, standing by his window, and calmly realized that he was now no longer penniless.

Some inspired idiot had become a credulous market for his apparently unmarketable securities. Who this person was his brokers did not say; but whoever it was had bought every rotten share he held, and there was money for him in the world. And he must be on his way out of it.

As he stood there, the letter in his hands, drums sounded across the street, and Stephen came in from the outer office.

"Another regiment," he announced to Berkley. "Do you know where they come from?"

Berkley shook his head, and they went to the windows. Below them surged the flood of dead wood driven before the oncoming waves—haggard men, ragged men, small boys, darkies, Bowery boys, stray red-shirted firemen, then the police, then solid double ranks of drums battered by flashing, brass-bound drumsticks, then line after line of blue and steel, steadily flowing through the streets and away, away into the unknown.

"How young they are!" muttered Farren, the gray-haired cashier, standing behind Stephen's shoulders. "God bless me, they're children!"

"It's a Vermont regiment," said Berkley; "they're filing out of the Park Barracks. What a lot of hawk-nosed, hatchet-faced, turkey-necked cow-milkers!—all heroes, too, Steve. You can tell that because they're in uniform and carry guns."

Stephen watched the lank troops, fascinated by the long, silent, almost gliding stride of officers and men loaded down with knapsack, blanket and canteen, their caps pushed high on their red and sweating foreheads. There was a halt, big hands, big red knuckles, big feet, and the delicate curve of the hawk's beak outlining every Yankee nose; queer, humorous, restless glances sweeping Gotham streets and windows where Gotham crowded to gaze back at the halted youngsters in blue; then a far tenor cry, nasal commands, thin voices penetrating from out of the crowded distance, a sudden steadying of ranks, the level flash of shouldered steel, a thousand men marking time, and at last the drums' quick outbreak, and the First Vermont Infantry passed onward into the unknown.

"I'd rather like to go there—to see what there is there," observed Berkley.

"Where?"

"Where they're going—wherever that may be—and I think I know."

He glanced absently at his letter again.

"I've sold some stock—all I had—and I've made a lot of money," he said listlessly.

Stephen dropped an impulsive hand on his shoulder.

"I'm terribly glad, Berkley! I'm delighted!" he said with a warmth that brought a slight color into Berkley's face.

"That's nice of you, Stephen. It solves the immediate problem of how to go there.

"Go where?"

"Why—where all our bright young men are going, old fellow," said Berkley, laughing. "I can go with a regiment or I can go alone. But I really must be starting."

"You mean to enlist?"

"Yes, it can be done that way, too. Or—other ways. The main thing is to get momentum. . . . I think I'll just step out and say good-by and many thanks to your father. I shall be quite busy for the rest of my career."

"You are not leaving here?"

"I am. But I'll pay my rent first," said Berkley, laughing.

And go he did that very afternoon, and the office of Craig & Son knew him no more.

. . . . . .

A few days later Ailsa Paige returned to New York and reoccupied her own house on London Terrace.

A silk flag drooped between the tall pilasters. Under it at the front door stood Colonel Arran to welcome her. It had been her father's house; he had planted the great catalpa trees on the grassy terrace in front. Here she had been born; from here she had gone away a bride; from here her parents had been buried, both within that same strange year that left her widowed who had scarcely been a wife. And to this old house she had returned alone in her somber weeds—utterly alone in her nineteenth year.

This man had met her then as he met her now; she remembered it—remembered, too, that after any absence, no matter how short, this old friend had always met her at her own doorsill, standing aside with head bent as she crossed the sill.

Now she gave him both hands.

"It is so kind of you, dear Colonel Arran! It would not be a home-coming without you——" And glancing into the hall, nodded radiantly to the assembled servants—her parents' old and privileged and spoiled servants gathered to welcome the young mistress to her own.

"Oh—and there's Missy!" she said as an inquiring "Meow!" sounded close to her skirts. "You irresponsible little thing—I suppose you have more kittens. Has she, Susan?"

"Five, m'm," said Susan dryly.

"Oh, dear. I suppose it can't be avoided. But we mustn't drown any, you know." And with one hand resting on Colonel Arran's arm she began a tour of the house to inspect the new improvements.

Later they sat together amid the faded splendors of the southern drawing-room, where sunshine regilded cornice and pier-glass, turned the lace curtains to nets of gold, and streaked the red damask hangings with slanting bars of fire.

Shiftless old Jonas shuffled in presently with the oval silver tray, ancient decanter and seedcakes.

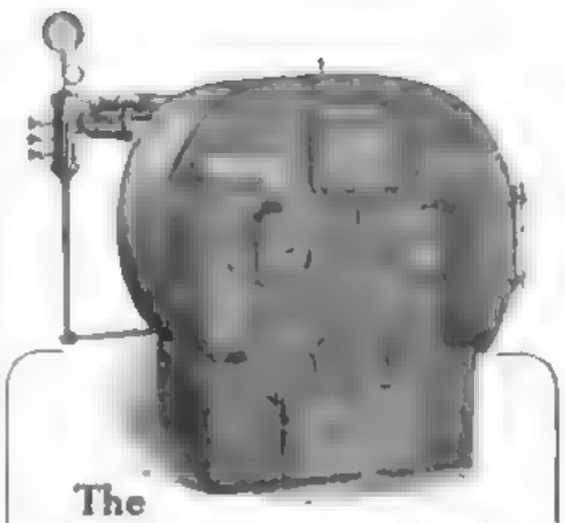
And here, over their cakes and Madeira, she told him about her month's visit to the Craigs, about her life in the quaint and quiet city, the restful, old-fashioned charm of the cultivated circles on Columbia Heights and the Hill, the attractions of a limited society, a little dull, a little prim, pedantic, perhaps provincially simple, but a society caring for the best in art, in music, in literature, instinctively recognizing the best although the best was nowhere common in the city.

She spoke of the agreeable people she had met—unobtrusive, gentle-mannered folk whose homes may have lacked such Madeira and silver as this, but lacked nothing in things of the mind.

She spoke of her very modest and temporary duties in church work there, and in charities; told of the advent of the war news and its effect on the sister city.

And at last, casually, but without embarrassment, she mentioned Berkley.

Colonel Arran's large hand lay along the back of the Virginia sofa, fingers restlessly tracing and retracing the carved foliations



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supporting the horns of plenty. His heavy, highly-colored head was lowered and turned aside a little as though to bring one ear to bear on what she was saying.

"Mr. Berkley seems to be an—unusual man," she ventured. "Do you happen to know him, Colonel Arran?"

"Slightly."

"Oh! Did you know his parents?"

"His mother."

"She is not living, I believe."

"No."

"Is his father living?"

"I—don't know."

Face framed in her delicate white hands she sat, elbows on the table, gazing reflectively into space.

"He is a—curious—man."

"Did you like him?" asked Colonel Arran with an effort.

"Yes," she said, so simply that the Colonel's eyes turned directly toward her, lingered, then became fixed on the sunlit damask folds behind her.

"What did you like about Mr. Berkley, Ailsa?"

She considered; one slim finger crept between her lips, touching the edge of teeth underneath.

"I—don't know—exactly."

"Is he cultivated?"

"Why, yes—I suppose so."

"Is he well bred?"

"Oh, yes; only"—she searched mentally—"he is not, may I say, conventional—formal."

"It is an age of informality," observed Colonel Arran, carefully tracing out each separate grape in the horn of plenty.

Ailsa assented; spoke casually of something else; but when Colonel Arran brought the conversation around again to Berkley she in nowise seemed reluctant.

"He is unusually attractive," she said frankly; "his features, at moments, are almost beautiful. I sometimes wonder whether he resembles his mother. Was she beautiful?"

"Yes."

"I thought she must have been. He resembles her, does he not?"

"Yes."

"His father was—is ——" She hesitated, looked curiously at Colonel Arran, then smiled.

"There was something I never thought of when I first met Mr. Berkley, but now I understand why his features seemed to me not entirely unfamiliar. I don't know exactly what it is, but there seems to be something about him that recalls you."

Colonel Arran sat absolutely still, his heavy hand gripping the horn of plenty, his face so gray that it was almost colorless.

Ailsa, glancing again at his profile, saw nothing now in it resembling Berkley, and, as he made no response, thought him uninterested. But when again she would have changed the subject the Colonel stirred, interrupting:

"Does he seem—well?"

"Well?" she repeated. "Oh, yes."

"He—seems well . . . and in good spirits? Contented? Is he that type of young man? Happy?"

"I don't think he is really very happy, though he is cheerful and amusing. I don't see how he can be very light-hearted."

"Why?"

She shook her head:

"I believe he—I know he must be in painfully straitened circumstances."

"I have heard so," nodded Colonel Arran.

"Oh, he certainly is!" she said with decision. "He lost everything in the panic, and he lives in a most wretched neighborhood, and he hasn't any business except a very little now and then. It made me quite unhappy," she added naïvely.

"And you find him personally agreeable?"

"Yes, I do. I didn't at first"—she checked herself—"I mean, I did at the very first—then I didn't—then I did again, then I didn't ——" The delicate color stole into her cheeks; she lifted her wineglass, looked into it pensively, set it back on the table. "But I understand him better now, I think."

"What in him do you understand better now?"

"I don't know."

"Is he a better kind of a man than you thought him at first?"

"Y-es. He has it in him to be better, I mean. . . . Yes, he is a better man than I thought him—once."

"And you like him?"

"Yes, I do, Colonel Arran."

"Admire him?"

She flushed up. "How do you mean?"

"His qualities?"

"Oh! . . . Yes, he has qualities."

"Admirable?"

"He is exceedingly intelligent."

"Intellectual?"

"I don't exactly know. He pretends to make fun of so many things. It is not easy to be perfectly sure what he really believes, because he laughs at almost everybody and everything. But I am quite certain that he really has beliefs."

"Does he—does he strike you as being—well, say, irresponsible—perhaps I may even say reckless?"

She did not answer, and Colonel Arran did not ask again. He remained silent so long that she presently drifted off into other subjects, and he made no effort to draw her back.

But later, when he took his leave, he said in his heavy way:

"When you see Mr. Berkley say to him that Colonel Arran remembers him. . . . Say to him that it would be my—pleasure—to renew our very slight acquaintance."

"He will be glad, I know," she said warmly.

"Why do you think so?"

"Why? Because I like you!" she explained with a gay little laugh. "And whoever I like Mr. Berkley must like if he and I are to remain good friends."

The Colonel's smile was wintry; the sudden animation in his face had subsided.

"I should like to know him—if he will," he said absently, and took his leave of Ailsa Paige.

Next afternoon he came again and lingered, though neither he nor Ailsa spoke of Berkley. And the next afternoon he reappeared and sat silent, preoccupied, for a long time, in the peculiar hushed attitude of a man who listens. But the doorbell did not ring and the only sound in the house was from Ailsa's piano, where she sat idling through the sunny afternoon.

The next afternoon he said:

"Does he never call on you?"

"Who?"

"Mr. Berkley."

"I—asked him," she replied flushing.

"He has not come, then?"

"Not yet. I suppose—business ——"

The Colonel said, ponderously careless: "I imagine that he is likely to come in the late afternoon—when he does come."

"I don't know. He is in business."

"It doesn't keep him after three o'clock at his office."

She looked up surprised: "Doesn't it?" And her eyes asked instinctively: "How did you know?" But the Colonel sat silent again, his head lowered and partly averted as though to turn his good ear toward her. Clearly his mind already dwelt on other matters, she was thinking; but she was mistaken.

"When he comes," said Colonel Arran slowly, "will you have the kindness to say to him that Colonel Arran will be glad to renew the acquaintance?"

"Yes. . . . Perhaps he has forgotten the street and number. I might write to him—to remind him?" Colonel Arran made no answer.

She wrote that night:

"*Dear Mr. Berkley:* I am in my own house now and am very contented—which does not mean that I did not adore being with Celia Craig and Estcourt and the children.

"But home is pleasant, and I am wondering whether you might care to see the home of which I have so often spoken to you when you used to come over to Brooklyn to see me [*me* erased and *us* neatly substituted in long, sweeping chirography].

"I have been doing very little since I last saw you—it is not sheer idleness, but somehow one cannot go light-heartedly to dinners and concerts and theaters in times like these, when traitors are trampling the flag under foot, and when thousands and thousands of young men are leaving the city every day to go to the defense of our distracted country.

"I thought I would write you a little note to remind you that I am at home, and already it has become a letter. Please remember—when you think of it at all—that it would give me pleasure to receive you.

"Sincerely yours,

"AILSA PAIGE."

Toward the end of the week she received a heart-broken note from Celia Craig which caused her to hasten over to Brooklyn. She arrived late; the streets were continually blocked by departing troops, and the

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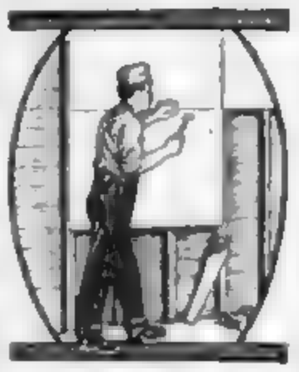

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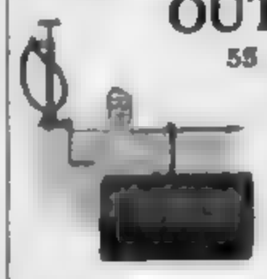

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Safe Reliable

These outfits will *save* their cost in one season by *decreasing cost of gasoline and fire insurance.*

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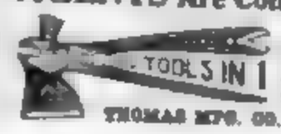

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Shipped anywhere East of Mississippi River for $2.50 per case (24 bottles). Safe delivery guaranteed.

West of the Mississippi and East of Rockies, $3.00. West of Rockies, price on application to Los Angeles office.

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Pronounced Kleek O Club

Ginger Ale

"Clicquot Club" Ginger Ale is made (strictly without chemicals of any kind) from the best ginger, sugar and citric fruit flavors procurable; and the water (from Clicquot Springs) the carbonating, and the method of manufacture are all admittedly superior. It is non-astringent.

The increasing popularity of "Clicquot Club" among the best families is eminent proof of its purity and goodness.

Inquire of your grocer; but if he hasn't it order direct. We pay carriage charge at above prices. Write for booklet.

The Clicquot Club Co., Millis, Mass.

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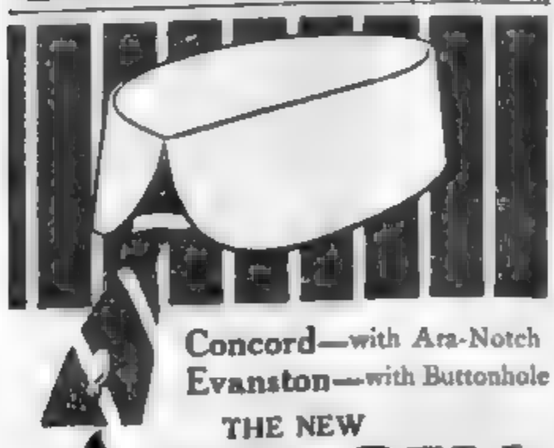

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ARROW COLLARS

FOR SUMMER. High enough for looks—low enough for comfort and plenty of room for the tie to slide in.

15c. each, 2 for 25c.

Cluett, Peabody & Company ARROW CUFFS, 25 cents

GENUINE Hand Woven PANAMA

Rare Bargain in Genuine Panama Hats

Panama Hats more popular than ever all the rage this summer. By [illegible] large quantities we can sell direct to user for this surprisingly low price. These hats are warranted genuine all hand woven; [illegible] and can be worn to that [illegible] by Gentlemen, Ladies and Children. Exactly [illegible] the $10.00 kind; the difference only in Fineness of weave. Assorted sizes. Weight only 3 oz. Sent prepaid, on receipt of **$1.00.** [illegible]

PANAMA HAT CO., Dept. A, 830 Broadway, New York City

omnibus took a circuitous course to the ferry, going by way of Fourth Avenue and the Bowery.

"Honey-bee! Oh, Honey-bell!" whispered her sister-in-law, taking Ailsa into her arms, "I could have behaved myse'f better if Curt were on the side of God and justice! But to have to let him go this way—to know the awful danger—to know he is going against my own people, my own home—against God and the right! Oh, Honey-bird! Honey-bud! And the Charleston Mercury says that the South is most bitter against the Zouaves ——"

"Curt! With the Zouaves!"

"Oh, yes, yes, Honey-bee! The Third Regiment. And he—some wicked old men came here yesterday and read a speech—right befo' me—here in this ve'y room—and began to say that they wished him to be colonel of the Third Zouaves, and that the Governor wished it and—other fools! And I rose straight up f'om my chair and I said: 'Curt!' And he gave me one look. Oh, Honey-bud! His face was changed; there was that same thing in it that I saw the night the news came about Sumter! And he said: 'Gentlemen, my country educated me; now it honors me.' And I tried to speak again and my lips were stiff; and then he said: 'I accept the command you offer ——'"

"Oh, Celia!"

"Yes, he said it, darling! I stood there, frozen—In a corner of my heart I had been afraid—such a long time!—but to have it come real—this terror!—to have this thing take my husband—come into our own home befo' I knew—befo' I dreamed—and take Curt!—take—my—Curt!"

"Where is he?"

"With—them. They have a camp near Fort Hamilton. He went this morning."

"When is he coming back?"

"I don't know. Stephen is scaring me most to death; he is wild to go, too. And oh—do you believe it?—Captain Lent has gone with Curt to the camp, and Curt means to recommend him for his major. What a regiment!—all the soldiers are mere boys, they say—willful, reckless, harebrained boys who don't know—can't know—where they're going. . . . And Curt is so blind without his glasses, and Captain Lent is certainly a little mad, and I'm most distracted myse'f ——"

"Darling—darling—don't cry!"

"Cry? Oh, I could die, Ailsa. Yet I'm Southerner enough to choke back eve'y tear and let them go with a smile if they had to go fo' God and the right! But to see my Curt go this way—and my only son crazy to join him—oh, it is ha'd, Honey-bee—ve'y, ve'y ha'd."

"Dearest!"

"Oh, Honey-bud! Honey-bud!"

The women mourned, uncomforted.

Ailsa remained for three unhappy days in Fort Greene Place, then fled to her own house. A light, amusing letter from Berkley awaited her. It was so like him, gay, cynical, epigrammatic and inconsequent, that it cheered her. Besides, he subscribed himself very obediently hers, but on reëxamining the letter she noticed that he had made no mention of coming to pay his respects to her.

So she lived her tranquil life for another week, and Colonel Arran came every day and seemed always to be waiting for something—always listening—gray face buried in his stock. And at the week's end she answered Berkley's letter—although in it he had asked no question.

To this letter he made no reply, and, after a week, his silence hurt her.

One afternoon toward the middle of May Stephen was announced, and with a sudden sense of foreboding she hastened down to the drawing-room.

"Oh!" she cried. "You—Stephen!"

But the boy in his Zouave uniform was beside himself with excitement and pride, and he embraced her, laughing, and then began to walk up and down the room, gesticulating.

"I couldn't stand it any longer, and they let me go. I'm sorry for Mother, but look at other men's mothers! They're calling for more and more troops every week! I knew everybody would have to go, and I'm mighty fortunate to get into Father's regiment. And oh, Ailsa! It is a fine regiment! We're drilling every minute, and now that we've got our uniforms it won't be long before our orders come ——"

"Stephen—does your mother ——?"

"Mother knows I can't help it. I do love her; she knows that perfectly well. But men have got to settle this thing ——"

Be COOL at HOME

THE Westinghouse 8-inch Residence Fan drives away the hot, sultry atmosphere of the Summer months and makes home cool and comfortable.

This is the most efficient fan of its size that was ever designed.

It is noiseless in operation, weighs only 4½ pounds, is beautiful in form and finish and will last a life-time.

It is the fan ***you*** need in your home. Order one ***now*** while the Summer is still young.

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If your electrical supply dealer or lighting Company does not keep them, send your order direct. Fan Book No. 4100 gives sizes and styles.

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Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co., Pittsburg, Pa.

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The current I use is { Alternating / Direct

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Brighton Featherweight Garter

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No metal in contact with the skin, and **no pad** to heat the leg. The grip **stands away**—your pencil will easily slip beneath it.

25c and 50c—at dealers, or we mail them

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Largest school of Auto Engineering in U. S. Ref.: Fourteenth St. Savs. Bk., Wash., D.C.

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A 25c bottle will do the work. Send today, now, for one bottle of

BAC-RAT-TERIA

which is an auto-lytic rat and mice killing remedy they dying outside your house, as they must seek air. Non-poisonous to any other animal.

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Just Say—

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VACUUM CLEANER

For Free Trial—Anywhere

Easy to Use. Weight Only 50 lbs.

Complete with tools for over 20 daily uses. Nothing more to buy

The Keller-Santo is a REAL vacuum cleaner. Dust bag and all working parts enclosed. Dust and dirt do *not enter mechanism.* No noise or vibration. Fully protected by our own basic patents of which FIVE have been issued. Other patents pending.

Get the Keller-Santo now and try it in your home during the summer when you can give a vacuum cleaner the severest tests.

When every door and window is open—when every passing vehicle and every breeze send clouds of dust into your home—that is the time a vacuum cleaner will show its real worth.

It is the accumulation of summer dust that makes the old-fashioned fall house cleaning necessary, and summer dust is most dangerous as a disseminator of contagious diseases.

The Keller-Santo removes all dust and dirt—*every day.* Dusting is no longer necessary and there is no accumulation to be removed by a general cleaning *at any time.*

It combines powerful continuous suction and a large volume of air so perfectly balanced that it cleans more thoroughly than any other portable cleaner and without injury to the furnishings.

The Keller-Santo more than saves its cost every year. It gives you vacuum cleaning in its perfection for less than 10 cents a week. This small cost is for electric current.

In endurance contests the Keller-Santo has broken all records by running the equivalent of 25 years of cleaning service without a stop for repairs. This is why we give with each Keller-Santo

An Unconditional, Unqualified, Unlimited Guaranty Bond

Should any part of the Keller-Santo prove defective *at any time* we will replace it free of cost.

The whole civilized world recognizes the Keller-Santo as the utmost in portable cleaners. It stands tested and approved by all Insurance Underwriters. It is used and endorsed by the Vatican at Rome, the United States Government and thousands of homes and business concerns.

Don't pay us a cent until you are satisfied that our cleaner is indispensable. Write to-day—a postal will do.

State whether you wish the cleaner for electric or hand power and we will send it to you direct or through your local dealer.

Ask for our new book, "The Dustless Home."

Keller Manufacturing Co.

Dept. 12 P **Philadelphia**

"A hundred thousand are getting ready to settle it! Are there not enough without you?—your mother's only son ——"

"Suppose everybody thought that way—where would our army be?"

"But there are hundreds of regiments forming here—getting ready, drilling, leaving on boats and trains every day ——"

"And every regiment is composed of men exactly like me! They go because the nation's business is everybody's business. And the nation's business comes first. There's no use talking to me, Ailsa. I've had it out with Father. He saw that he couldn't prevent me from doing what he has done. And old Lent is our major! Lord, Ailsa, what a terrible old man for discipline! And Father is—well, he is acting as though we ought to behave like West Pointers. They're cruelly hard on skylarkers and guard-runners, and they're fairly kicking discipline into us. But I'm willing. I'm ready to stand anything as long as we can get away!"

He was talking in a loud, excited voice, pacing restlessly to and fro, pausing at intervals to confront Ailsa where she sat, limp and silent, gazing up at this slender youth in his short blue jacket edged with many bell buttons, blue body-sash, scarlet Zouave trousers and leather gaiters.

Presently old Jonas shuffled in with Madeira, cakes and sandwiches, and Stephen began on them immediately.

"I came over so you could see me in my uniform," he explained, "and I'm going back right away to see Mother and Paige and Marye and Camilla." He paused, sandwich suspended, then swallowed what he had been chewing and took another bite recklessly.

"I'm very fond of Camilla," he said condescendingly. "She's very nice about my going—the only one who hasn't sniveled, I tell you, Ailsa, Camilla is a good deal of a girl. . . . And I've promised to look out for her uncle—keep an eye on old Lent, you know, which seems to comfort her a good deal when she begins crying ——"

"Oh! . . . I thought Camilla didn't cry."

"She cries a little—now and then."

"About her uncle?"

"Certainly."

Ailsa looked down at her ringless fingers. Within the week she had laid away both rings, meaning to resume them some day.

"If you and your father go your office will be closed, I suppose."

"Oh, no. Farren will run it."

"I see. . . . And Mr. Berkley, too, I suppose."

Stephen looked up from his seedcake.

"Berkley? He left long ago."

"Left—where?" she asked, confused.

"Left the office. It couldn't be helped. There was nothing for him to do. I was sorry—I'm sorrier now ——".

He checked himself, hesitated, turned his troubled eyes on Ailsa.

"I did like him so much."

"Don't you like him—still?"

"Yes—I do. I don't know what was the matter with him. He went all to pieces."

"W-what!"

"Utterly. Isn't it too bad?"

She sat there very silent, very white. Stephen bit into another cake angrily.

When Stephen, swinging his fez by the tassel, stood ready to take his leave she put her arms around his neck and kissed him.

After he departed Colonel Arran came and sat as usual, silent, listening.

Ailsa was very animated; she told him about Stephen's enlistment, asked scores of questions about military life, the chances in battle, the proportion of those who went through war unscathed.

And at length Colonel Arran arose to take his departure, and she had not told what was hammering for utterance in every heartbeat; she did not know how to tell, what to ask.

Hat in hand Colonel Arran bent over her hot little hand where it lay in his own.

"I have been offered the colonelcy of a volunteer regiment now forming," he said without apparent interest.

"You!"

"Cavalry," he explained wearily.

"But—you have not accepted!"

He gave her an absent glance. "Yes, I have accepted. . . . I am going to Washington tonight."

"Oh!" she breathed, "but you are coming back before—before ——"

"Yes, child. Cavalry is not made in a hurry. I am to see General Scott—perhaps Mr. Cameron and Mr. Stanton. . . . If in my absence ——" He hesitated, looked down, shook his head. And somehow she seemed to know that what he had not said concerned Berkley.

Neither of them mentioned him. But after Colonel Arran had gone she went slowly to her room, sat down at her desk a long, long while, thinking. But it was after midnight before she wrote to Berkley:

"Have you quite forgotten me? I have had to swallow a little pride to write you again. But, perhaps, I think our pleasant friendship worth it.

"Stephen has been here. He has enlisted as a private in his father's regiment of Zouaves. I learned by accident from him that you are no longer associated with Craig & Son in business. I trust this means at least a partial recovery of your fortune. If it does, with fortune recovered responsibilities increase, and I choose to believe that it is these new and exacting duties which have prevented me from seeing you or from hearing from you.

"But surely you could find a moment to write a line to a friend who is truly your very sincere well-wisher and who would be the first to express her pleasure in any good fortune which might concern you.

"AILSA PAIGE."

Two days passed, and her answer came:

"Ailsa Paige, dearest and most respected, I have not forgotten you for one moment. And I have tried very hard.

"God knows what my pen is trying to say to you and not hurt you, and yet kill utterly in you the last kindly and charitable memory of the man who is writing to you.

"Ailsa, if I had known you even one single day before that night I met you, you would have had of me, in that single day, all that a man dare lay at the feet of the truest and best of women.

"But on that night I came to you a man utterly and hopelessly ruined.

"I had not lived an orderly life, but at worst it was only a heedless life. There was in me something loftier than a desire for pleasure, something worthier than material ambition. What else lay latent—I may only surmise. It is all dead.

"Is that the kind of man you suppose me? That is the man I am. And you know it now. And you know now what it was in me that left you perplexed, silent, troubled, not comprehending—why it was you would not dance with me again, nor suffer my touch, nor endure me too near you.

"Because I should have given you all at the first meeting; I could no more have helped it than I could have silenced my heart and lived. But what was left to give could awake in you no echo, no response, no comprehension.

"And now you will never write to me again."

All the afternoon she bent at her desk, poring over his letter, learning truths which every fiber in her refused to comprehend, swept by wave on wave of anger, revolt, fear, shame. All that she had dreamed and fancied and believed and cared for in man passed dully through her mind. Her own aspirations toward ideal womanhood followed—visions of lofty desire, high ideals, innocent passions, the happiness of renunciation, the glory of forgiveness ——

"The glory of forgiveness—the glory of forgiveness ——"

Her heart was beating very hard and fast as her thoughts ran on:

"To forgive—help him—teach truth—nobler ideals ——"

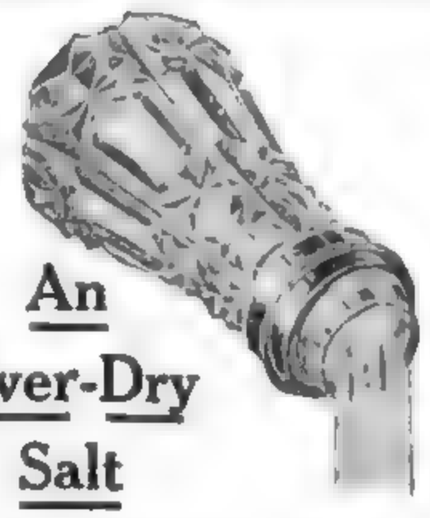
She closed her eyes a moment; her senses were swimming in the clamor and riot of her pulses; and the burden of all, dinning in her brain, was "Forgive! forgive! forgive!"

She could not rest; sleep, if it really came, was a ghostly thing that mocked her. And all the next day she roamed about the house, haunted with the consciousness of where his letter lay locked in her desk. And that day she would not read it again; but the next day she read it, and the next.

And if it were her desire to see him once again before all ended irrevocably forever or if it were what her heart was striving to tell her, that he was in need of aid against himself, she could not tell. But she wrote him:

"It is not you who have written this injury for my eyes to read, but another man demoralized by the world's cruelty—not knowing what he is saying—hurt to the soul, not mortally. When he recovers he will be you. And this letter is my forgiveness."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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You can have the finest, purest, saltiest salt that was ever made. And the cost is only 10 cents per year over soggy, coarse, impure bag salt.

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Every table salt save Shaker contains considerable gypsum. And gypsum is practically Plaster of Paris—a pebble former—the basis of gravel and gall stones.

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Shaker Salt comes in a paraffined box, proof against dampness, odors and dirt. It can't be contaminated. Each box has our patent spout for convenience in pouring.

You can get this fine-grained, dainty, dry salt anywhere if you insist on it. You would not then go without it for fifty times what it costs.

Sold by all good grocers. Price (east of the Rockies) 10c per box. Be sure of the name—Shaker Salt.

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A splendid story of the Civil War

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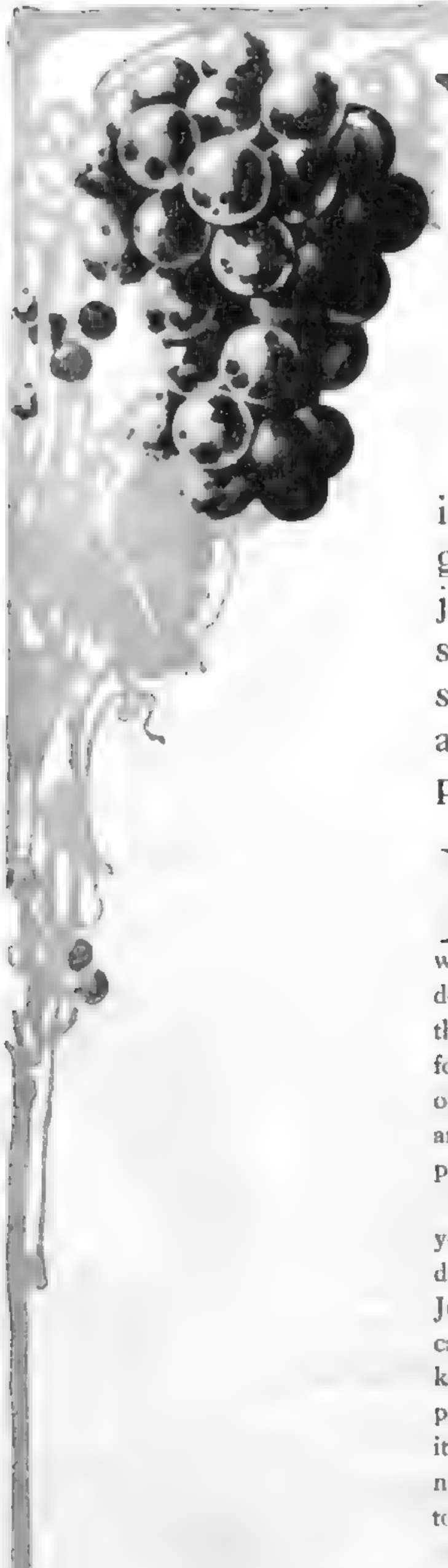

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is all that our advertising claims—and more. Better grape juice cannot be made. As to whether grape juice can be made as good by some one else, we can only say it is not being done. Better than others think necessary is the rule that applies to the grapes for Welch's and to every step in the process. We guarantee the purity and uniform quality of every bottle.

MANY who have just discovered the goodness of Welch's Grape Juice, as compared with others, tell us that our advertising does not place enough emphasis on the superiority of *Welch's* and therefore the average buyer does not always order by name—and if they get another make they are often prejudiced against grape juice.

There is hardly a dealer you would trade with that does not have Welch's Grape Juice. A larger profit may cause him to push some other kind—he may be obliged to push the other brand to close it out because the makers did not make good on their claims to him.

It is worth your while to specify *Welch's*, to insist on getting it, and avoid disappointment. A substitute is never offered for your benefit.

The uses of Welch's are many and particularly now you should not be without it in your home. Take some with you if you are not sure it can be obtained where you will spend your vacation. As found in the bottle, Welch's is just the juice of the grape and many prefer it plain—a small glassful, served cold. Others prefer the addition of water, preferably charged water, which gives it snap and sparkle. If you wish a sweeter drink add sugar or syrup. Try it in lemonade and punch, use it for sherbet and ice cream—these are a few suggestions—many more may be found in our booklet "The Social Side of Welch's Grape Juice," which is sent for the asking.

If unable to secure Welch's through your dealer, send $3.00 for trial dozen pints, express prepaid east of Omaha.

FOR A SANE FOURTH

Here is the Punch that will enable you to sanely celebrate the Fourth of July

The juice of three lemons and one orange, one pint Welch's, one quart water and one cup sugar. It's good any day in the year and for most any occasion.

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Selected leaves! Just selected leaves of Burley containing the full flavor and life of the plant. That's what makes

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That's what gives it its rich nut-like flavor.

One puff and you'll know that you have found the mildest, the tastiest and coolest smoke that you have ever enjoyed.

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In a neat metal case that keeps it in perfect condition.

10 cents

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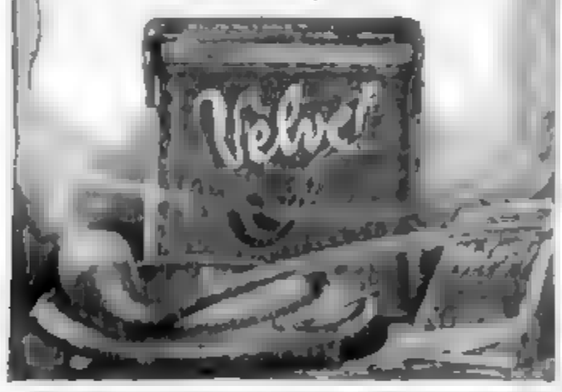

Hay Fever

and Asthma are quickly relieved by the use of an effective device which we will send to any sufferer for seven days' free trial. They may then decide whether or not they want to keep it. This device filters the air of all foreign matter, dust and pollen which cause the irritation known as Hay Fever and produce paroxysms of Asthma.

No medicines are used—no operation is required. The use of this marvelous device will bring quick relief to any sufferer. Persons who are compelled to breathe a great deal of dust find this device of immediate relief. It protects the sensitive membranes of the nasal cavities from all foreign matter in the air, thus eliminating the irritation.

If you are troubled with Hay Fever or Asthma, send your name and address. You can use this device seven days before deciding to keep it—The Nasalfilter Company, 430 Globe Bldg., St. Paul, Minn. (2)

Save ½ the Cost of Whitewashing

or water painting ... Whitewashers ... better work in one day than an experienced man with a brush can do in ten. Guaranteed dependable machines as low as $10. With

12 gal. $21
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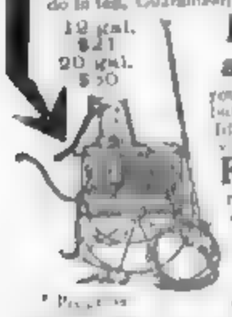

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SEND FOR CATALOGUE

Fine Herb Room Rugs at factory prices. 20x54 $1.25. 36x60 $1.50.

THE GREEN EMERALD

(Concluded from Page 11)

he was swung in a moment like a cork in Hell Gate. But each time he swung aroun' helpless he was a little nearer der far shore, an' Cormac felt, if he could keep his saddle an' keep Eileen in front, dat he'd get ashore before any of dem was drownded.

"Six times dey went aroun' der rock, each time furder from it, an' der sevent' time Cormac blew a blast an' dug der horse wit' his pointed shoe, an' der horse managed to fall on der sand like a dead one waitin' fer der dead-wagon to drive up an' take it away.

"'Look, look!' says Eileen, as der two lay agin der horse restin'. Cormac looked an' dere was der magician on der far shore gettin' ready to hurl somethin' at dem out of a hurlin'-machine."

"A catapult?"

"I guess so. Me mudder never named it. He was a mile away, but dey could hear de roar of him.

"W'en he let go of der spring a big stone rose in de air an' sailed over der water for to kill der t'ree of dem. But it dropped in der san' jus' beefore it came to dem, an' all it did was to roll agin der horse hard enough to make him scramble to his feet. Den Cormac blew on his horn like he was makin' fun of der magician, an' he gave up an' knoo he was beat an' went home to noise his foot. An' Cormac gave a drop of w'isky to der horse an' he was as strong as ever.

"Eileen helped Cormac on der horse an' den she sprang up beeside him. Ye see his leg wasn't right an' it never did get right, but Eileen was always proud of der limp w'en she t'ought how he got it all on account of her.

"Well, w'en der two rode into der city w'ere der king hung out everybody reckernized Eileen, an' dey run an' got green flags wit' golden harps—Irish flags, yer know—an' hung dem out of der windera. An' der shouts of der people was carried on de east wind to der magician's islan' an' he kicked his lame foot wid de udder one, he was so mad at losin' Eileen.

"But der king heard der shouts of der people an' come out of his pallus lookin' like he was his own son. And before he'd looked like he was his own gran'fader. Dat's w'at happiness does, me mudder used to say—eats up der years. She was a young-lookin' woman in spite of me fader drinkin', because he always loved her, an' never more dan w'en he'd have a jag on.

"Well, der king couldn't do enough. He give Ulster to der young man an' he give his daughter a pail full of jewels an' a hun'red pigs; an' feasts for der poor dat lasted a week—an' last of all he made Cormac a prince.

"'Do yer like me better for that?' says Cormac to der princess der day dey was married an' he wore his prince's badge for der foist time.

"'I like yer because you're my Cormac,' says de goil.

"'Gee!' says he, 'I was near forgettin' that I ain't a pauper at that.'"

Jimmy always seemed to be able to compass his "th" when he was making the prince or the princess talk, although ordinarily he used the East Side "d" in place of "th."

"He chucks der green emeral' to der king's jeweler who was at der pallus mendin' a crown dat der king wore w'en he was woikin' in his garden—you see he put on no lugs at all.

"'Is that wort' anything?' says Prince Cormac.

"Der jeweler looks at der green emeral' an' den sits down sudden an' gasped like he'd been doin' a hun'red yards. 'Ully gee!' says he; 'dat's bigger dan der biggest emeral' I ever heard of, an' it's wort' a hun'red t'ousan' guineas.'

"'Oh!' laughs Prince Cormac as he put it back in his bag; 'I wisht now I hadn't t'rown de opal an' der di'mon' away.'

"'But,' says he, 'an' dis is slush, boss—'der bes' jewel of all is you, Eileen.'

"An' she fell in his arms cryin'.

"An' dey lived happy ever afterwards, me mudder said, but she said dat w'en dey died some king of England stole der green emeral' an' dat it was kep' in his family after dat an' dat it was in Queen Victoria's crown. Me mudder always had dat agin der queen.

"An' dat's de end, boss."

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THE SECRET AGENT

(Continued from Page 5)

scrutiny had seemed candid and yet impersonal. But something about her still bewildered him. He began to caution himself that he was face to face with a most accomplished actress. He warned himself that he would have to go slow, very slow.

"But what should ever make you feel unsafe?" he finally ventured.

Still again she turned her grave eyes to his. Then a slow smile crept over her lips.

"You'll laugh when I tell you, I know!"

"Then tell me."

She moved a little closer to him.

"It sounds foolish," she said in her slow and deliberate tones, "but I'm sure—indeed, I'm certain—that somebody has been following me!"

Kestner laughed, but it cost him an effort.

"Following you?" he repeated.

The solemn gray-blue eyes were still studying his face.

"Yes," she said, "for days. Right across Europe."

Kestner, who permitted nothing to startle him, was wondering where she found the courage to coast such shores of audacity.

"But who would follow you?" he demanded, sustaining his air of indifference only with an effort.

"I don't know," she confessed, looking straight into his eyes.

"And I imagine it's not an altogether agreeable sensation?" suggested the Secret Agent.

"It's horrible!" answered the young woman.

"It must be," admitted Kestner.

"I'll be glad when I'm on the steamer," was her next quietly ingenuous confession. She stood before Kestner, the picture of mildly disturbed innocence. He could no longer dispute her cleverness. She was so assured of her skill that she was actually toying with the situation.

"Are you quite alone?" asked Kestner.

"Yes, quite alone," she confessed. "At least I will be unless my aunt relents and lets my maid join me at Fiume. I'm afraid I've been spoiled for traveling alone."

He wondered at the note of wistfulness she was able to throw into her concluding words. She was indeed a clever actress.

"Will you regard me as at your service," said the courtly Kestner, "both here and on board the Flavonia?"

"But why should I impose on you like this?" A grateful smile had swept her face clear of trouble. She was able to throw a world of friendliness into that conventional little query. "Why should I need to?" she repeated.

"Only in case of—of any shadow of trouble," he answered.

"That's very good of you," said the girl as she held out her hand.

And the more Kestner thought it over that night the more it puzzled him. The more he let his memory play about that final gesture of friendliness and the only too well simulated note of gratitude in her voice the more it bewildered him.

V

KESTNER was still sure of nothing. But there could be no advance, he knew, without at least a working theory. And he saw only one way open to him. He could proceed with the case only on the assumption of Alicia Carlton's good faith in him. That was the lode he must work, and work to the limit. Then in some blundering and unlooked-for way it would lead to the discovery of the woman's counter-purposes. Some new and enlightening issue would finally intervene. It always did. He believed in preparedness. He would work guardedly and stubbornly, even if blindly. Expectant attention, he had long since learned, was the one vital factor in all great discoveries.

Kestner's value in his calling was his simpleness. He was burdened with no abstruse theories. He carried about no over-dignified ideas of his power. His normal line of procedure was by ingratiation. He was successful because he could so continuously and so completely disarm suspicion. In this, without knowing it, he was the most finished of actors. His appreciation of character was intuitive. He

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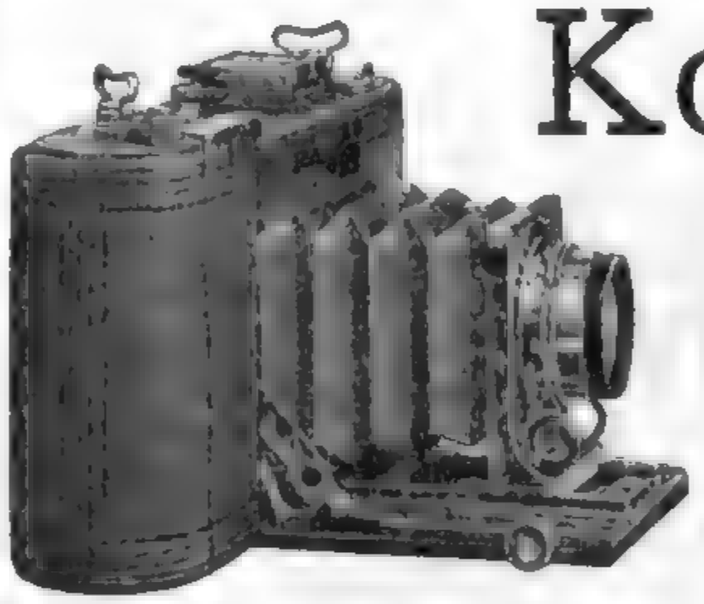

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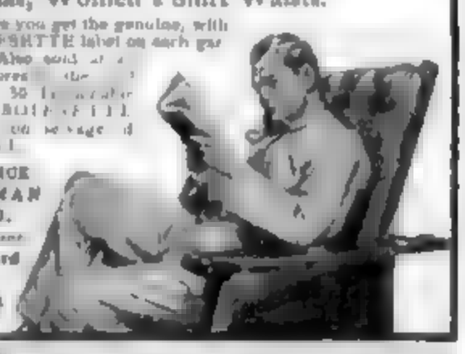

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adapted himself with instinctive promptness to the man or woman confronting him. Then, once his chameleon-like nature had taken on the coloring essential to the case in hand, he stuck to his part with a Heaven-born earnestness that relegated into insignificance all such merely physical resources as disguise and costume and make-up

He felt, with this Carlton woman, that he must not crowd the case. She was too alert and high-spirited to be coerced into an unwilling friendship. The road could be smoothed for her, ingeniously and invitingly smoothed, but she herself would have to essay the first step. She also carried, whatever her actual record and character, a somewhat intimidating air of well-being, of having passed much of her life in the midst of men and women who were not "the lesser brood." Whether innate or only assumed, this note of imperiousness was not to be ignored; it was something he could not do other than respect. It was this feature, in fact, which not only seemed to demand certain reticences, but also made him fight shy of the woman he was watching for one whole day.

Then on the second day he met her, apparently by accident, on the ridiculous little "lift" which carried hotel guests up to their rooms. They shook hands and laughed together, both over the slowness of the elevator and the fact they were allowed to ascend in it but were always compelled to descend on foot.

In the afternoon, as he had expected, she emerged from her rooms, inquired for telegrams, received none, and strolled desolately out through the winding paths and palmettos of the Abbazia Gardens.

Her figure, in its tip-tilted French hat and its closely-fitting suit of white and blue English "doeskin," was a strangely appealing one in the clear afternoon sunlight. Kestner, as he saw her approaching him, could not quite analyze the complete impression. He was not sure whether it lay in the dress and hat, or in the poise of the head, or in the calm warmth of the eyes which looked almost violet under the dark shadow of her hat-brim. But about her there was something openly and unmistakably appealing.

He bowed in his gravely cordial manner, and was passing her, hat in hand, when she stopped him with a half-humorous, half-helpless little gesture of appeal.

"Which way is the Sea Walk?" she asked.

She possessed the distinctly feminine knowledge, he felt, that even the impersonal appeal of sex is not without value in the furtherance of personal issues. She was conscious of her power. Yet there was something almost timorous in her attitude as she stood studying his unbetraying face. His unobtrusiveness seemed to please her. She seemed grateful for the touch of deference in his address.

"Why couldn't we explore it together?" he found himself asking, though he had counted on no such advances thus early in the game.

"That would be nice!" she agreed, as they swung about on the narrow gravel walk.

So they made their way down to the water-front and walked side by side out past pink and white and sky-blue German villas, out past bathing beaches and boat landing and vine-covered walls until they came to the Sea Walk itself, running in and out, as sinuous as a snake, along the face of the cliffs.

It was a walk made by man and fenced with iron railings, but it seemed a very beautiful one. At their feet flashed and shimmered the Adriatic, clear as crystal in the grotto mouths, a tender blue in the shallows, a soft cobalt farther out where the lateen sails came and went like lazy butterflies along the skyline. Before them towered Mount Maggiore, crowned with snow. The seagulls rocked and fluttered and called in the sunlight. A full-chorded Hungarian band, from somewhere in the distance behind them, sounded brokenly through the pine trees. A sense of calm, of fulfillment, brooded over everything. Kestner began to wonder how and why he could feel so satisfied with life.

"Will you be glad to go home?" the girl at his side was asking, as they crunched the fine sea gravel under their unhurrying feet. Her question, casual as it was, sent a wave of unhappiness through the solemn-eyed Kestner. He suddenly remembered that he was without a home, that he no longer knew what the word meant. For

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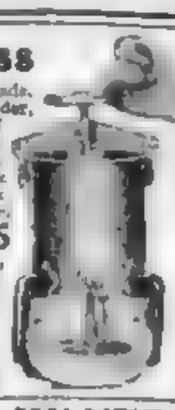

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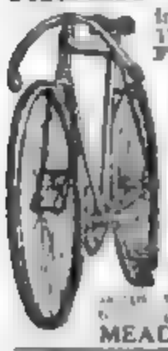

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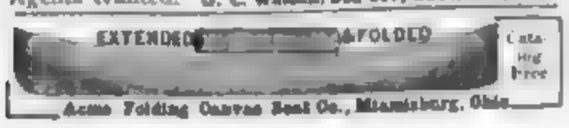

Acme Folding Canvas Seat Co., Miamisburg, Ohio

half a lifetime he had been homeless. But self-pity was a luxury in which he seldom indulged.

He looked around at the girl as she stopped to lean on the seawall at his side. He was struck by her finished parade of an entirely new feature, by her consummate pretense at gentleness.

"Won't you?" he non-committally asked. She was leaving him more and more in doubt as to just what card to play. Yet he liked even her pretending. He admired even her power to dominate him. He began to feel that she was combating him with something more effective than his own clumsy resources. The sheer power of inspiring such feeling, he conceded, was to be ranked above his own laborious ability to win confidence.

She laughed a little as her eyes met his; they seemed very blue, a deep blue, at that moment, under the shadow of her hat-brim with its upthrust veil. Then she sighed and looked seaward again.

"I ought to—but not this time!" she confessed. As he saw the wave of unhappiness that swept her face he found it hard to question her candor.

"Why not?" he asked, and he tried to make the question a laughing one.

"Oh, I've been knocking the window-panes out of the conservatory, as my Aunt Esther puts it!" she answered, and for the first time he realized how her spirit of the imperious could merge into sheer rebelliousness. He wanted to ask her more, much more, but he hesitated. He had the amenities to respect. He had seen, from the first, that she was not altogether like other women. Her first claim to distinction may have been mental alertness, but her second was a certain assured warmth of tone, a warmth which seemed to pervade her personality even in her most passive moments. It was reflected in her smile. It was expressed in the poise and movement of the slender and yet ever vital young body. It was epitomized in the steadfast and yet ever changing gray-blue eyes, where the responsive pupil narrowed and widened as thought and mood dictated until at times the iris seemed overrun by a circling flood of deeper violet. Kestner had come face to face with most of the professed and professional beauties of Europe; but with rare exceptions they had left him unmoved. There had always seemed something too pictorial, too impersonal and institutional in their calmly paraded loveliness. With the woman at his side he was conscious of something more intimate and vital, of something more fluid and responsive. A sudden regret seized him. It was based on the sudden wish that she had been an honest woman.

This feeling stayed with him for the rest of the afternoon, through all the long walk homeward. It was with him as he said good-by to her at the ridiculous little hotel "lift." She had promised to explore the Sea Walk with him to its end if the next day was fine. And he had noticed the quick and characteristic tremolo of feeling in the grateful gray-blue eyes as he had asked her and she had given her promise. And for the second time, and with all his heart, he wished that she were an honest woman.

VI

THE next day, Kestner noted before the sun rose above the pinetops, was to be indisputably fine. The thought of it made him lighthearted. He looked forward to it with an eagerness he did not stop to analyze. Yet he was conscious of the shadow of something illegitimate in his triumph as he went down to the Gardens and met Alicia Carlton, gloved and gowned and expectant. This mood wore off as they set forth in the buoyant morning air and explored the winding Sea Walk to its uttermost end. Then he showed her an even more tortuous road up into the hills, past terraced garden plots and low-walled vineyards and on through groves of whispering pines. And when they came, flushed and hungry, to a roadside stuccoed *Gasthaus* they partook of a luncheon of fresh bread and cheese and wine, sitting on a bench in the sunlight as they ate.

It was a perversely happy meal for Kestner. Out of his very contentment in the situation, in fact, grew a small but disturbing cloud. Even when she spoke of Homburg in her artless and carefree way he found the mere mention of the name flung up to him a flood of unwelcome associations. It reminded him, for the moment, that he was only an actor in a

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play, that in time the stage would be empty and the lights would be put out, and that the old, unlovely round would go on in the old, unlovely way.

"I wish we'd been in Homburg together," he said a little hungrily.

"Have you ever been in Homburg?" she asked as her solemn eyes watched his face.

"Often," he evaded.

"But lately?" she asked.

"Not since I knew you," he said with his mild and gentle wistfulness. "And I'm sorry. For there's a little road leads out from Homburg through the pine trees, much finer pine trees than these. It leads to a Swiss châlet just at the edge of the forest. You can buy rusks there, and Rhenish wine—you know, the kind they call Dragon's Blood. And you soak the rusks in the wine and eat 'em. I suppose it's the air, and the million or two birds that keep singing like mad, and the sense of peace and the things around you, really. But those rusks always seemed the loveliest things I ever put my teeth into!"

She laughed appreciatively, and his sally at boyishness was rewarded by the warming gaze of her wide-set gray-blue eyes. He still felt that he could not quite understand those eyes. They had their moments of perplexity, and yet they had their longer moments when they seemed to be thanking him for something.

As they walked down through the hills and back to the hotel, talking their solemn inconsequentialities, he remembered suddenly and a little regretfully that in two days more the Flavonia would be sailing. For the second time he reminded himself that it was all a game which he was playing, a game which at any time now might take on a startlingly new turn.

It surprised him a little, accordingly, after getting in touch with Norris, of the Trieste Consulate, to learn that Alicia Carlton's booking for the outgoing Flavonia had not been canceled. He had felt that there would be some sudden and unlooked-for side movement. He had fortified himself for surprise. He had made ready to checkmate any quick counter-movement for which the Flavonia flight might stand as a mere blind. But no such counter-movement seemed under way.

It equally surprised him, during all the next day, and still again the next, when the return to Fiume was effected quite without incident, that Alicia Carlton had been in communication with nobody. Of this he felt certain. He had every confidence in the machinery of his espionage. He never relaxed his vigilance. The only message that reached her, up to the time she went aboard the Flavonia at the Fiume quay, was a brief telegram from Paris, signed by "Esther Vanderlind." This, obviously, was the aunt of whom she had already spoken. And the message merely read:

Quite impossible to join you on Flavonia sailing the seventeenth.

Ten minutes after the young lady to whom it was addressed had received this message Kestner himself was perusing a secret copy of it.

He knew then that she intended to sail, and sail alone. He also knew that, while it was a perplexing turn to the situation as a whole, it was also a definite narrowing down of the trail. He redoubled his vigilance, still dreading some belated side issue which he could neither foretell nor forestall. Even when he knew the girl and her baggage were safely aboard the liner, even as he himself was carelessly pacing the Flavonia's promenade deck, he was in reality establishing an imaginary cordon past which he permitted no one to pass without careful scrutiny.

He was leaning idly and aimlessly over the 'midships taffrail, apparently interested in a long line of steerage passengers undergoing inspection for trachoma, when a figure in blue serge which had carelessly approached him from the full length of the deck came to a stop close at his side.

Kestner knew that this figure was there beside him. But he did not look up for the simple reason that he did not care to show his surprise.

For there was no mistaking the figure. It was Tawney himself.

It startled Kestner more than he would ever have admitted. It amazed him. But there it was, the debonair, suavely contemptuous, offhanded figure of his old-time enemy.

"Hello, Kestner!" was the easy and equable greeting which fell on the Secret Agent's ears.

"Hello, Tawney," answered Kestner without so much as looking at the other man.

"What're you doing these days?" was the newcomer's apparently disinterested reply.

"Oh, reading up on Kabul trade relations," was the other's drowsy-noted reply. Yet the words, for all their diffidence, made Tawney wince. In them was buried a stab like a knife-blade wrapped in velvet. For one of Tawney's most recent exploits had been the consignment of certain cases of German rifles to a party of Suleiman Khel traders operating at Kabul. His composure, however, soon returned to him.

"Sailing today?" he blandly inquired. His bravado plainly lacked the repose of the Secret Agent's. It was of a different make. But what it lacked in repose it made up for in audacity.

Kestner nodded with his sad and pensive diffidence.

"And which way are you bound?" he languidly inquired.

"New York," was the cheery-noted response.

For the first time, Kestner swung about slowly and quietly and looked at his enemy. He looked straight into the narrow, thin-lipped face and the furtive and challenging eyes as hard and lusterless as gun-metal. Kestner often wondered how much Tawney really knew of him, either as a man or as an official.

"Is it safe?"

Tawney laughed a little.

"S'pose I'd go if it wasn't?" was his blithely indifferent retort.

"You know best," Kestner wearily admitted.

"See you again!" was the blithe effrontery which Tawney flung over his shoulder at him.

"Yes, I think I will see you again," Kestner answered. He said it quietly, but he could not keep the note of anger out of his voice as he spoke.

He stood there watching the nonchalant figure as it sauntered back and forth along the white-boarded deck. He continued to watch it, idly yet uninterruptedly, as it came to a stop beside the gangway.

Then the impassiveness went out of his scrutiny. He turned about a little, with one hand grasping at the white-painted stanchion beside him. For approaching them from the far end of the deck was a woman's figure, a slender figure in a Scotch plaid cape and a turban held close to the well-poised head by a thickly swathed veil. He knew at a glance that it was Alicia Carlton herself.

Kestner watched her every moment of the time. He watched her as she came closer to Tawney. He watched her as her eyes fell on the stooping figure in blue serge.

Then he witnessed something that suddenly quickened the beat of his pulse. He saw her start, her involuntary little movement of either bewilderment or recognition. She did not speak. No message could possibly have passed between them. But she had seen Tawney and had known him.

Kestner swung about and leaned over the rail. He knew that she was coming closer to him. He did not want her to suspect that he had been watching, that he had witnessed her betraying movement.

To his surprise she came to a stop and stood close beside him at the ship's rail. But still he did not move.

"Mr. Kestner!"

He looked up at once, with his large and melancholy eyes. He had the gift of at once making his smile a friendly one, the gift of what seemed a quick and ardent sympathy.

"I want you to notice that man," she said, speaking rapidly and quietly.

"Which man?" asked Kestner.

"The man in blue at the head of the gangway," was her answer.

The intent-eyed young woman was still peering along the deck to where Tawney stood, partly turned away from them.

"What about him?" asked Kestner, watching her face. His appreciation of artifice was acute. He knew acting when he saw it.

Yet some note of utter sincerity about the woman bewildered him. Her agitation was more than a pretense.

"What about him?" Kestner asked for the second time.

"That's the man who's following me!" was her answer.

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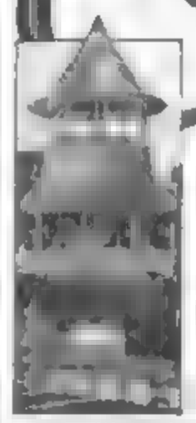

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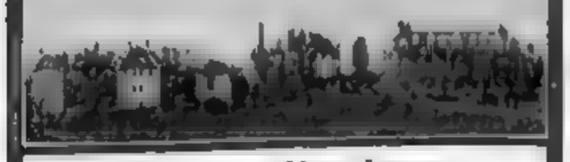

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THE DEMOCRATIC SITUATION

(Continued from Page 16)

was some general measure that Harmon did not think was constitutional. He made a long study of it and then called in the man who wrote and introduced the bill. "Here," said Harmon, "let's go over this together. I do not think this is constitutional, and for these reasons." Then he went into detail and convinced the legislator that he was right. Also, he showed him how a bill bearing on that subject could be made that would stand the acid-test.

"I suppose," said the legislator, "that you'd better veto it."

"Let's both veto it," said Uncle Jud; and they did.

He is calm and unexcitable, but when he gets mad it is a good time to get away from there. He works out in the open. When a delegation comes to see him, or an individual, he usually talks to the visitor or visitors in the big reception-room, on the walls of which hang the pictures of Hayes, McKinley and other famous Ohioans who were Governors.

Since he has been Governor he has raked over a good many institutions that needed raking over, has gone after a number of eminent persons who had little grafts of their own, has done a lot of cleaning up and practically smoothed out all the wrinkles in his party in the state. After he is nominated he will go out and make a campaign that will be a buster, for there is no false modesty about him. He wants to be reelected, and he is going before the people on his record to tell them so.

Harmon is the man, then, who at the present time seems most likely to be the Democratic candidate for President in 1912. He may not be. His name may not be considered. Politics is many and various; but, if he wins this fall, and everybody—almost—thinks he will win, Harmon's name will lead all others in the list of possibilities. Two victories in a Republican state like Ohio will make him an object of most serious consideration by the men who do the actual naming of candidates. If he loses it will be another story.

He is a great, healthy, outdoors sort of man, public-spirited, kind-hearted, patriotic, with the courage of his convictions, able in the law, simple—but not too simple—a first-class, substantial American citizen; and what he does and what happens to him, from this time on, will be most interesting and important.

Indiana's Dark Horse

Indiana, a state where political conditions are most unsettled, has a mild sort of a Democratic Presidential possibility in Governor Thomas R. Marshall, who carried the state against James Watson, in 1908, by about fourteen thousand or such a matter, while the Republicans squeezed through with Taft by about ten thousand plurality. Of late, Indiana has been a fairly reliable Republican state, but in the old days it was as nervous, politically, as a fox-terrier pup. It went for Tilden in 1876 by a few thousand, for Garfield in 1880, for Cleveland in 1884, for Harrison, an Indianian, by a little more than two thousand, in 1888, for Cleveland in 1892, when Harrison ran again, and since that time has been steadfastly Republican, until 1908. Roosevelt carried the state by over ninety-three thousand in 1904. Hence, Marshall's winning by fourteen thousand in 1908, when Taft got in by ten thousand, was no small achievement.

There will be no election for Governor in Indiana until 1912, so Marshall will not have the chance Harmon has of showing whether he can repeat. If he did have the chance and could repeat he would be much more of a possibility than he is.

The Indiana Democrats, led by Thomas Taggart, are fairly well together. There may be some protesting brothers, but they are not so numerous as to endanger the party's success if it can win at all. The Republican situation is rather favorable to Democratic success. There is a great insurgent wing of the Republican party, led by Senator Albert J. Beveridge, who must be reelected next winter by the new members chosen this fall, and by the twenty-five holdover Senators. The state convention unanimously indorsed Beveridge for reelection, and his candidates for the legislature have been generally chosen.

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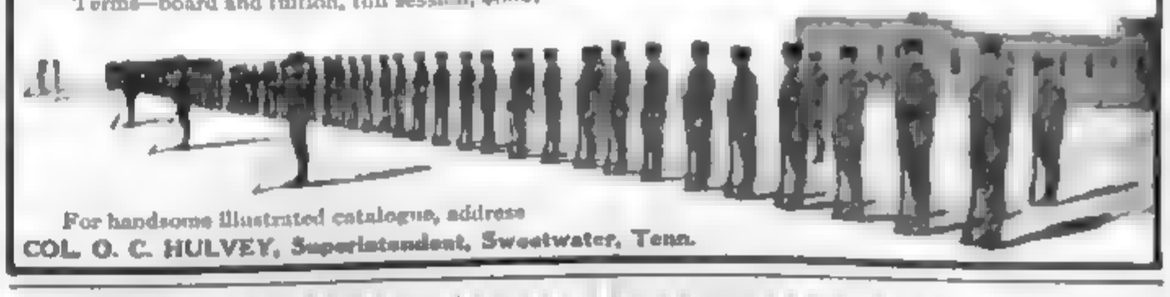

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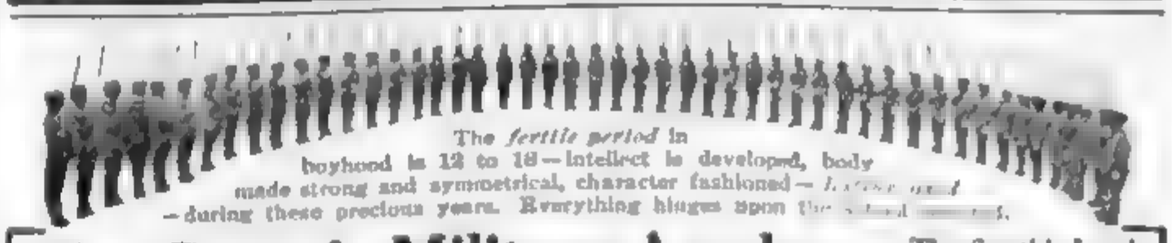

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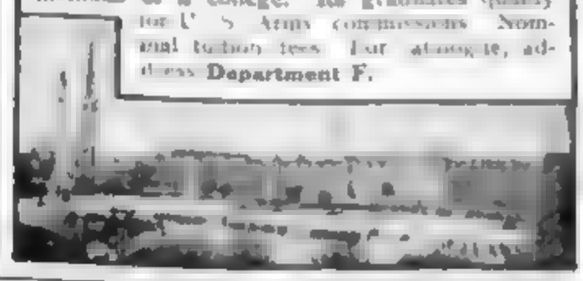

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There is no doubt that Beveridge is in exact sympathy with the great bulk of the Republicans in the state on the tariff and on all other matters in dispute in Congress. There is no doubt, either, that if Beveridge could go before the people, to be elected by direct vote, he would win handsomely.

However, he must be reëlected by the legislature. Now, there is a wing of the Republican party in Indiana that is bitterly opposed to Beveridge. This wing of the party, or, perhaps, pinion of the party, is led by former Senator James Hemenway, former Representative James Watson, and by the other men who were leaders in the Fairbanks-Hemenway machine. Their hatred of Beveridge is implacable. They will go to any lengths to defeat him.

Not to put too fine an edge on it, that is the exact reason why the Democrats have such a good chance in Indiana this fall, where the great stake is the senatorship.

Governor Marshall will get some reflected glory if the Democrats carry the legislature and send in a Democrat in place of Beveridge, for he jumped in some weeks ago and demanded the state convention should indorse a Democrat for Senator. Tom Taggart, the Democratic boss, apparently, was opposed to this, for it had been announced, not by the wily Tom but by others, that Taggart himself desired to be the Democratic Senator from Indiana if there should be one. There was a great kicking up of dust and a great apparent conflict, and when it was all over it was found that the convention had indorsed John W. Kern—the gentleman who proceeded in a leisurely way to defeat as the tail to Bryan's kite in 1908—for that exalted position.

Wet and Dry Complications

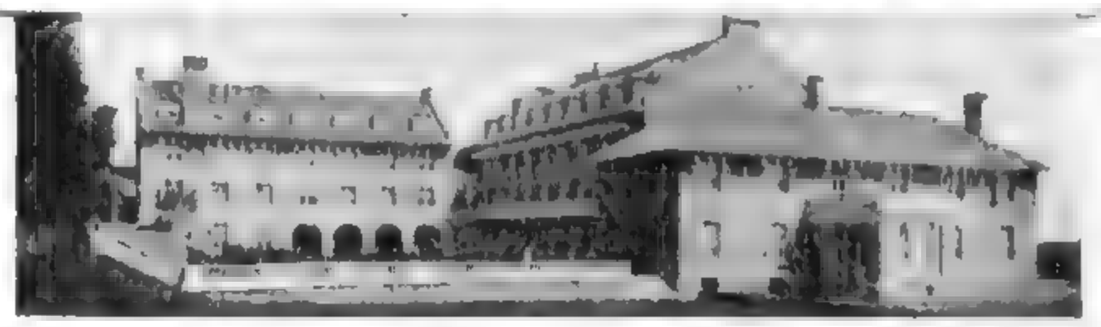
Whereupon there was much to-do because Marshall had defeated Taggart—the vote was very close—and because Taggart was down and out, and pure politics had prevailed. This was most interesting to outsiders who knew that John Kern had always been a Taggart man, that it was Taggart who had Kern named for Vice-President at Denver, that their associations are close and intimate, and that it was pretty reasonably sure that Mr. Thomas Taggart had landed one on Governor Marshall and on John Lamb, and on a few others. I have no information on the subject, but it is a good political guess that Mr. Thomas Taggart never was a bona-fide candidate for Senator, and that he had Kern up his sleeve all the time. At any rate, even if he was a candidate and couldn't win, he did the next best thing and boomed one of his own people.

In Indiana, as in Ohio and elsewhere, the election is sure to be complicated by the liquor question. So far as a general political article is concerned a discussion of the intricacies of that question is about as useful as a discussion of whether Halley's comet has a tail. Back of every Republican movement in Indiana and back of every Democratic movement there always lurks some phase of the liquor question. It is ubiquitous. It percolates into every proposition. Everybody is afraid of what the liquor men will do and afraid of what they won't do. The same is true with the "drys." No doubt the election will be influenced one way or another by it, but to say which way takes a better guesser than I am, for it is the truth that the liquor question never is answered the way it is mapped out to be answered at the polls by the political wise men of the states where it is asked.

There is no doubt, however, that former Governor Hanly is stirring it up in the Republican party, that various Democrats are keen about it, and that both political parties hitherto have elaborately sidestepped it and will continue so to do if they can get away with it. Moreover, one thing that puts a smudge on the reflected glory Governor Marshall expects to accrue by Democratic success is the fact that John Kern has been a candidate for about everything within the gift of the people of Indiana, time and repeat, including the senatorship, now the property of Senator Shively. He also gave the American people a chance to pass on him, and has never landed anything yet. If the way to judge the future is by the past Governor Marshall doesn't seem to have much of a string on that reflected glory.

Editor's Note—This is the second of three articles by Mr. Blythe reviewing the present Democratic situation.

SCHOOLS & COLLEGES



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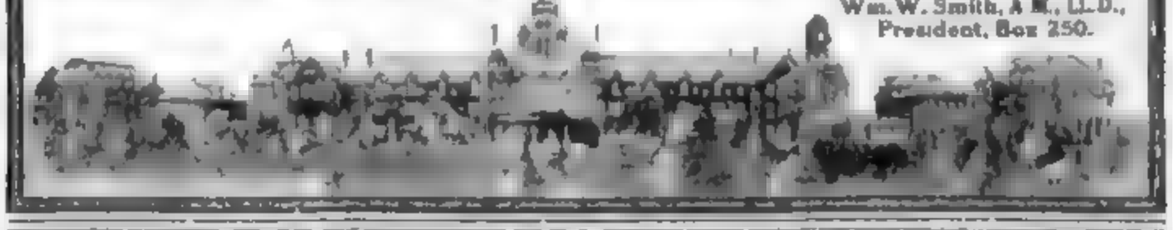

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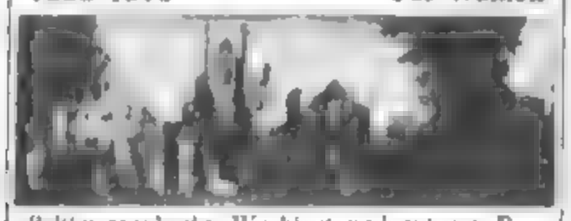

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TOWNS BUILT TO ORDER

(Continued from Page 7)

success of this venture, gave his town the significant name of Petroleum. Then he sat down and waited for the discovery of oil to bring his opportunity.

The Darietta people were painfully conscious of the new town and had been keeping an eye on the prospective oil fields themselves. When the new town's name was announced they provided themselves with a competent press agent. He began to send out stories about the oil fields and they were printed under a Darietta date line.

One day a gusher was struck within a mile of Petroleum, blowing the derrick to pieces and injuring a couple of workmen. The next morning all of the papers told of the discovery of gas in the "Darietta Oil Field."

After that the press agent made it his business to see that something happened daily in the oil fields and that the newspapers were informed of it. At the end of a week or two the Petroleum promoter, who had been waiting for the editors to discover their mistake, grew impatient and went to see some of them. He told them the real name of the field was the "Petroleum Oil Field." The editors were sorry but couldn't see the necessity of a correction.

"Our readers all know the place as the 'Darietta Field,'" they said, "and we can't go to the trouble of changing the name now. Go find yourself another oil field and let us know about it, and we will name it to suit you."

He had lost his opportunity, for the flood of oil-boom speculators had been turned to the real-estate offices of Darietta.

Towns Judged by Hotels

A good hotel is almost as important as a newspaper, and the most successful promoters maintain one at a loss for several years. The traveling man's impressions of a town are largely determined by his own personal comfort while there and a poor meal in a dirty hotel will send him away with a bad report about the town in general. Feed him well and he grows enthusiastic, and gives the town the kind of word-of-mouth advertising it could not buy for any amount of money.

Some day, perhaps, one of these town promoters will accomplish the dream of ages and build the ideal city. Any one who cares to make the attempt may profit by the experiences of others who have left several hundred unsuccessful towns behind them as examples of the way in which such towns should not be built.

The discovery of a rich iron mine and the building of a railroad brought opportunity for the promotion of a new town a few years ago. A retired manufacturer became interested in the proposition and decided to build the town himself. It would be the crowning achievement of his life, and the town would not only commemorate his name but would give an increased income to his heirs. He bought the one convenient site for the town, a bit of land so cut off by mountains and the river that no other site seemed possible. Then he began to lay out the town with his surveyor and the idea of an ideal town occurred to him. He was a man of imagination, and it was easy for him to visualize a town in which there would be no jarring clash of colors, no architectural sins, no neighborhood eyesores. He added a few architects and a landscape gardener to his staff of surveyors, and by working hard they managed to get the plans of the town complete by the time the railroad reached the spot.

It took a good-sized book to tell about them, but every one admitted that they were a fine set of plans—one that any town ought to be proud of. The town was laid off with many small parks and squares, in which the confident promoter had already planted trees. Alternating with these were the residence blocks, in which lots were offered for sale—with restrictions.

If you bought a lot in block A your yard was to remain unfenced and your house was to set back exactly fifty feet from the curb line. Furthermore, the house was to be constructed to conform to a certain architectural design to be found on file at the town-site office. In block B the plans

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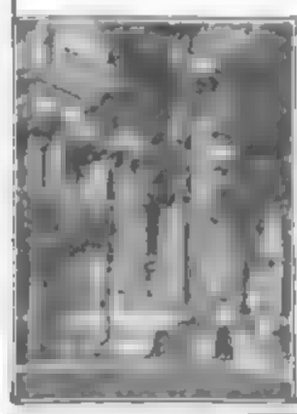

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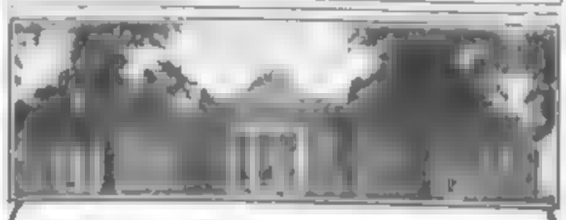

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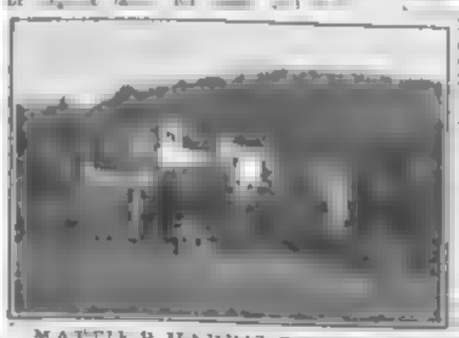

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were different, but the same general regulations prevailed. Every known taste was provided for. If you wanted to build a three-room cottage you might buy a lot in the block provided for that class of dwellings, or if you wanted a pretentious mansion you could satisfy your taste on a beautiful terrace, provided your selection of an architect was approved by the authorities at the town site office.

The manufacturer decided his town was going to make such a big hit that he wouldn't have to do much advertising and made the terms of purchase correspondingly liberal. He provided for five per cent of the gross sales of lots to go toward building and supporting a public library; another five per cent was to be used for a free public hospital. Public schools, playgrounds, city hall and gardens were similarly provided for. There seemed nothing for the future citizens of the town to do but to buy lots and live happily in the ideal city.

Just as these plans were completed and the demand for lots was about to develop, the manufacturer died, leaving everything so tied up in his will that nothing could be changed. His son, who was named as executor of the estate, took charge of the proposition, believing that his father's hopes would be realized and the family exchequer replenished by the town site that had emptied it.

The iron mine, the railroad and the factories that followed brought thousands who needed homes. Many visited the town site office, looked over the plots and talked about buying until they came to the clause about the distance their houses should be from the curb lines. At that point they began to lose interest, and when they reached the clause about the approval of the architect's work they decided not to buy, and left the office. Of course a few did buy, but these needed no restrictions to keep the buildings in each block uniform, there being not more than one in any block.

The End of the Model Town

In the meantime a real-estate agent, who wore checked clothes and loud neckwear, opened an addition to the town. It was not conveniently located and was poorly drained, but there were no restrictions. You might build a palace or a pigpen on your lot for all the agent cared. With him the principal thing was to sell the lots. As soon as this fact became known the stream of population turned in his direction, and the stores that had established themselves in the nice artistic buildings of the old town went hurrying after. Soon the original town site was nothing but a sparsely-settled suburb of the addition.

An addition to a city may be restricted, and if the promoter will wait long enough he will be able to sell his lots, because there will always be some to whom this subtle class distinction will appeal; but enough of them to fill a town will never be found in any one place, for the population of a new town is more purely democratic than it will ever be during the future growth of the place. All are strangers and equals for the moment. In this condition, many who have failed elsewhere come to the new town and find encouragement and success.

Some day a mass-meeting of citizens is called and all discuss a plan to incorporate and elect a set of officials. There is oratory and enthusiasm, and a citizen's committee is appointed to attend to the details of the plan. When they return to their homes the people's viewpoint is changed. They no longer think of the place as belonging to the promoter, but as a city in which all are concerned.

At this point the new town ceases to be a real-estate proposition. It has grown out of the hands of the man who built it, and he can only watch it and hope that its history will be a fair one

A Hint to Exporters

HARRIET CHALMERS ADAMS, the explorer and lecturer, was about to embark on a little steamer on an interior river in Brazil.

"What sort of fuel do you use?" Mrs. Adams asked the captain of the boat.

"Well," he replied in Spanish, "we burn some wood, some coal, but principally catalogues of stuff made in America and printed in a language we cannot read."

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Every department under special masters. The student's capacity sets the only limitation to his progress. The reciprocal relations established with Harvard University afford pupils special advantages for literary study.

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The privileges of lectures, concerts and recitals, the opportunities of ensemble practice and appearing before audiences, and the daily associations are invaluable advantages to the music student. A number of free violin scholarships available for 1910.

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ORGAN—Gaston Dethier
VIOLIN—Kneisel.
CELLO—Willeke.
THEORY and COMPOSITION—Percy Goetschius.

The opportunities of the Institute are intended only for students of natural ability with an earnest purpose to do serious work, and no others will be accepted. Since the number of students is fixed at 600, and a large proportion of the old pupils will continue their studies next year, only a limited number of new pupils can be admitted in October.

The Institute will move this Fall into a large new building specially erected for it on the banks of the Hudson, opposite Grant's Tomb.

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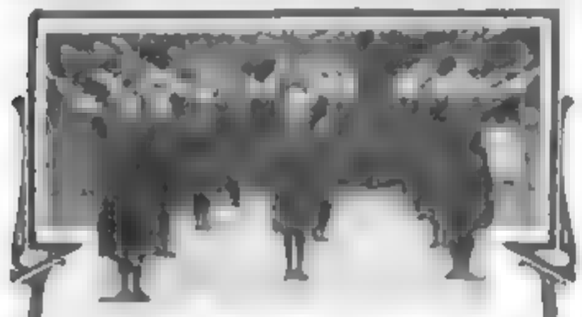

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DETHRONING KING COTTON

(Continued from Page 14)

child who sees a beautiful garden at his school will ever be contented with a cheerless-looking farm.

This year more than one hundred thousand farmers will be reached, and the leavening influence of diversification will be scattered into every corner of the state.

The South, by its monopoly of cotton, has always contributed generously to the wealth of the nation. Exports of cotton from the United States are of enormous value. In the settlement of balances abroad our exports of cotton are indispensable, for we can rely upon that money every year, while no other product of the soil can be depended on with the same certainty. A warehouse receipt for a bale of cotton is a golden legal tender in every financial center of the globe.

The farmer is joining hands with the professor and putting the soft pedal on his merry ha-ha! He has quit snorting at the mention of "cotton hybrids," "disease-resisting strains," and other tomfoolery common to professors. Instead of laughing he goes to the experiment farm, shucks his coat and follows Professor DeLoach through the cotton-patch until he finds out what it all means.

Then he goes home and digests a new proposition, to wit: A certain variety of cotton contains a very high percentage of lint, therefore it is profitable; but it is subject to some disease that renders it unprofitable. The farmer, however, has learned that he can select a seed that has a strongly resistive quality to that particular disease, cross these two strains and produce a cotton that will make a large amount of lint, and all this in spite of the disease. Kiddy's pa chuckles to himself: "Jest as easy as crossin' a bulldog with a greyhound fer runnin' and fightin' qualities."

The South can add enormously to its cotton crop without bringing a solitary additional acre under the plow. This would reduce the cost of production and enable the farmer to sell at lower prices with larger profits. It would also leave more land to be planted in diversified crops. The production of cotton increased about fifty-three per cent from 1896 to 1908, and its value increased about one hundred and thirty-three per cent. The crop of 1909, which would have glutted the market fifteen years ago, is now considered almost a famine. Many operators assert that there will not be a single bale to carry over for another year. The world is absorbing it as the Sahara would absorb a sangaree. Consider the millions in the Philippine Islands who are yearning to wear pants!

The Mistake of Miltiades Mush

At a political meeting in the country one of the young agricultural students in speaking of corn artlessly prattled about its "pedigree." Then uprose the Honorable Miltiades Mush, "plain man of the people" and candidate for office on that platform. "Is that the tommyrot that they teach in that institution? Have they brought their English snobbery to infect the farmers' sons of the state of Georgy? Do you mean to tell me that there is pedigree in corn, that there is aristocracy in nubbins, and nobility in fodder?"

When the Honorable M. Mush stopped for wind the student got a chance to explain that they kept a careful record of each stalk of corn intended for seed. For many seasons back they knew exactly what this particular strain of corn had produced under given conditions. What's the sense of it? A variety that originally produced thirty-seven bushels to the acre had been coaxed into yielding one hundred and sixty-two bushels to the acre. And the farmers listened to that youngster while he told them how this could be done.

The entire South is awakening to the fact that they need more farm animals, home-raised, of good stock. Farmers are beginning to compare results—honest, they are! Don't let a few figures scare you off. This is not a funny story; it is a bunch of kiln-dried facts.

Iowa, Georgia and Mississippi had, in 1900, approximately the same number of farm families. Their total value of domestic animals was, in millions: Georgia 33, Mississippi 41, and Iowa 272. For each family their value was: Georgia $108; Mississippi $185; Iowa $122.

Now look at the value of the farm products, for 1899, in millions: Georgia 104 and Mississippi 102, while the Iowa farms produced $1,000,000 for every day in the year. Every farmer's family in Iowa produced nearly four times as much as a farmer's family in Mississippi or Georgia.

But here's the staggerer: Iowa spent $337,190 for fertilizers; Mississippi $932,000; while Georgia's fertilizer bill ran up to $5,700,000.

Why did Georgia pay nearly sixty times as much as Iowa to raise each dollar's worth of produce? You think there must be a reason? You are wrong. That's exactly why it hurts—there is no reason.

But there is an answer. The answer is in the cow—just where the fertilizer is. The Iowa farmer returns the richness to his land; the other farmers ship it away.

The entire South has a climate where it is rarely necessary to protect cattle from the winter. There is an abundance of forage and plenty of water. Then also the cottonseed, taken in connection with cattle-raising, is the surest of all wealth-producers. When bought for fertilizer it is spread directly upon the ground, which utilizes only a small part of its value. If the same ton of cottonseed meal were filtered through a cow, the droppings would contain from ninety to ninety-five per cent of the original fertilizing value, while the farmer would have his dairy products, his cow, and a calf by way of lagnappe.

The Farmers' New Ideas

Cattle thrive upon those elements of cottonseed meal that are useless as plant food. Those elements produce meat and milk. The cow compels the farmer to raise forage, and enables him to raise it. She is the mother of diversification—enemy to the single crop and fertilizer bills.

All over the South this is becoming better understood, and the enterprising farmer is beginning to hitch his wagon to a cow.

But there is a big cheerfulness in the thought of cottonseed. Thirty years ago it was an incubus on the land—worthless as sawdust piles at the sawmills. The farmer stacked it up and would gladly give it to anybody who would be good enough to haul it away. He heaped it up in great piles to rot or kept a fire smouldering beneath it.

Somebody began using the rotten stuff as fertilizer and found that it did pretty well. Then the crushing mills developed, and multitudinous uses were found for their product. Italy bought large quantities of cottonseed oil from us, and we bought it back in the shape of pure olive oil. It is made into substitutes for butter and lard. The meal and cake are the cheapest, best, and most concentrated milk-producing food known. This year the value of the cottonseed crop of the South will run 'way over one hundred and fifty millions of dollars, to say nothing of its residuary value as a fertilizer if kept at home and fed to cattle.

This shows what intelligence and education can do toward turning a worthless by-product into a rich item of national wealth.

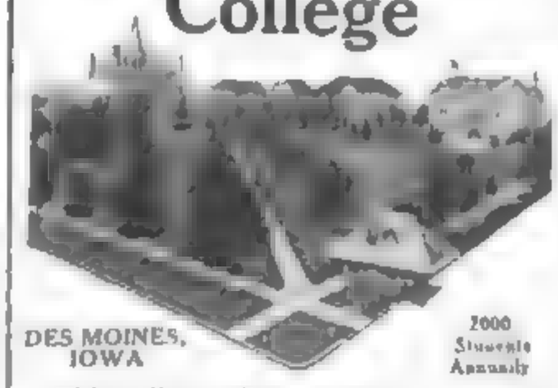
Now let us turn back to those livestock figures. Georgia—I say Georgia, but I mean every Southern state—buys millions of dollars' worth of mules every year. She does not raise them, and their value represents a debt instead of a credit against her resources. This is a shame. There is not a day in the year when a mule can't take care of himself in the open fields or the canebrake, and never even know that it is wintertime. Just turn him loose, and every active mule can find enough forage to keep him fat and frisky. Yet we buy them from people who have to buy overcoats for them in winter and hold umbrellas over them in summer. Does the Georgia farmer ever think that in every one of his mules there is twenty-eight dollars' worth of fertilizer a year?

The Southern farmer has begun to see that it does not pay him to own cattle that are worth eleven dollars a head while a good type of export steer in Virginia brings from sixty to eighty dollars. He can produce the export steer just about as cheaply as he can perpetrate the eleven-dollar caricature.

Arkansas cattle-breeders read the newspapers and see that their stock brings about one-half the prices of the Kentucky animal.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

Highland Park College



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The difference is in the breeding and the care

The Tennessee farmer has been keeping up with the history of a certain herd at the experiment station. To begin with, this herd made an average yield of four thousand and eighty-three pounds of milk and two hundred and eighty-three pounds of butter. Within four years the average rose to six thousand three hundred and seventy-one pounds of milk and three hundred and sixty-three pounds of butter. The natural courtesy of a cow responded to better treatment. The privateer cow in the South is so busy climbing fences and accumulating cockle-burs that she has no time to give milk. Three thousand pounds is about her average, and about one hundred and seventy pounds of butter. Yet she eats just as much as her milk-factory sister.

A cow that yields three thousand pounds of milk will produce a profit of forty-six dollars a year, but six thousand pounds will make a net profit of one hundred and twenty-five dollars.

The Southern farmer has learned how to judge the points of the cow; not those bony points that stick out like the prongs of a hatrack, but the qualifications that will enable her to hold a permanent job in his dairy.

As a part of the general movement for the betterment of agricultural conditions, the farmer is no longer content with the haphazard knock-and-patch buildings, fences and the like that he used to have. Perhaps his son goes to college and learns modern methods in the department of farm mechanics. The boy is shown how to put up, run and repair every kind of engine that is used on the farm. He sees the practical working of various kinds of power—ram, windmill, gasoline and steam engines. He is taught to examine farm machinery and to appreciate its good and weak points. He unpacks machinery, puts the parts together, and should be able to handle it successfully.

The same old farmer that used to hoot at a "chemical analysis of soil" will now understand perfectly when you tell him that a particular brand of fertilizer is not good for a certain purpose because the plant food that it contains is not in available shape. He knows that it is just like trying to eat a raw Irish potato or handing the bottle to the baby without taking the stopper out—the food is there, but it is not in available shape.

Farmers at School

He can look at his crop, see the dark-green color, the well-developed stalk and luxuriant growth which tell him that his soil is not deficient in nitrogen or potash. He sees his grain maturing early, with well-rounded and heavy kernels, and he knows that his soil contains plenty of available phosphoric acid.

The soil is the farmer's capital; it is his bank. Deposited in that bank is the plant food that is the cash of the institution, without which it can transact no business. One thing is certain: the farmer cannot continue drawing checks on his bank without making an occasional deposit.

The purpose has taken hold upon a considerable body of young men that they will train themselves for the farm instead of from it. Boys in country schools have stopped reciting their ambitions thusly:

"Bounded on the north by a starveling lawyer; bounded on the east by a jack-leg preacher; bounded on the south by a sawbones doctor, and bounded on the west by anything-to-leave-the-farm."

Follow some of these boys to an agricultural college and glance into a lecture-room—at the ten-days course, for instance. There are white-haired men, and bald-headed men, who have been hopping clods and renewing mortgages, trying to scratch a living out of the dirt for more than forty years. They are tired chasing razorback hogs, herding piney-woods cows, and coming out deeper in debt at the end of every year. It has been hammered into them that cotton will not pay for everything. They may not be men of much education as it is measured by books, but they are men of sense who come to the college for information. This information goes straight back to the farm and gets into the ground with the other seed.

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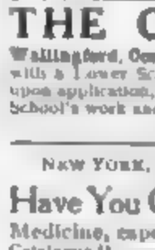

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of society—under dogs trying to crawl from the bottom of the pile. Their vocation furnishes ample scope for every energy of mind and body, promising a wholesome independence. Witness this incident: One of the other states considered the establishment of an institution similar to the one in Georgia. They sent a delegation to the college at Athena to study the plan and procure trained men as teachers. President Soule called in six of his best students and informed them that they could get excellent positions in the new college. Four of them promptly declined; they wanted to go back to their farms.

They look upon their lands with different eyes. Their interest is not measured by the money that their fields produce. It lies deeper: they love the land and love the toil of tending it.

This comes pretty near touching them with the wand of artistic instinct, if grabbling potatoes may be likened unto art. When a man performs his task with an eye single to his profit, then he is a hireling laborer, even though that task be the painting of a masterpiece or the composing of a Marseillaise.

But if a man labors for love, for the joy of creating something; if it be the work and not the wage that satisfies his soul—then he may rightly be called an artist, even though his achievement be nothing more than to lift a lily from the soil.

It will not require many young men with this spirit and this training to work a permanent revolution in the South.

Meanwhile another leaven has begun its work upon the sunset borders of the land. A new apostle of diversification opened a new crusade, preached a gospel of education and salted it down with bitter experience. The Mexican boll-weevil crossed into Southwestern Texas and commenced his work. Like everybody else in the South the weevil lived on cotton alone. But the trouble is that he gets the cotton first, and there is nothing for anybody else to live on. He eats the square and young boll which produces the fiber, and this utterly destroys the value of a cottonfield.

Hunting Big Game in Texas

The first suggestion of fruit on the cotton plant appears in the square. Three soft green leaves inclose the embryonic bloom. Out of this square appears the bloom, which remains for two days, then falls off, leaving a tiny boll no larger than an English pea. This boll contains a mushy germ which is to develop the fiber. The boll grows until it becomes as big as a hickory nut, turns brown as the cotton matures, then bursts open, and in a short while the lint is ready for the picker.

This is what the cotton would do if it were allowed to attend to business unmolested. But the weevil sticks in her bill. The weevil is about a quarter of an inch long, with scaly wings like a beetle and a bill like a mosquito, a fastidious appetite and a propensity for propagation. The female weevil punctures the tiny boll and deposits her egg. This egg—like the footprints of Attila's horse—permits nothing to grow that it touches. After being "stung" by the weevil, the boll does not mature. It becomes totally disqualified to produce anything but a weevil. The female weevil lays about one hundred and forty eggs to a setting, and rarely lays two in the same boll. It is supposed to require about seventy bolls to make a pound of cotton. On this basis a solitary female destroys two pounds of cotton every time she takes a notion to raise another family.

The first stage of the weevil is the egg; then the larva—a small white worm. Then comes the pupa stage, when the worm begins to grow a bill, wings, legs and other useful apparatus. Finally he gets hard and eats his way out, seeking what he may devour. Three of his stages are passed on the inside of the tiny boll, where he is not subject to attack.

When the female weevil emerges in the spring she immediately gets busy; race suicide does not exist in the bright lexicon of her youth. She knows the feminine sphere and fills it so completely that, just before she crawls into a crevice for the winter, she could hold a family reunion of nearly thirty millions of her descendants.

This pest started across the country from west to east, traveling at the rate of approximately forty miles a year. The people raised nothing but cotton, and he ate nothing but cotton—a happy coincidence. He did not mar the outward beauty

COLUMBIA

Grand Opera Records by Lina Cavalieri

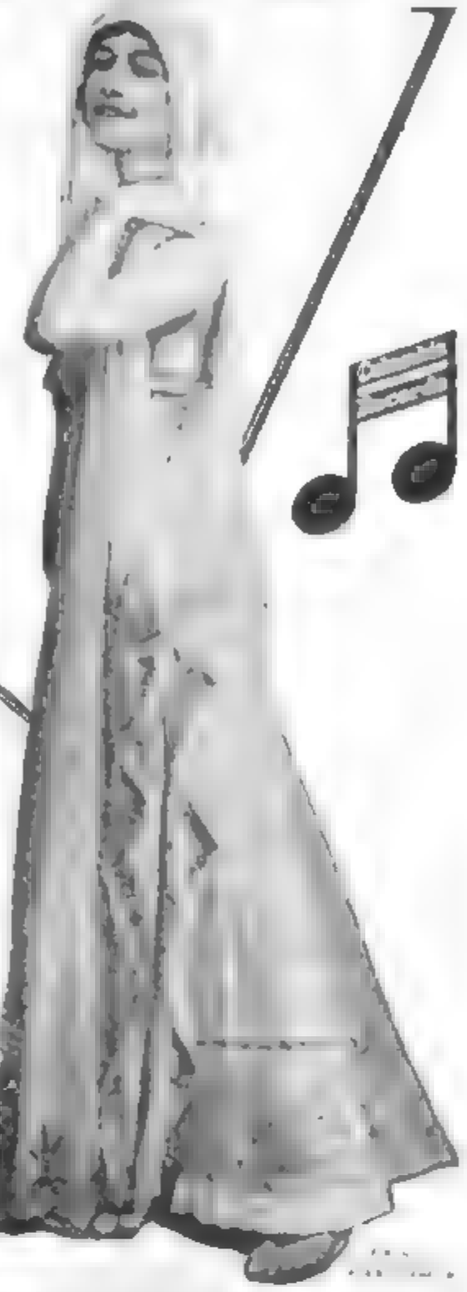
As the forerunners of a magnificent new series of Columbia Double-Disc Grand Opera Records, we are here announcing the first records Cavalieri has ever been persuaded to sing,—and they are ready for you at the nearest Columbia dealer's:

A 5178 { (Front) La Boheme, "Mi [illegible]" (Back) Mefistofele, "L'altra notte in fondo al mare."

A 5179 { Marcal Mad. Nespoulous) Carmen, "Habanera."

A 5172 { Manon Lescaut, "In quelle [illegible]" La Tosca, "Preghiera"

As above, in 12 inch double-disc form, a selection on each side of the disc—$3.00. Each selection is also issued as a single disc at $2.00

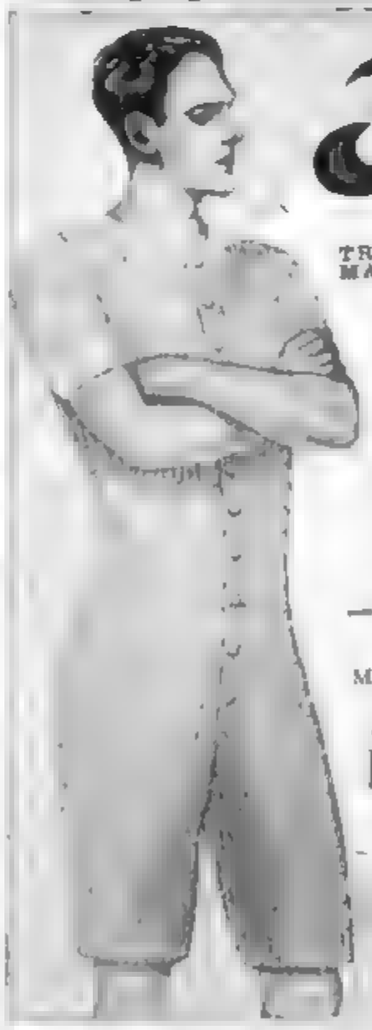


The Columbia Grafonola "Regent"—$200

Columbia Phonograph Company, Gen'l

Dept. A, Tribune Bldg., New York

Prices in Canada [illegible] Headquarters for Canada—364 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont. Dealers wanted—[illegible] where we are not [illegible]



KEEPKOOL UNDERWEAR

TRADE MARK

KEEPKOOL Underwear is ideal for sultry days. Its porous fabric admits fresh air to cool the body and dry the perspiration. Very light and soft, yet remarkably strong, because knitted of finest yarns.

KEEPKOOL is the Only Elastic Ribbed Porous Underwear

—therefore the most comfortable. Cannot bind. Never loses its shape.

Made in knee or ankle length drawers, short or long sleeves and athletic shirts.

Insist on Keepkool—if your dealer can't supply you, we will.

Men's Separate Garments 50c Boys' Separate Garments 25c

Men's Union Suits $1.00. Boys' Union Suits 50c.

Catalog and sample of fabric on request.

FULD & HATCH KNITTING CO.

Dept. P, Albany, N. Y.

I ask for the Necco Seal on every box

Lenox Chocolates

Thick, creamy, chocolate coverings containing tempting fillings of jelly, nougat, caramel, nut and other delightful flavors. The very acme of chocolate perfection. As pure as they are good. Made in the world's most modern confectionery establishment.

Sold by best dealers everywhere.

NEW ENGLAND CONFECTIONERY COMPANY

Boston, Mass.

63,645 MEN HAVE MADE THIS FREE TRIAL

Picture to yourself this army of men sharpening their razors with the "KEENOH" every morning.

Think of what [illegible] smooth, velvety shaves, [illegible] razors sharpened to the keenest edge [illegible]

No more struggle with a dull razor. No more fuss with a pesky sharpener [illegible] new water-blade.

For the "KEENOH" sharpens both; and hones them, too.

Keenoh
Trade Mark
AUTOMATIC RAZOR SHARPENER

[illegible] on free trial for [illegible] and the asking.

This [illegible] KEENOH [illegible] sharpener is [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Here's the finest chewing gum you ever put in your mouth

—the *chewy* kind; highest in quality. Sold only in round metal boxes

Fine half-tone portrait of a baseball player in every five cent box.

Violet Chips

Flavored like the aroma of sweet violets. Purifies and delicately perfumes the breath. Fine for the teeth. A toilet requisite.

Mint Chips

With the wonderful flavor of old-fashioned [illegible] meals or smoking. Fine for breath. Aids digestion. Handy for vest pocket or hand bag. A necessity to travelers.

Specify Colgan's — Avoid Imitations.

Favored by athletes, golfers, fishermen, etc.

COLGAN GUM CO., Inc., Louisville, Ky.

Deaf or Hard of Hearing?

Use the NEW

GLOBE EAR-PHONE

(Awarded Gold Medal, Seattle Exposition)

Adjustable to Any Degree of Deafness

30 Days' Home Trial

Prove to yourself that the Globe Ear Phone is [illegible] adapted to your [illegible]. Entire satisfaction guaranteed or deposit money refunded.

You can adjust the [illegible] it your own ears, or any change in your hearing from day to day. Doesn't that alone make it [illegible]

[illegible] the telephone [illegible] right on your ear drum. [illegible] and very little is [illegible] you can't hear hearing.

[illegible] is very compact and weighs only [illegible] the smallest parts is held to [illegible] not which is concealed by the hair or [illegible] in the head nothing for a person to [illegible] at in existence [illegible] full particulars. Also name of [illegible]

THE GLOBE EAR-PHONE CO.
82 Tremont Temple Boston, Mass.

LABLACHE
FACE POWDER

SUMMER DELIGHTS

[illegible] known to all women who are [illegible] They are

BEN LEVY CO.
French Perfumers
Dept. 41, 125 Kingston St.
Boston, Mass.

We Will Sell You at Wholesale Agents' Price, one

American Motorcycle

If we have not an agent in your city We want one [illegible] established in every town. We want agents and offer the best money [illegible] American Motorcycle. Write us—do it now

American Motorcycle Co.
1395 Wells St. (4) Chicago, Ill.

laborer produces five hundred dollars' worth of livestock annually as against four dollars for Mississippi.

Ancient Egypt was first the granary and then the treasure-house of the world; yet there is a stretch of delta land between Vicksburg and Memphis that is richer far than the storied Valley of the Nile, and with seven times its arable area. Never a day comes when it is too hot or too cold to work. Sunstroke and freezing are alike unknown. Much of this land is wild, the home of deer, bear and panther.

What a chance for Iowa men in Mississippi! And what an opportunity for Mississippians! Maybe they would be like the pig in a pen that gets so fat it won't eat any more. But just let the boss put in a hungry pig - then the fat one gets up and hustles.

Hogs and corn will settle the meat-and-bread question, rendering the farmer just that much less dependent upon the merchant. And Irish potatoes—while the Texan was tightening his belt and praying for invitations to dinner, he discovered that he could raise a few hundred bushels of Irish potatoes and get them off the land in full time to plant cotton. He could get two crops instead of one, pick up his dinner as he went along, and never stop going. Dinners counted double with the Texan in those days.

Then, in 1905, he made his bumper crop of cotton in spite of the boll-weevil, and in addition to his food and forage. The weevil had taught him to be a fifty-per-cent better farmer.

The boll-weevil hit Louisiana straight from the shoulder. Some sections lay still and took the count. Others struggled to their feet.

In De Soto Parish, for instance, the cotton production dropped from sixteen thousand to nine thousand bales. Hundreds of farms were abandoned. The men went to cutting timber and getting out crossties. The United States Department of Agriculture established demonstration farms to prove that a crop of cotton could be raised alongside a crop of boll-weevil. The native believed only half of this proposition; the best he would do was to stand in the edge of the woods and watch. Then he took heart, hitched up his "galluses" and pulled the bell-cord over his mule again. Within a year or two he was raising fifteen thousand to eighteen thousand bales; but his foodstuffs—and this tells the story—increased from three hundred to five hundred per cent.

In some of the upper river parishes, opposite Vicksburg, they took up rice on a large scale and found they could grow better rice than the planters on the coast. The acres were level, ideal for irrigation, and there was water in plenty; but the planter would never have thought of it if the weevil hadn't said "Boo!"

THRIFT

Humble Homes

A TROLLEY motorman, running a car in the city of New York, paid the first installment on a lot in New Jersey some years ago. It was a plot fifty feet wide and a hundred deep, price one hundred and fifty dollars, payable in installments of five dollars a month. The motorman had lived in New York tenements all his life, and had no very definite idea of doing anything with his purchase at that time. It lay quite a distance out in the country and was inaccessible. However, he kept up the payments because New York papers were then full of stories of fortunes made in real estate, and almost before he knew it the indebtedness had been cleared off and the lot was his. By that time a new trolley line had been built out toward the motorman's property, and instead of taking his family to the park, as formerly, he would take them out to see their lot whenever he got his day off duty. His wife was not in good health and thought they ought to move out of the city. The two youngsters were growing up, and the motorman often felt uneasy when he remembered that they had no playground but the streets.

So, one day, after a trip to his lot, he had a load of brick dumped upon it, and thereafter when they took an outing his wife packed a bigger lunch-basket and they took along a few friends who were interested. In a few months they had dug a

So—

whether you buy Uneeda Biscuit at your own grocer's or at an unknown shop a thousand miles away—you *know* the contents of the package are just as they left the oven—fresh, crisp, untainted, unsullied.

You *always* know

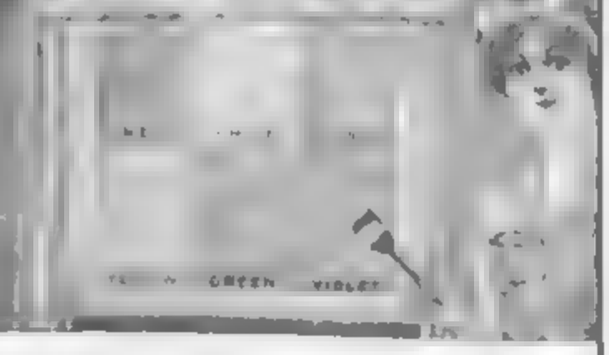
Uneeda Biscuit

5¢ (Never Sold in Bulk)

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

WITH WINDOWFROST

You Can Transform Plain Glass into very Beautiful Cathedral Glass Effects



Bathroom, Kitchen, Cellar and Attic Windows
Stairway and Door Windows
Lamp Shades
Office Partitions, Transoms and Factory Windows

Any window or transom can be beautified by **Windowfrost**, a liquid varnish composition that is quickly and easily applied with a plain brush. No skill needed. It crystallizes while drying, producing a beautiful "frosted" Cathedral Glass effect.

You can use **Windowfrost** in many places—you'll be surprised to see how its magic touch transforms a prosaic piece of plain window glass into a soft and artistic "stained glass." The effect is superior to rough or ground glass.

Made in six beautiful colors—Green, Orange, Violet, White, Red and Yellow.

Ask your paint dealer, hardware dealer or druggist for Windowfrost. If he hasn't it send us his name and 25c for enough to cover three ordinary windows.

25¢

MOLLER & SCHUMANN CO.
Marcy and Flushing Avenues, BROOKLYN
110 North Desplaines Street, CHICAGO

Makers of MJS VARNISHES TRADE MARK

Length 81½ inches

Chaise of plain

PORCH SWING

SOLID OAK

Complete with [illegible] cushions	$4 50
Arm rests [illegible] sections	5 50
Painted complete	5 50

[illegible] ture in any degree. Paper patterns furnished with complete instructions for building a number of attractive pieces. Send for catalog.

WESSBORG-JUDD CO., Saginaw, W. S., Mich.

PATENT WHAT YOU INVENT!

Your Ideas May Bring You a Fortune

Free book of [illegible]

[illegible] Our Free Opinion [illegible]

WOODWARD & CHANDLEE Registered Att'ys.
1237 F Street, Washington, D. C.

Boston Garter

Velvet Grip

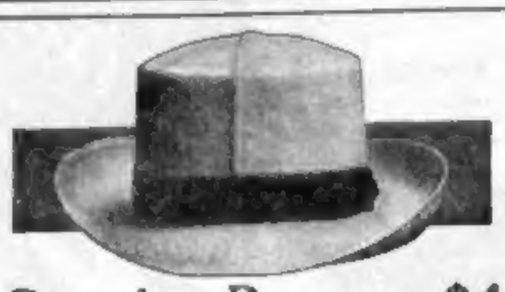
The Boston Garter grasps the leg and your half hose in a way that feels good and safe.

See that BOSTON GARTER is stamped on the clasp.

WORN THE WORLD OVER BY WELL DRESSED MEN.

Sample Pair, Cotton, 25c., Silk, 50c. Mailed on Receipt of Price.

George Frost Co., Makers
Boston, Mass., U.S.A.



Genuine Panama $4

Light, cool, dressy, closely woven, adaptable to all shapes, with neat silk band and leather sweat band, **a genuine $10.00 value, South American Panama, sent express prepaid for $4.00.** We import direct through Galveston from South America and **save you two profits.** Order to-day, state size. Satisfaction guaranteed. Address

Houston Hat Co., *"Panama Hat Kings."* Dept. A, Houston, Texas

SHIPPED IN SECTIONS **BROOKS** FINISHED AT HOME
FURNITURE
GUARANTEED TO BE SATISFACTORY

SAVE $1.00 A MINUTE

It will take you 30 minutes to put it together.

No. 6 Davenport Seven Feet Long

Our Price Cushions Complete $19.25. Dealer's Price $30.00.

You do not pay exorbitant freight charges.
You do not pay expensive crating charges.
You do not pay high finishing cost.
You do not pay jobber's profit.
You do not pay dealer's profit.
You pay but one profit only — our profit.

Catalog 10 showing complete line of Mission Furniture **Free**

BROOKS MFG. CO.
207 Ship Street, Saginaw, Mich., U.S.A.

This Handy Tool

is the all steel **Perfection Wrench.** Easily adjusted, holds like a vise, may be used as wrench, pliers, ratchet, clamp, vise, tool holder, pipe wrench, instantly without change of parts. Everyone, particularly the owner of an automobile, needs a *good* wrench for use around garage, factory, home or farm.

The Perfection Wrench

is made in three sizes, 8-10-12 inch, polished steel and gun metal finish. Ask your dealer for **"The Perfection Wrench,"** or sent prepaid to any address in the U. S. on receipt of the price.

8-inch size **$2.00** 10-inch size **$2.50** 12-inch size **$3.50**
12-inch size (with forcing paw! attachment) **$4.00**

Nickel finish fifty cents extra for each size. Warranted for one year. We will replace free of charge any part that breaks within one year from the date of purchase. Send $2.00 to-day for wrench on five days' approval. Money returned if dissatisfied.

For booklet, discounts to trade, etc., address

Perfection Wrench Co., 218 N. Main St., Port Chester, N.Y.

Develop Your Own Films at ½ Cost.

HAYDEN FILM TANK $1

Takes all sizes up to 4 x 5. The best, simplest and most improved film tank on the market. Does perfect work.

Hayden's improved film printing frame—75c.

Hayden's convertible plate frame with postal attachment 6½ x 8½ — $1.50; 8 x 10 — $1.75.

Hayden's convertible plate tank, 2 sizes — 5 x 7 and 8 x 10 — $3.50 each.

Hayden's tank developer, 5 packages for 25c.

Hayden's dry plates, the best for studio and amateur work.

Send for catalog No. 1, giving full description of our specialties.

A. C. HAYDEN & CO., BROCKTON, MASS.
U. F. Stores, Montreal, Canadian Agents.

fine cellar. Fortunately there was no rock to be blasted, which greatly facilitated the work. Among the motorman's friends were some bricklayers, who went over with him at odd times and helped him lay a foundation. When this was finished, and a winter had gone by, he had saved enough money to build the first story of a little house, and went ahead with the work, intending to borrow enough more from a savings bank to carry on the work when the first story had been finished for security.

The only setback he had was when he tried to borrow money from the savings bank. The bank could not lend funds for so small a project, as most of its deposits went into bonds and mortgages on important city properties. Somebody suggested that the motorman see the officers of a local building and loan association, and he did so, getting six hundred dollars with which to complete his home. When he moved into it his rent came down to the six dollars a month that had to be paid on the loan, plus his taxes, water rate and fire insurance. Soon afterward he got a job on the local trolley line. His wife's health improved, the children flourished mentally and physically, and there was a fine garden to ease up grocery bills. At odd times the motorman made considerable improvements in the house and ground. Today the loan is nearly paid off, and the motorman's place is worth fully twenty-two hundred dollars. Most of the friends who helped him dig his cellar and lay the foundation have caught the idea and moved out in his neighborhood.

From Nothing to Ten Thousand

Another inaccessible piece of property, a house and lot far out in an undeveloped suburb, came into the possession of a city building and loan association through foreclosure of mortgage. It is not considered good business for such a society to carry property, so one of the directors was given the job of disposing of it. He advertised in the German newspapers, and interested a German mechanic who worked irregularly and never earned above fifteen dollars a week in the best times. He had no money saved, but the directors of the association were impressed with his sincerity and honesty, and they sold him the place on a contract. The price was twelve hundred and twenty-five dollars, on which he paid twenty-five dollars cash and took the rest on the contract, paying six dollars a month interest and six more on the principal—in all twelve dollars a month. When he had paid in three hundred dollars on the principal the association gave him a regular mortgage on the remaining nine hundred dollars, upon which his monthly payment was nine dollars. The German moved into his house immediately. The nearest watermain was two hundred feet from his line, and belonged to a private water company that would not extend it. With the help of friends, however, he dug a trench to the main and got pipe enough to fit up his own connection.

The house was small and in poor repair, but it had two floors. The German began making improvements at odd times. He built an extension on the ground floor which gave him sufficient room there for his own family; then, by putting in a range and water connections upstairs, he evolved a fairly decent separate dwelling that readily rented to another family for ten dollars a month. Thus, where he had been paying eleven dollars a month before his purchase, he now lived rent free and the family upstairs paid enough to meet his building installments. He kept working, working. The place was painted, the grounds laid out in lawn and garden, and cement walks laid.

When he had fixed the property up so that it looked better the family upstairs did not complain at an increase to twelve dollars rent. As soon as his indebtedness was well in hand he bought another lot in the neighborhood for two hundred and fifty dollars, paying one hundred dollars cash. By that time transportation facilities had improved, and he got a purchaser for his house at twenty-two hundred dollars. When he had paid the last of his debt to the association and the remainder owing on his lot, and had made the first cash payment on a house farther out in the country, he had one thousand dollars cash profit left. Two or three years later he sold out again and bought another neglected place, making improvements. Today he is worth about ten thousand dollars in

The Skin Does Not Shine With

Flesh **LEHN & FINK'S** *White*

Riveris Talcum

Talcum in its original state contains lime, which makes most talcum powders soapy to the touch and slippery on the skin.

All this has been removed in Lehn & Fink's Riveris Talcum, the one talcum that will not leave the skin "shiny."

It possesses the lightness, "fluffiness" and soft velvety character demanded in a high-grade puff powder; and has added advantage as a face powder, since it comes in both flesh and white.

In fragrance it is indescribably dainty; kills perspiration odors; cools, heals, refreshes.

Write for Free Sample

Thousands use this talcum. If you do not, learn its merit by getting free sample. Large jars—25c.—all druggists.

LEHN & FINK, 106 William St., New York

Ask your dentist about Pebeco Tooth Paste

Befitting Burial Caskets

TRADE ® NATIONAL MARK

IN every grade of burial caskets those of *National* make represent highest character and worth.

Caskets of massive, ever enduring bronze, of genuine African mahogany, of quartered oak and other staunch woods, and cloth covered caskets in great variety of appropriate designs, are all exhibited at the National Show-rooms maintained at the branches listed below.

We thus enable funeral directors and purchasers to make intelligent selections in the simplest possible way.

Write for booklet "THE NATIONAL BRONZE" — descriptive of the indestructible National Bronze Casket, with an interesting history of the Eternal Metal. Address 7 West 29th Street, New York.

NATIONAL CASKET COMPANY

Albany; Allegheny; Baltimore; Boston; Brooklyn; Buffalo; Chicago; East Cambridge; Harlem; Hoboken; Indianapolis; Louisville; New Haven; Nashville; New York City; Oneida; Philadelphia; Pittsburg; Rochester; Scranton; Syracuse; Washington; Williamsburg.

We sell only through Funeral Directors

"In a pinch, use Allen's Foot-Ease."

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, **the antiseptic powder for the feet.** It relieves painful, swollen, smarting, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. **It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age.** Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain relief for ingrowing nails, perspiring, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. It is always in demand for use in Patent Leather Shoes and for Breaking in New Shoes. We have over 30,000 testimonials. **TRY IT TO-DAY.** Sold everywhere, 25c. **Do not accept any Substitute.** Sent by mail for 25c. in stamps.

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE sent by mail. Address
ALLEN S. OLMSTED, LE ROY, N. Y.

RANDALL PARRISH
"The Great American Novelist"
500,000 copies of his stories have been sold
All fiction lovers should read his latest success
"MY LADY OF THE SOUTH"
A splendid story of the Civil War
A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, New York, San Francisco

$40 UP

C/G PORTABLE CANVAS HOUSE

No center pole or guy ropes. Defies strongest winds. 1, 2, 4 or 5 room sizes. Awnings work from inside. Not a nail or screw. Built in units. Parts fit automatically.

For descriptive booklet address Dept. L.
CARNIE-GOUDIE MFG. CO., 207 Delaware St., Kansas City, Mo.

Your dealer can show you this new "Barker Brand" Collar with the Slipeasy *Slanting* Button Hole.

THE WATKINS

A genuine linen collar that will wear well, launder perfectly and feel comfortable.

2 for 25c ½ and ¾ sizes

Always look for the "Barker" trade mark when buying collars. It is your insurance for collar satisfaction.

If your dealer cannot supply you send $1.00 for 8 collars, which will be delivered postpaid to you.

WM. BARKER CO., Makers
Troy, N. Y.

The Reason Why the

KREMENTZ

Rolled Plate Collar Buttons Outwear all Others

This Diagram Illustrates Quantity of Gold in **Imitation Buttons**

This Illustrates Quantity of Gold in the **Krementz Button**

Every dealer authorized to give a new

Krementz Collar Button

in exchange for an old one that is broken from any cause, and ask no questions.

We make this offer because Krementz Buttons are made for hard service, of honest materials, with no solder joints.

The quality is stamped on the back and guaranteed. Shape is just right.

Easy to button and unbutton.

Look for the name "KREMENTZ" on the back and be sure to get the genuine.

At all dealers. Solid gold and rolled plate.

When dealer fails to supply you write us, giving dealer's name.

Booklet showing shapes and sizes free.

Krementz & Co., 40 Chestnut St., Newark, N. J.

Hammo-port
TRADE MARK

The improved 1910 **Hammo-port** is better in every way. Back rest adjustable to any position—use as a wind shield or back rest. The patent spring cannot sag and will support 450 lbs. Use as a hammock or bed for outdoor sleeping. Solid colors and handsome stripes, positively fast colors. Guaranteed satisfactory or money back. Buy from your dealer or we will ship complete, east of Rockies for **$9.75**
Ask for Booklet G—FREE

Carnie-Goudie Mfg. Co.
Kansas City, Missouri

JUST OUT 128 PAGES

"Practical Bungalows"

Of Southern California

270 Illustrations—150 Photographs—125 Plan Plates.

100 BUNGALOWS

Accurate Descriptions. Reliable cost prices stated. Every house built by us from one to 15 times. We have built over 1000 homes and WE KNOW. Two color cover, Size 9x11 inches. Full of information for the home builder.

ONLY 50 CENTS, POSTPAID

Half the price of less reliable and less beautiful books.

L. A. INVESTMENT CO. (Dept. B), 328 S. Hill Street, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Largest Co-operative Building Co. in the World

property and his rents bring him in about ten per cent clear on that investment.

A Brooklyn cabinetmaker was sober and hardworking, but in poor health and not regularly employed. When he could earn eighteen dollars a week he counted himself lucky. He and his wife and the latter's invalid mother lived in a stuffy tenement, paying sixteen dollars a month rent. Hard times and sickness wiped out some little savings that they had laid by, and the husband was sick and out of work. The wife saw that something would have to be done, so she began answering want advertisements and got employment, making children's neckties at home. By keeping at this early and late she soon became skillful enough to earn as much as the husband had earned at his trade; then, as soon as twelve to eighteen dollars a week was coming in from this source, she resolved to save at least six dollars every week at all hazards. She had accumulated three hundred dollars in this way, when the money was drawn out and invested in a lot.

When she had saved one hundred dollars more she went to the officers of the building society where her money was deposited and explained the family's circumstances. The society made arrangements to build a seven-room frame cottage for her at a cost of two thousand dollars, watching every step in construction and paying off the contractors in three installments as the work progressed. When the house was finished she paid down two hundred dollars cash and she and her family moved in, and had eighteen dollars a month to pay the society instead of their sixteen dollars rent in the city. A grocery clerk in the neighborhood rented a furnished room from them, which gave enough profit to cover taxes, insurance, water and incidentals. Fresh air prolonged the husband's life two years, but he finally died. The mother's health was much improved, however, and the wife continued her work of making ties. Industry and saving made it possible for her to pay more than the regular monthly installment, with the outcome that the house today is practically clear and advancing values in the neighborhood have made it worth fully thirty-five hundred dollars, and the widow has built up a profitable dressmaking business in that community.

What a Thrifty Mechanic Did

A mechanic, thirty-five years old, with a wife and seven children, earned about twelve dollars a week on the average. One of his fellow-workmen who had prospered through a building and loan association persuaded him to open a savings account with the same institution and get acquainted with the chairman of its home-extension committee. The latter investigated this new depositor, found that, though not very skillful as a workman, he was sober and industrious, and so undertook to work out a better financial scheme for him. The mechanic paid twelve dollars monthly for a cramped tenement in a miserable section of the city. His oldest child was twelve, and the whole family growing at a rate that made it necessary to find larger quarters. The steady demand for more food, clothes, schoolbooks and so forth made it practically impossible to pay the higher rent involved; so the family was up against a stiff problem and the father somewhat discouraged.

After considerable study the chairman of the building and loan association bought a suburban lot for three hundred dollars and had built upon it a cottage costing fourteen hundred dollars. Upon this property, when finished, the association took a mortgage for twelve hundred dollars, upon which the mechanic was bound to pay twelve dollars a month. The remaining five hundred dollars was borrowed for him from outside sources, upon which he paid four per cent interest, or less than two dollars a month additional. With a garden, cutting down grocery bills, and no rent to meet, it was possible to make these payments regularly, defray taxes and incidentals, and sometimes pay a little more. When five hundred dollars of the principal of the mortgage had been paid off the association repaid the five hundred dollars borrowed outside, leaving twelve dollars a month to be found instead of fourteen. Today the home is wholly paid for, has been improved until it is worth three thousand dollars, and two of the children have married and bought homes in the same place upon the same plan.

"See America First"

TAKE a vacation this summer—get away from the daily "grind"—two weeks or two months can be profitably spent in our national playgrounds, or at delightful mountain resorts in the Rockies and Cascades. Glacier National Park, Montana; Rainier National Park, Washington; Hayden Lake, Idaho; Lake Chelan and Scenic Hot Springs, high up in the Cascade Mountains, are a few of the places you should see. Low fares every day this summer via

Great Northern Railway

¶ Visit Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, Everett, Bellingham, Vancouver, Victoria, New Westminster and the charming cities of the Pacific Northwest.

¶ Make the daylight trip down the Columbia River over the new Spokane, Portland & Seattle Railway.

Special Round Trip Fares

¶ Round trip summer tourist tickets are on sale every day, June 1st to September 30th, from all eastern points. Very low special round-trip convention fares in effect July 9th to July 16th, inclusive—long limits—stopovers allowed.

Three Splendid Daily Trains

¶ The "Oriental Limited" from Chicago, "Great Northern Express" from Kansas City and St. Louis, "Fast Mail" from St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth and Superior, are three daily, electric lighted, "Across America" trains. Choose your route.

¶ Send for our free booklets, "*To the Scenic Northwest*" and "*See America First.*"

S. J. ELLISON, General Passenger Agent,
ST. PAUL, MINN. (15)

Roxford Underwear FITS For Good and All

WILL not shrink in the wash—is always soft and easy. Ample, full cut—never binds or chafes. It *fits*. Made of balbriggan, the old-fashioned, long-wearing knitted stuff that absorbs perspiration and prevents chilling.

Roxford garments are made in the *new styles*—short-sleeve or sleeveless buttonless shirts, knee drawers.

There's a little book on

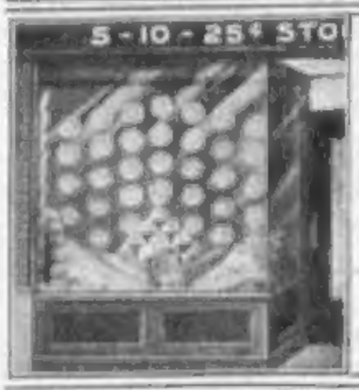
Roxford Underwear

For Men and Boys. It tells about this great improvement in masculine undergarments. Send for it before you purchase your Spring underwear. *It's well worth writing for.*

Long-sleeve shirts
Short-sleeve shirts
Sleeveless shirts (no buttons)
Short-sleeve shirts (no buttons)
Ribbed and flat union suits
Ankle-length drawers
Knee-length drawers
Short-stout drawers
Long-slim drawers

50c., 75c., $1.00. Send your name for the Book and please yourself

Roxford Knitting Company, Dept. K
Philadelphia



An Opening for a Retail Store

If you think of starting a store I can help you. My business is finding locations where new retail stores are needed. I know about towns, industries, rooms, rents, etc., in every part of the United States. On my list are many places where a new store can start with small capital and pay a profit from the beginning, with possibilities of growth limited only by your own ambition and capacity. No charge for information, including free a 200 page book telling how to run a retail store.

EDW. B. MOON, 8 W. Randolph St., Chicago.

Do You Keep A Cash Account? Woolson's Expense Books for personal and household accounts, costing from 25c. to $1.50 each, furnish a complete analysis of expenses by days, weeks, months and years. Interesting descriptive circulars free.

George B. Woolson & Co., 27 Elm St., New Haven, Ct.

FARM MORTGAGES ILLINOIS

For Investment Funds. Send for List.

A. G. DANFORTH & CO., Bankers
Washington, Ill. Established 1868

Lima, Peru

Total Adder, with all latest improvements.

15 Keys Registering from 5c. to $1.95, or from 1c. to 59c.

No. 313, Price
$35.00

Philippine Islands

No. 332, Price
$50.00

Total Adder, with all latest improvements.
22 Keys Registering from 1c. to $3.99, or from 5c. to $1.95.

United Cigar Stores Co., N. Y. City

No. 416, Price
$100

Total Adder, with all latest improvements; prints each sale on a strip of paper.
26 Amount Keys Registering from 1c. to $7.99.
No-sale Key.

National Cash Registers
at Popular Prices
Used Wherever Money is Handled

104,198 National Cash Registers were sold in 1909,—an increase of 26,162, or 34% more than during *any previous year*.

So far this year, our sales show an increase of 30% over the *same period last year*.

Bigger values than ever before are now being offered, because of our *increased output*.

National Cash Registers are equipped with all improvements at lower prices than ever before.

Storekeepers everywhere who are using National Cash Registers are increasing their sales and profits.

Nearly a million "Nationals" now in use.

A National Cash Register is the *best investment* any storekeeper can make.

It pays for itself many times over in what it saves.

It *saves time*, *stops mistakes*, *stops losses*, *increases trade*, and *increases profits*.

It will do these things *in your store*. Therefore, every day you delay installing a National Cash Register *your profits shrink accordingly*.

Send for catalog showing Registers and prices. It explains *what the Registers do*.

Write for catalog today.

Remember! We guarantee to furnish a better Cash Register for less money than any other concern in the world.

The National Cash Register Company
Dayton, Ohio

No. 1054-G,
$95.00
Without Autographic Attachment
$80.00

Total Adder, drawer-operated, with all latest improvements, including Autographic Attachment, in connection with detail-strip printer.
32 Amount Keys Registering from 1c. to $59.99, or 5c. to $59.95. 5 Special Keys: Cash, Charge, Received-on-account, Paid-out and No-sale.

A Wisconsin Milling Co.'s Office

No. 441, Price
$150

Total Adder, with all latest improvements; prints each sale on a strip of paper.
27 Amount Keys Registering from 1c. to $9.99. 6 Clerks' Initial Keys and 3 Special Keys: Received-on-account, Charge and Paid-out.

Hawaiian Islands

CATALOG COUPON

The National Cash Register Co.,
Dayton, Ohio.

Gentlemen: Please send me New Catalog showing low priced National Cash Registers.

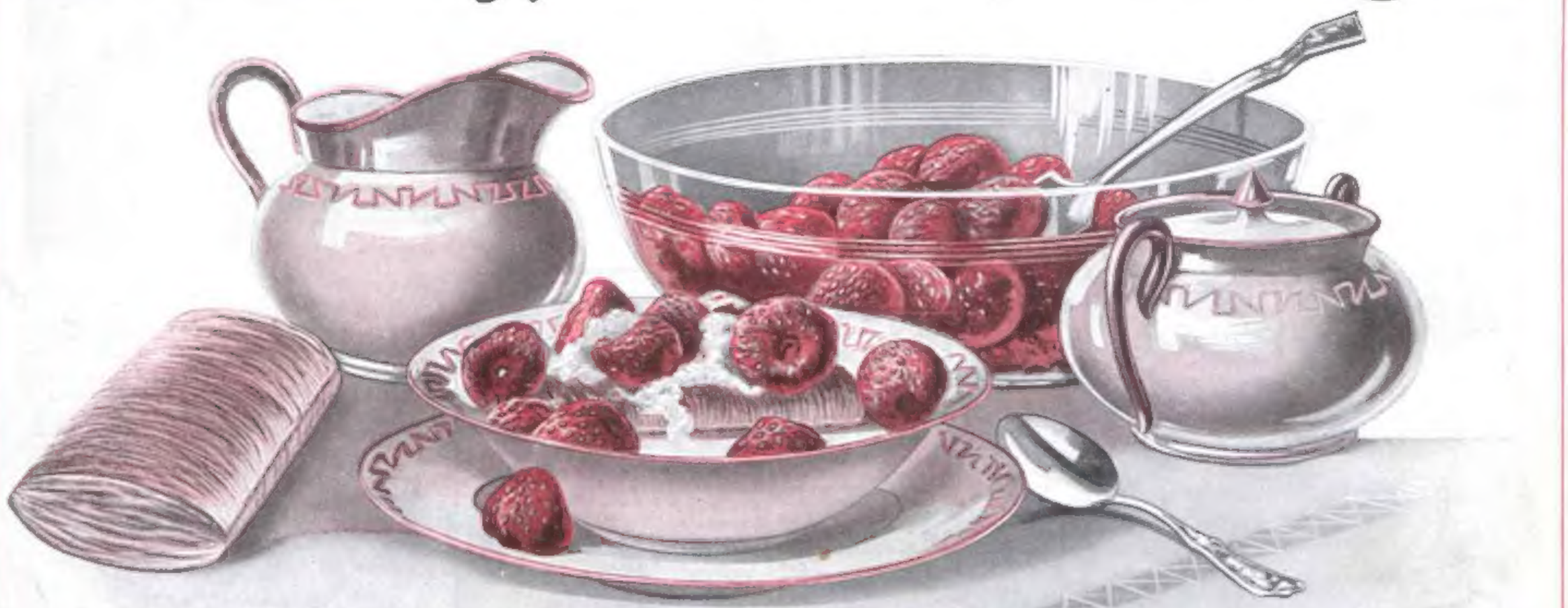
Name _____

Address _____

S. E. P.

Tokio, Japan

A Dainty, Delicious Delight



Strawberries
And
Shredded Wheat Biscuit

A Summer Dish for the palate that is tired of heavy meats and soggy pastries.

Being made in biscuit form, it is easy to prepare a delicious, wholesome meal with Shredded Wheat and berries or other fruits. The porous shreds of the biscuit take up the fruit acids, neutralizing them and presenting them to the palate in all the richness of their natural flavor.

Heat the biscuit in an oven to restore crispness, then cover with strawberries, or other berries, and serve with milk or cream, adding sugar to suit the taste. More nutritious and more wholesome than ordinary "short-cake."

Two Shredded Wheat Biscuits heated in the oven to restore crispness, and eaten with a little hot milk, will supply all the energy needed for a half day's work.

Have you tasted the new TRISCUIT? It is thinner, crisper, more thoroughly cooked—better and more palatable than ever. It is the whole wheat steam-cooked, shredded, pressed into a wafer and baked. A delicious "snack" for luncheon, picnics, campers or excursionists. The maximum of nutriment in smallest bulk.

All the Meat of the Golden Wheat

THE SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.